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# HIGH TIMES

JUNE 1981

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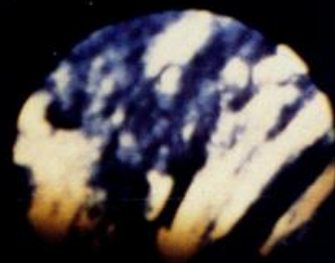
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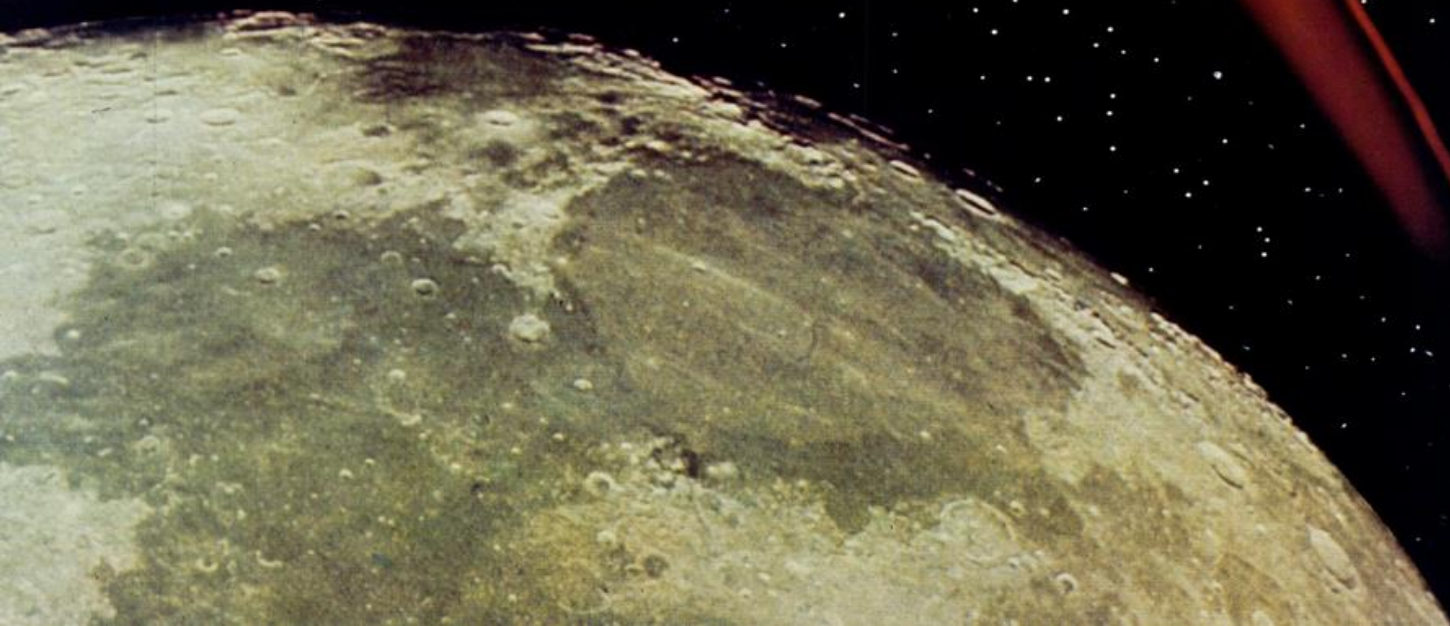
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# HIGH TIMES

No. 70 June '81

## FEATURES

### Cheech & Chong & Us *by Andy Kowl*

Sure, after the whistle blows they like to put on their gorilla suits and party hearty like the rest of us; but while working on the set of their new movie, they're all knuckles and know-how (with perhaps just a taste of Humboldt County green) . . . . .

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"Almost any drug you can buy in the street is for sale in the yard too: pot and hash and 'ludes and smack and booze and glue and speed. Sometimes even a bit o' the blow. LSD, too, if you're of a mind. What's more, The Man knows it" . . .

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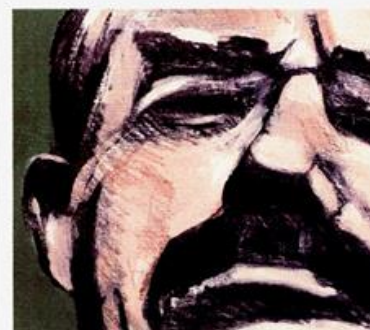
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Cover photo by Lisi-Hoeltzell



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You're not going to stop an onslaught of Soviet panzer divisions with rock 'n' roll music and blue jeans, the former White House plumber tells HIGH TIMES interviewer and resident military strategist Legs McNeil.



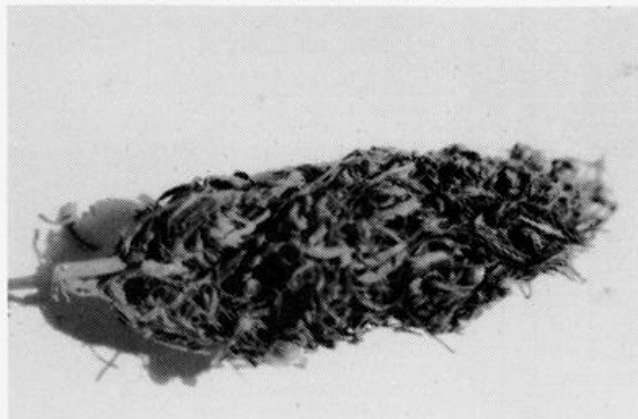
### 48 Jim Morrison: When the Music's Over *by Tom Baker*

Setting the record straight with some hot Lizard King sex stories and assorted gossip tidbits, our much maligned author responds to the sloppy, inaccurate depiction of himself and his late friend in the best-selling Morrison bio *No One Here Gets Out Alive*.

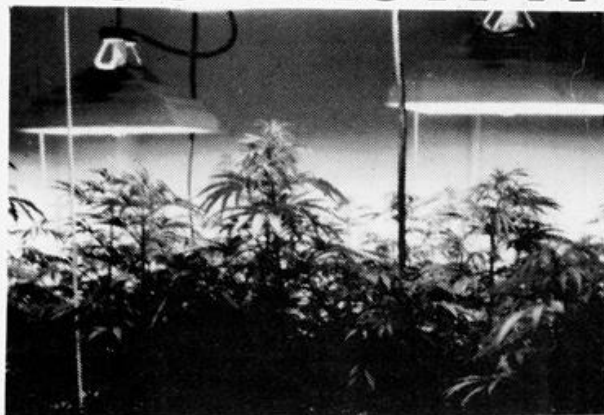


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### THIS UP TO DATE NEWSLETTER SHOWS YOU HOW

#### MEDIUM

I have had a few questions about different growing mediums for hydroponics, most commonly about the same type under many different names; i.e., lava-rock pumalite, etc. These names are used by the different manufacturers for their own reasons (it may appeal to their sense of esthetics, or whatever). It's all the same thing. It is basically an aggregate used in insulation and construction and happens to work very nicely in hydroponics. Visions of rocks being painfully excavated from Hawaiian volcanoes is all great, but doesn't do diddly for the final product. So don't pay more for a pretty name.

#### FERTILIZERS

When natural fertilizers are used in proper amounts, the available microbes, bacteria, and enzymes break this down to an ionic form which the plant can then absorb. When packaged synthetic fertilizers are used, more care should be given to the type and the amount. Although these fertilizers have been specifically formulated to work in soil, you can overdose your plants a little more easily, for the simple reason that many of the fertilizers are already partially broken down, and can reach the roots a lot faster. A point to remember about all plants: they are accustomed to mother nature who moves in a slow but steady manner and any rash changes could cause damage.

...When you put a fertilizer into your soil, this is generally broken down by bacterial, fungal and enzymatic action and the plant can then use the resulting compounds. In hydroponics, there are no such actions in the medium. The fertilizer goes straight to the plant. Mainlining, if I may so phrase it. For instance, sprinkling some Epsom salts is a good way of overcoming a magnesium deficiency in soil, but it can be lethal in hydroponics. Whatever you put into a hydroponic system is not buffered by the surrounding soil, since none exists, and the results are pretty immediate. Therefore, you must be cautious about adding a pinch of this and a dab of that. Don't think kitchen, think lab.

#### SEX REVERSALS

The last few years have brought with them a large variety of sexual liberations, combinations, transmutations, general reversals, and many people we know have been swept away by these hobbies. But whereas having assorted mates and friends go through these changes may be at worst an inconvenience, having a favorite plant do a turn about and go through a sex reversal is indeed cause for infinite grief.

What suddenly makes these beauties relinquish the glories of womanhood, whether it be the liberated type or the find-a-good-provider-and-skate-through-life variety? A great many things, all having the common denominator of stress.

#### MOVING OUTDOORS

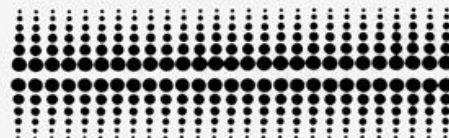
You cannot suddenly take young plants outdoors and expect them to weather the change without damage. First you must "harden" your plant. This is done by gradually exposing your plants to the sun and the breeze. ...The real danger of moving outdoors is ultraviolet burns. Indoors the plants have been shielded from ultraviolet rays and are not accustomed to these rays. When you first take the plants outside, make sure that they are screened in some manner from direct sunlight for the first couple of weeks. An area under trees which will allow light filtered through the leaves, or a covered porch where the plants will get a few (2-3) hours of direct sunlight in the mornings and indirect for the rest of the day will be ideal.

#### MANICURING

Manicuring is time consuming, but well worth the effort. While the plant is still growing but already in bloom, spend at least some time every day to manicure the buds. The benefits are fewer leaves in the final product and a better looking bud. Most of the value here is esthetic and if you want to greet your friend to a great looking bud, then manicuring is needed. It also improves potency by concentrating resin production in less space.

#### CURING

...The longer you let it cure, the milder your smoke will be. Let it cure for about a week to ten days. This will depend on the relative humidity in your area. You can tell when the buds are dry because the stigmas will become quite brittle and break off easily and when you touch the bud, it will feel very dry, like an autumn leaf. The odor will have dropped to almost zero, unless you have an afghani which has an indomitable aroma. A good deal of your THC is locked up in that which creates the aroma, and the aroma is released by crushing or bruising the plant. This is why you want to be very careful about not mangling the bud. Once you are ready to use the bud, at that point you can crush it and you will be able to smell the full aroma as it is released. Nice touch. A generation or two ago, people were concerned about bruising the gin in a martini. How times change.



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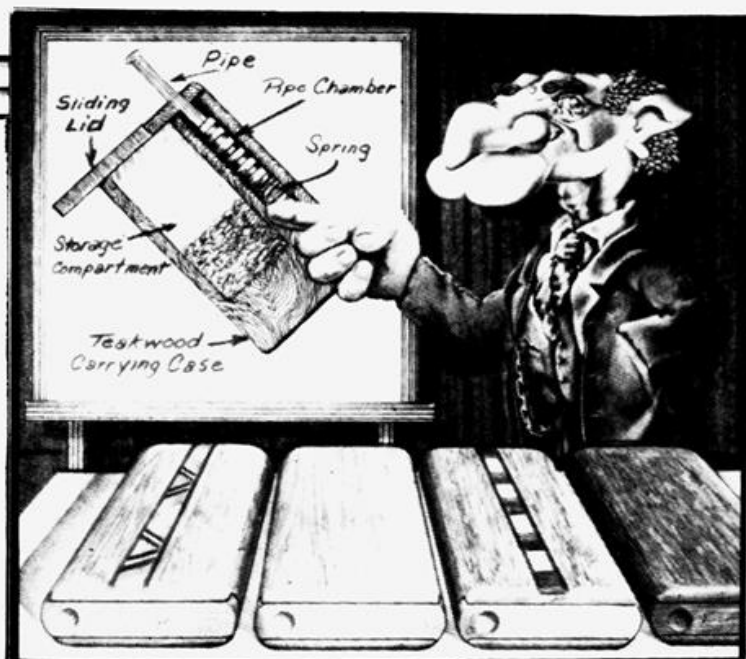
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**SORDID AFFAIRS EDITOR** Dean Latimer  
**ASSOCIATE EDITORS**  
George Barkin, Bob LaBrasca, Sheera Stern  
**MUSIC EDITOR** John Swenson  
**EDITORIAL ASSISTANT**  
Ann Klein

**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**  
Michael Aldrich, Tom Baker, Michael Chance  
Scott Cohen, Kinky Friedman, Antonio Huneus  
John Keel, Paul Krassner, Glenn O'Brien  
Jake Poobah, Michael Reynolds, Ron Rosenbaum  
Eugene Schoenfeld, Michael Stepanian  
Michael Wilmington, Robert Anton Wilson

**ART DIRECTOR** Adriane Barone  
**ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR** Jeff Tiedrich  
**ART ASSISTANT** Rae Huestis  
**PHOTO EDITOR** Kathy Crowley  
**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT**  
Laurence Cherniak  
**CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS**  
Jack Abraham, Steve Cooper, Steve Strauss  
**VICE PRESIDENT/PRODUCTION** Robert Sacks  
**TYPOGRAPHER** Sue Stone

**TREASURER** Robert Aronson  
**CIRCULATION DIRECTOR** Stan Place  
**CIRCULATION/SUBSCRIPTIONS** Penny Lane  
**STAFF**  
Sheila Berman, Charles Brown, Delilah Jakob  
Michael Kearney, Joyce Moore  
**NATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR**  
Drew Nugent  
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Steve Becker, Manager  
Susan Coffey, Advertising Coordinator  
8833 West Sunset Blvd., Suite 305  
West Hollywood, Ca. 90069 (213) 659-8811

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# Flash

## HAWAIIANS SQUAWK, BOGART BALKS

*Did Bud Bogart really think he could vomit all over those Hawaiian growers without getting caught in a shitstorm of righteous island indignation? Who knows? But when the letters and phone calls started to pour in, Bogart just might have felt that this time he'd rolled more than he could smoke. Hence his apologia below, along with some of the more printable responses to his column.*



R.B. Goodman/Black Star

Howdy. In regard to January THMQ, I say sinse prices are a dangerous precedent. How long will it be before the market is taken over completely with the stuff? I agree with a boycott, if necessary, because right now what's happening is little better than extortion.

—Skip T.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Your write-up in the Jan. '81 issue about fuck the Hawaiian grower. Well, fuck "Low Times"! How can you come off making any judgments at all? You advocate cut for coca.

People can always refuse smoke if too costly. We turned our seedy for \$90 an ounce and our sinsemilla for \$125 an ounce; \$200 to \$300 is extortion!

It is our feeling that for many years darkskin and pidgin-talking Hawaiians have been the *real* victims of the Hawaiian marijuana industry. Haoles (whites), who came 10 to 15 years ago, have been systematically ripping off the natives. Let's face it. Haole growers have *never* shared profits. Nor their lucrative markets, methods of cultivation, et cetera.

We lose \$4,000 every year, though we

charge low prices. In fact, the first year we got our whole crop ripped off. The Hawaiian grower is already getting fucked. Not all growers have it as good as the "Folk on the Hill"—"R" and the Ape. [See *HIGH TIMES*, March '80, *The Great Hawaiian Smoke-Out*, by "R"]

We just want you to know there are honest growers in Hawaii.

—B. Hyer, Lawaii, Hawaii

We are poor! Hawaiian pot growers are just like everyone else. We ain't never seen a Mafia type. But we have been ripped off more by white growers.

—Hawaiian grower, Lawaii, Hawaii

I'm a Maui pakalolo grower and have been for seven years. I sell my regular buds for \$100 per ounce, my best top buds, big, fat dynamite Maui wowie for up to \$150 per ounce. My customers all over the United States get up to twice that for them. Your article was right on about the Hawaiian rip-off scene, but unfair to us "independents." The government here is really on our ass and they keep the price high with their con-

stant harassment and collusion with local mob characters. The police here are worthless and the governor's office doesn't care. We have our share of corruption. Pot prices will continue to be high because of this.

—Pius Rohrer, Haiku Hi, Maui, Hawaii

### **Bud Bogart recoils:**

I stand semicorrected. I was blinded by an attack of "celebrity sight," a frequent and contagious disease around *HIGH TIMES*, and failed to give the vast majority of Hawaiian "independent" growers their due. Let me hasten to point out, as I neglected to in the article (several critics quickly seized upon my omission), that there is a long-standing delineation between the so-called independent growers and the dark, mysterious, organized forces that somehow always avoid getting their plantations raided. For some years the Hawaiian underground tabloids were filled with stories over this rift.

The mysterious forces, which some "independents" openly call Mafia—though there is little evidence other than



similarity of method to support this suspicion—are chiefly responsible for setting the price of exported pot. Smaller growers find they can't get these prices from the people they sell to, only tourists, and for them the added bucks are a benefit.

Still, the price of Hawaiian pot has dropped in recent months, mostly because people simply refused to pay up to \$300 an ounce for pot that wasn't that much better than Thai or California sinsemilla. Irrepressible market forces slapped these greedy prices back in line. My analysis merely reflected that consumer backlash.

## Hare Smith & Wesson

I take offense at the article in the January '81 *HIGH TIMES* titled "Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna; Guns 'n' Ammo, Guns 'n' Ammo." I feel that associating guns with a bunch of religious fanatics will give guns a bad name.  
—M.P. Mehr, Jr., Charlotte, Me.

## Crank Query

I need to know your opinion concerning the effects of amphetamines and alcohol taken in combination over many years in large quantities. That is, a quart of alcohol per day plus four or five uppers. A friend of



mine stays up for days, then sleeps for days, and shows all the symptoms of paranoid schizophrenia.

She has in the past sought help from psychiatrists because of suicidal and homicidal

## Push Push in the Bush



tendencies, but withholds the fact that she is ingesting these drugs. So they go the Freud route and try to analyze her.

She insists she has to have these two drugs in combination because "one does not give her the effect" she wants. What do you think her prognosis is? A complete breakdown or what? She has been doing this for eight or ten years.

—Concerned in Grand Rapids, Mich.

*Dear Concerned:* You've already diagnosed one of the expected effects of large-dose chronic amphetamine ingestion: a toxic psychosis clinically similar to paranoid schizophrenia. A television producer once told me he noticed he started going over the edge if he took more than 65 milligrams of amphetamines a day for more than a few days. This seems to be the range of amphetamine-induced craziness for many people (but not all—for some it's more or less).

Drinking a quart of alcohol a day will likely, but not invariably, cause cirrhosis of the liver and associated horrors like liver failure and bleeding varicose veins of the esophagus. The behavioral effects of the alcohol and amphetamines will counteract each other somewhat, but their toxic effects will probably act separately.  
—Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

## Smoke Gets in Your Thighs

I have often wondered what effects, if any, there are of marijuana to the weight-conscious person. I tend to notice a slight

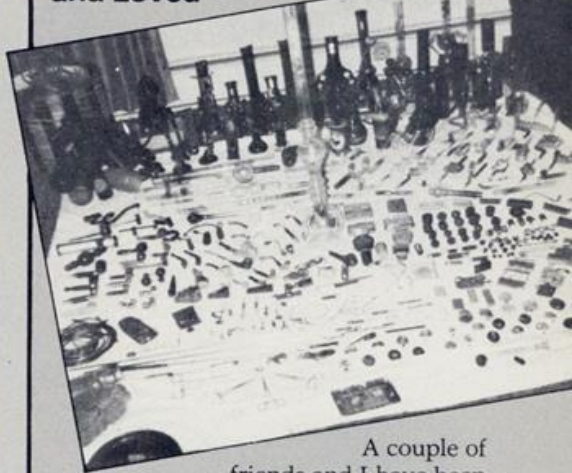
weight gain the day after I have smoked one or two joints. Is there any explanation for this in relation to smoking marijuana?

—F Atts, Hershey, Pa.

*Dear F:* Yes. Munchies.

—Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

## Bongs They Have Known and Loved



A couple of friends and I have been tokers for a few years and in that time we've managed to accumulate a bit of paraphernalia. We thought you might like to see it.

—The boys from Breton Woods, Lansing, Mich.

*You mean tobacco accessories, don't you?*

—Ed.

## Seeds and Stems and Vibrators

I just finished reading your new "Seeds 'n' Stems" section in the February issue of *HIGH TIMES*. I enjoyed very much the cartoons, make-believe news stories and the phony ads. A friend of mine was wondering, though, if the ads for the multitextured, eight-inch-long VIP vibrator and the *Ecstasy*

Whether on location with the beautiful people or just sitting alone in his apartment with a six-pack, **Tom Baker** is where the action is. With his raffish good looks and boyish charm, celebrity friends are drawn to him like flies to flypaper. Witness his Jim Morrison memoir featured this month. Actor-writer-director Baker's done it all: Look for his semidocumentary film *Life After Elvis* to be released early next year.





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# Flashes

on Fire Island picture book were also phony, and if he could get in any trouble by ordering stuff like that through the mail.

P.S. My friend is only 17 years old, but looks mature for his age.

—Junior Butz, Culver City, Calif.

Tell your "friend," if he can pull himself away from himself for a minute, that in this country persons under 21 can't do much of anything legally. Actually, he'd be a lot safer and probably a lot happier having sex with an equally mature-looking 17-year-old girl. Glad you liked "Seeds 'n' Stems," Junior.—Ed.

### Uncool at Any Price

I'm pissed off at these phony pricks selling bogus speed, passing off caffeine as amphetamines. Some unscrupulous assholes are making a quick buck by ordering quantities of the shit and dealing it out at crank prices. For example, 100 hits of RJ8s were going for \$80 on my campus. Anyone can get them mail-order \$10 per hundred. The same is true for the bullshit black beauties. All fakes.

Whatever happened to *real* amphetamines? Are they like the \$40 ounce, a thing of the past? Something has to be done about this wholesale ripoff and you are the ones who can do it. Otherwise these cocksuckers will continue screwing us all.

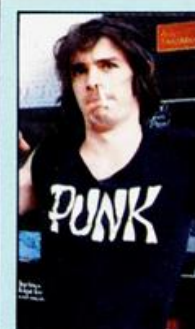
P.S. Good job on the January issue! Best I've seen in a while. —R.J., Burlington, Vt.

*You're not alone, R.J., in your complaints against these pill-pushing sleaze-weasels who*

*lately seem to be multiplying like rabbits all across the country. Yeah, we realize we gotta do something and are right now in the process of putting together for our July issue a fact sheet along with detailed photos that will educate our readers, keeping them, we hope, from further substance abuse.—Ed.*

### Sorry, But We're Not That Type of Magazine

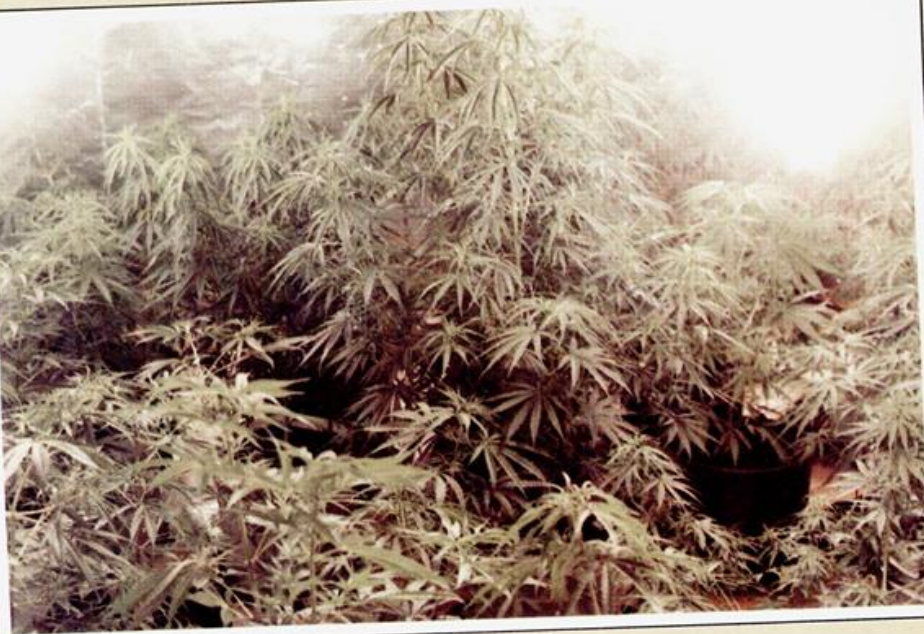
This is in regard to the letter titled "A Nympho Writes..." in your February '81 issue. The woman simply asks for some sexy pictures of men. Are they so hard to obtain? Is that any reason to call this woman a nympho? Then call me one too because I agree.



Cast out of his high school in Cheshire, Connecticut, as an undesirable, **Legs McNeil** came to New York City back in '75 and started *Punk* magazine; the rest is, as they say, history. Though we were initially dubious as to reader reaction to a

Gordon Liddy interview, Legs promised to give it the old HIGH TIMES slant: "I'll ask him about fucking on acid and whether it's true that David Rockefeller sleeps with President Kennedy's brain under his pillow." Thattaboy, Legs!

### The Halide Also Rises



Thought we'd send you a picture of our Sacramento-based halide crop. How do you like these babies for two and a half months?

—Dave and Tony, Sacramento, Calif.



How about it, HIGH TIMES!? You don't seem to skimp on the sexy women pictures. Besides, if you do us women readers this favor, your subscription rates will probably rise. —J.L.S., Man Watcher, El Centro, Calif.

*Jesus, what's with all you women out there? If you're not getting it enough at home, that's not our problem. Listen, sister, there's only three things you can be sure of in this world: death, taxes and not seeing a bunch of hairy-assed guys prancing through the pages of HIGH TIMES. Just what kind of magazine do you think we're putting out anyway?—Ed.*

### Dixie Dregs

I was very pleased to see Southern weed finally given the credit it deserves ["Connoisseur," February '81]. Us Southern planters work our asses off growing some of the best dope around, and it's about time we got some credit.

—A Southern grower,  
Jackson, Miss.

*Congratulations, Johnny Reb, but keep patting yourself on the back like that and you're gonna get tennis elbow on your pruning arm.—Ed.*



Mother, amateur tap dancer and successful conceptual artist, **Judy Levy** (she illustrated the Liddy interview) wears all these hats and more as she bustles through each exciting day. A graduate of the Tyler School of Art in Philadelphia, Judy's work has been exhibited in many New York galleries. At the moment she's hard at work on a series of portraits of world political leaders who, if her prayers are answered, will finance her trip around the world.

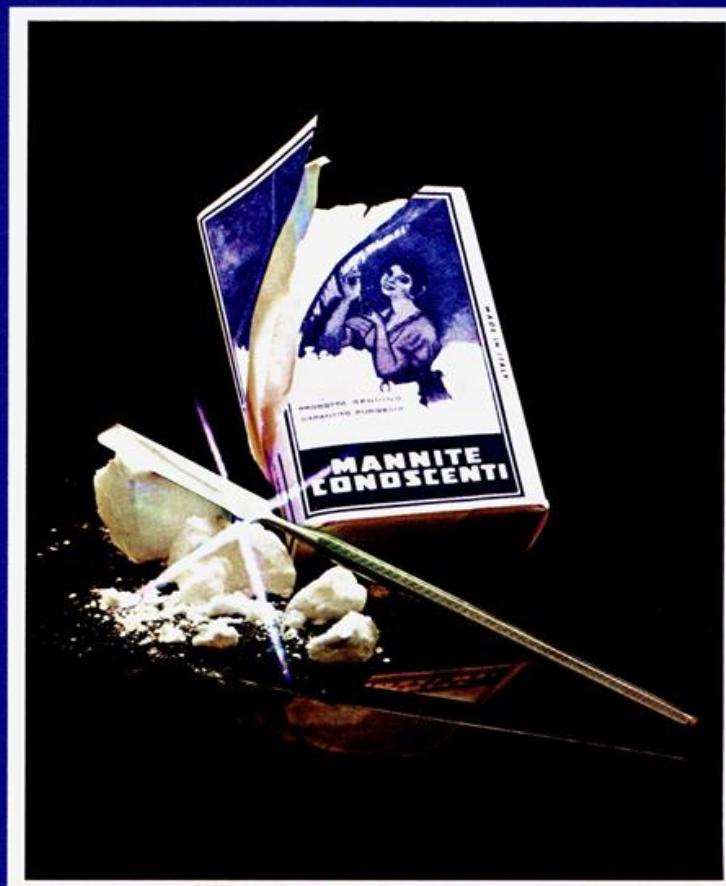
### Doctor Knows Best

Could you settle an argument for us? A friend of mine says pharmaceutical cocaine isn't as good as top-grade illegal coke because pharmaceutical cocaine is synthetically manufactured in a laboratory. My doctor says pharmaceutical coke is extracted from coca leaves, same as the street stuff. Who's right?

—C.H., Powder Ridge, N.Y.

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—Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

## Oops! Department

Some important information was accidentally deleted from the answer to a question on the dangers of cocaine ("Formerly Dr. Hip," *HIGH TIMES*, March '81). The answer should have stated that many people have died from overdoses of cocaine. The first known cocaine overdose death almost ended the career of the victim's doctor, a promising young shrink named Sigmund Freud. Other deaths from the therapeutic use of cocaine are sometimes reported in medical journals. The cause is usually hypersensitivity to the drug or accidental overdoses when used in surgery of the eyes, ears, nose or throat.

A number of mules have died after swallowing condoms or balloons filled with cocaine. If the condom or balloon breaks or opens, massive amounts of cocaine are released, leading to death from respiratory failure.

Deaths from intravenous cocaine use were fairly common when shooting up coke was more in vogue. Some people are now shooting up a hydrochloride, reconstituted from freebased cocaine, reported to be more than 90 percent pure. We can expect more sudden deaths from this source, as well as heart and lung disease from contaminated needles and syringes.

Finally, it is possible to snort or smoke oneself into the great snowfield in the sky. But the rapid development of tolerance to cocaine combined with the high cost and low percentage of the drug in most illicitly obtained samples makes this type of overdose death relatively uncommon.

—Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

## Correction

In our February "Interview" with Terry Southern and William Burroughs, we committed a number of errors that Mr. Burroughs was kind enough to correct:

1. Mr. Burroughs hails from St. Louis, which, as he rightly says, is "hardly the South."
2. The Nova Convention took place in New York City in '78 and not in Toronto in '69.
3. Mr. Burroughs does not live in Greenwich Village; he lives on the Bowery.
4. Mr. Burroughs does not dine at or frequent singles bars, ever. "I have never in my life been in a singles bar."

We regret the above inaccuracies and thank Mr. Burroughs for the patience and goodwill he's shown in awaiting their correction.—Ed. □

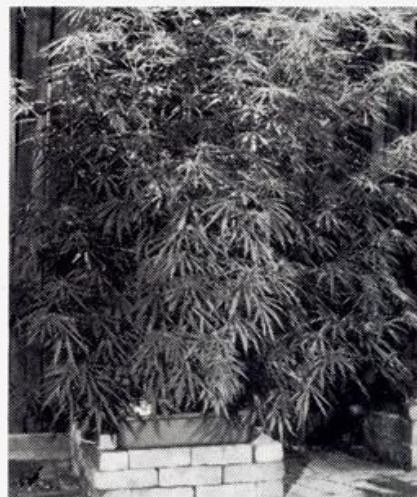
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**HIGH TIMES MARKET ANALYSIS:** "Indoor growing methods have advanced so rapidly that this summer 'hydro' pot turned up in the marketplace and proved what indoor growing aficionados have been claiming for years: pot from the basement can be as good as pot from the mountains. The quality is definitely on a par with the sinsemillas that now dominate the market... Actually, the indoor pot has been test-marketed for a couple of years. The pot elicited good reviews, and now the dealers are breaking in the public. Ultimately, though, the big winners will be the do-it-yourselfers who incorporate these evolutionary breakthroughs into their own gardens." (10/80)

**ROLLING STONE** says: "Thousands of people have a couple of plants hidden in the closet under some Vita-Lites." (9/79)

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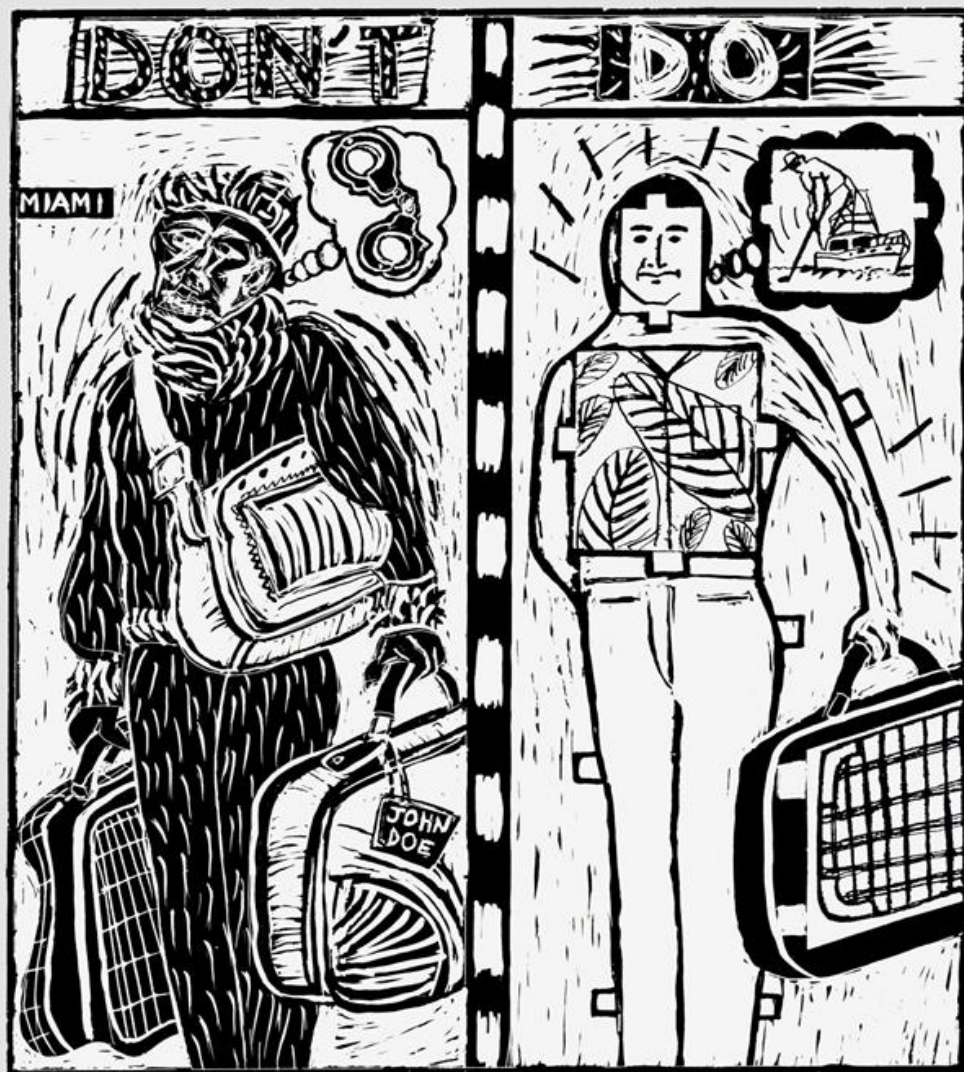
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HT



# GETTING OFF



## Traveler's Advisory

by Michael Stepanian

It's summertime and everybody's going on vacation, traveling to and fro, visiting loved and hated ones, visiting parents. Some, no doubt, will be traveling through airports on domestic flights. In a recent column ("Getting Off," *HIGH TIMES*, February '81) we discussed the extensive powers that Customs and DEA people have when dealing with someone entering the country, and though they don't have quite those powers concerning domestic movement, the law is changing and broadening.

Given this situation, how one looks or, more importantly, behaves, can go a long way in determining whether one gets roused or not. And what makes one appear suspicious? Plenty. How about paying for airline tickets with small bills, for starters. Then there's deplaning at the beginning or at the end of the line, names on airline tickets that

don't conform to baggage stickers, arriving at the takeoff gate unusually late or unusually early, last-minute telephone calls, coming from a source or use state, short stays or even stopping off in the restroom just before takeoff. In addition, a suitcase that is unnaturally light or bulky will alert suspicion, as will carrying a different type of bag than the rest of your luggage.

All of these insane things, which can apply to *anyone*, can put someone in a position where an agent can come up and ask them, "What's in the bag?" This happened to a Ms. Mindenhall, a nice lady who was arriving in Detroit from Los Angeles. They think Los Angeles is a drug distribution area. She was the last person to leave the airplane; she was a little nervous; she walked past the baggage area without claiming any baggage; and she changed airlines on her flight

out of Detroit. They stopped her, moved her and discovered heroin in her underwear. They said she voluntarily consented to the search. Come off it! Totally ridiculous.

If you're stopped, don't consent to relocation or search. Give the Customs or DEA agents your name and say, "Do not search me" when asked.

Cops of all sorts will be most anxious to look inside the carryon luggage of anyone exhibiting large amounts of cash, or anyone who after being requested to open carryon luggage declines and chooses not to continue through the security checkpoint. Also, an uncommon exchange of luggage between one passenger and another or an airport employee (when there's a magnetometer to be walked through) will alert the local DEA or police officer assigned to the airport. They will stop the man or woman, take that person somewhere and separate them from their luggage.

Once safely out of the airport, it would be reasonable to assume that you'd be spared further DEA or Customs unpleasantness, right? Wrong. Not only are the DEA agents trying to connect airport action with the profile Narcotic Interdiction Program, but they also give out information to hotel employees, who will be looking for people coming from Los Angeles, San Diego, Florida, or anywhere in the area of the Mexican border. Registering for one day or for a short period of time, particularly when the whole stay is only during the morning or nighttime hours, is a sure eyebrow raiser. Having little or no luggage for a trip of a considerable distance; refusing to give information on request or giving indication of no identification; or placing a lot of long-distance telephone calls will draw house dicks like flies.

In addition to hotel employees, the DEA is also talking to airfreight agents and commercial airfreight company personnel. Here are the types of customers they are asked to watch for: those arriving late in the evening or unusually early in the morning; who are either nervous or hesitant while completing the shipping paperwork (like home address, telephone contact, etc.); those who ship an article for a cost that far exceeds the value of the article declared by the shipper as being the contents of the package or who ship items not usually encountered as being shipped in this manner; persons who are unusually inquisitive about the arrival time of the package or who are unusually nervous about the arrival time of the expected package. So, every time this vibe hits an airfreight person, he may give information to the DEA that will be "strictly confidential."

Though in this instance airports pose the most immediate threat to one's well-being, remember "the long arm of the law." Hotels and motels enter into the equation; airfreight and shipping companies are being used. Most important: If stopped in an airport, make no statements and refuse to consent to a search. □





FIG. #1. SUPER DELUXE



FIG. #2. ECONOMY

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Fig. #2. ECONOMY FIXTURE- Similar to fig. #1., except the reflector is an adjustable "C" type specular Alzak and the ballast kit is to be mounted in an open configuration.  
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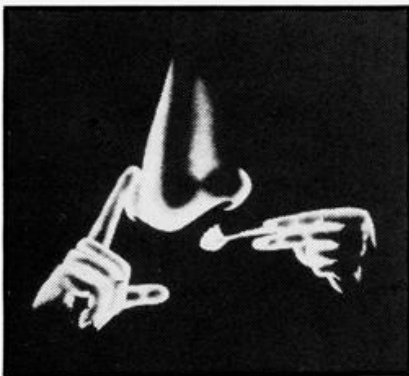
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# R♥NY Sinsemilla

by "R."

T

here I was at a *HIGH TIMES* Christmas party sampling some Kauai weed and boasting about how complete my coverage has been of the fast-developing domestic regional reefer varieties. Arizona, Arkansas, Alaska, Oklahoma—I'd sampled and written about them all. But the person who

provided the Kauai challenged me.

"What about New York City? I bet you never sampled Big Apple buds."

I choked on my Kauai smoke. "Come on. Who would grow dope in New York City? You must be joking."

Well, she wasn't. It turns out that several years ago a wizard weed grower from Hawaii had arrived in the Big Apple with some island seeds. Since then he'd been using his rooftop to cultivate some extremely interesting grass, she told me.

Instantly I began pleading for an introduction.

There's a problem, she said. His latest crop, his finest tops ever, had recently been ripped off his rooftop the day before he was ready to cut them. He's only got a little left and he's in a bad mood, she said.

It sounded like a classic bittersweet Manhattan story and I was eager to pursue it.

When I reached the woebegone wizard on the phone, however, and asked him if I could sample his smoke and hear his story, I got a classic Manhattan answer:

"What's in it for me?" he snarled.

"Well," I said, thinking quickly, "it's a chance to give your efforts immortality even if they were ripped off. If I tell your story in the 'Connoisseur' column it will give Big Apple buds a place in dope history."

I tried to explain how growers of connoisseur-quality grass all over the world were eager for the Connoisseur to give their buds the benefit of his taste test. I appealed to his New York chauvinism: "Here's a chance to prove to those arrogant Sunbelt growers that the Great Metropolis of the North can equal or top them even in mind-altering agriculture."



At last he relented and invited me over to his apartment. I discovered that he was not a grower by profession but a musical composer who liked to apply the principles of tonal composition to orchestrating the genetic strains of his seeds.

He'd started growing a decade ago, he said, in California using Hawaiian seeds; he was now into his fifth generation of New York plants.

"They've adapted to the city," he said. "I've grown them from cuttings each year, so it's been the same plant; each year it's learned more how to thrive in the highly energized vibes, the pollution, the raw electricity in the air."

It sounded like a good story, but still, somehow, I just couldn't believe that wintry, grimy, sooty New York could produce anything resembling the magnificent potent plants I'd seen in Hawaii and California. I was expecting to see some spindly window box-type stalks with a few fuzzy flowers.

I was skeptical when he started making apologies for his buds before unwrapping them.

"The trouble is, these are early cuttings," he said, "because some bastards—neighbors of mine, can you believe it?—ripped off the tops just when I was about to pick them. So these colas came from the lower part of the stalk."

Sure, sure, I thought, there are 8 million sad stories in the naked city. But then I saw the colas.

They were like tall, tapering city skyscrapers, elegant towers of piny green. No window-box stragglers—these were powerful-looking colas that could have come

from the slopes of the Kona coast instead of a midtown-Manhattan rooftop.

Looking more closely, I could see green, gold and brown tendrils entwined within—as densely packed as an IRT subway at rush hour. Then he lit a joint and it was rush hour. The breathless rush was astonishing, the kind of instant visceral exhilaration you feel when an Empire State Building elevator takes off for the observation tower 102 stories high.

That's about as high as I felt after a few puffs. But it wasn't just the acceleration of the rush that impressed me, it was the clarity, the cerebral acuteness it brought with it. As if all the pollution, the urban blight of the atmosphere had been filtered out. No, not filtered out, *transmuted* in some subtle alchemy, from lead to gold.

The high had all the energy but almost none of the static of the New York sensibility. The plant had indeed adapted to metropolitan life.

"That's what I like about it," the proud grower told me. "It has that special alertness you need to survive in New York but not the paranoia, the overalertness that can cloud and confuse the mind."

We were both up and pacing around his apartment now, exclaiming our appreciation for New York City energy as filtered through these magic plants. Perhaps it might look a little manic for people used to smoking soporific California sinsemilla. But it was a healthy manic energy. We both study Tai Chi and I noticed the way the high helped inspire the internal muscles and ligaments to shape up our posture for maximum energy use.

We talked about regional varieties of grass, about the way development of a mass market for sinsemilla had resulted in a product with a high-THC blast that immobilized rather than energized. A kind of high that fit in more with the sleepy California lifestyle. This New York stuff on the other hand was more like a subtle mobilizer. The best way to describe it was a feeling of *awakening*. This weed can hold its head high with the best in the world. Like the song says, I'll take Manhattan. □





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# HIGHWITNESS NEWS

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No. 70  
June '81

## 'SHROOM KING SLAIN IN HIS SAN ANTONIO HOME

BY MIKE FELLNER

Dr. Stephen H. Pollock, 33, author of *Magic Mushroom Cultivation* and a founder of Hidden Creek, Inc., the mail-order 'shroom-kit company (a frequent HIGH TIMES advertiser), was shot and killed at his home in San Antonio, Texas, on January 31. Local police maintain the "execution style" slaying was part of a robbery, since the physician is believed to have had a large amount of cash in his possession at the time of the murder, but there is substantial evidence that he was killed by San Antonio dope heavies who were angry at him for cutting off their prescriptions for hard drugs.

continued on page 24



Dr. Stephen H. Pollock

## MIAMI DETECTIVES ON COCAINE PAYROLL

FEDS SAY HOMICIDE DICKS SERVE COKE MOGUL

It has taken two years, but federal investigators have finally blown the whistle on the rampant greed and corruption in the homicide squad of Miami's Metro police. By the time you read this, the U.S. Justice Department may well have indicted as many as 18 detectives who have dabbled in the dope trade and acted as errand boys for reputed cocaine mogul Mario Escandar.

Escandar is a former Havana nightclub owner and Miami high-roller with a yellow sheet as long as the Warren report. When the feds were still trying to bust him, they said he was one of the biggest coke movers in the United States.

Escandar made Florida headlines last June when the FBI agents working on the Metro homicide case tapped his phone and learned that he had cultivated a "casual friendship" with U.S. district judge William Mehrrens (now retired). During this "friendship," Mehrrens advised Escandar on his choice of lawyers and three times made legal rulings in Escandar's favor.

FBI agent Andre Fortier announced in February that a special federal task force was winding up its long probe into the shady dealings of the homicide dicks and said he wouldn't be surprised if the grand jury

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# "OPERATION GREENBACK"

Following on the heels of the now defunct Operation Banco comes Operation Greenback, yet another attempt by the feds to bust drug importers by monitoring the cash flow of the international dope trade. While Banco, the heavily financed Miami project under the control of the Drug Enforcement Administration, proved a dismal failure, Greenback, administered by U.S. Customs and the Internal Revenue Service, with task forces operating not only in Miami, but in Los Angeles and San Francisco as well, is building a track record.

Banco, initiated in 1977 with great fanfare and optimism, began to take critical fire in 1980. It seemed that after three years of rifling through bank accounts in Dade and Broward counties (the Miami-Fort Lauderdale area), the DEA and their help-mates from the FBI had managed to come up with almost nothing in the way of busts or exposures to stem the torrent of pot and coke commerce through the area.

Whenever DEA officials were asked to publicly cite the results of their years of effort, they became evasive and seemingly amnesiac. While claiming to have made numerous arrests as a result of Banco investigations, they could name only the celebrated Black Tuna case as an example of a major bust. Most sources close to the Tuna case, however, insisted that paid informants, not Banco, finally uncovered the Tuna gang.

Internally, Operation Banco was run sloppily to say the least: Last year, agents began asking for reassignment after being shunted away from Banco business to work on routine investigations that would net easy arrests. A feud erupted between DEA and FBI agents on the investigation, which peaked when Tony Acri, DEA group supervisor in charge of Banco, began limiting FBI access to the Banco office. Soon afterward, Acri was transferred out of his position in what the DEA called a "routine administrative" move, and Banco ever so quietly closed its

## CUSTOMS SCORES AGAINST DEA

doors late last year.

Operation Greenback, which uses the same basic methods as Banco and which got under way in May 1980, well before Banco closed shop, was an apparent duplication of effort and serves as one more example of the continuing battle between Customs and the DEA over who should be the country's drug cops. That battle surfaced in Washington recently, where high Customs officials have lobbied behind the scenes for the dismantling or complete shakeup of the DEA. Greenback incorporates DEA agents only in a low-level liaison capacity. Recent charges, brought through the Greenback task force against an officer of the Landmark First National Bank in Fort Lauderdale and alleged major coke movers, is no doubt being used as evidence of Customs' superior effectiveness in DEA territory.

These charges cite two laundering operations that investigators first thought were connected but that they now believe operated independently. Both involved Dolores Eirin, a Landmark officer for new development and loans. The first and largest

coke-cash conduit allegedly handled the profits of Hernan Botero, considered a major cocaine importer, his brother Roberto, and a man named Losardo Restrepo. Carlos Urdaneta was named with Eirin in the other charges. So far, the feds have been able to lay hands on only Roberto Botero, Urdaneta and Eirin. Two other Landmark employees said to have participated in the scheme have been granted immunity to testify against the others.

According to the federal complaint, the Botero brothers began moving their profits, an estimated \$400,000 a day, out of the country through Landmark on December 31, 1979. Investigators say it worked this way:

Five separate bank accounts were set up in different names, using El Salvador passport numbers. The men said they wanted their money out of El Salvador because of the unstable conditions in their home country. During the next year six or seven different men, wearing "heavy gold jewelry and driving flashy sportscars," pulled into the bank regularly, carrying suitcases and large cardboard boxes crammed with

hundreds of thousands of dollars. The money was taken directly to Eirin, who counted it out with the runners and then deposited it into the Botero accounts. Restrepo was said to be the main money mule, depositing 60 percent of the cash himself.

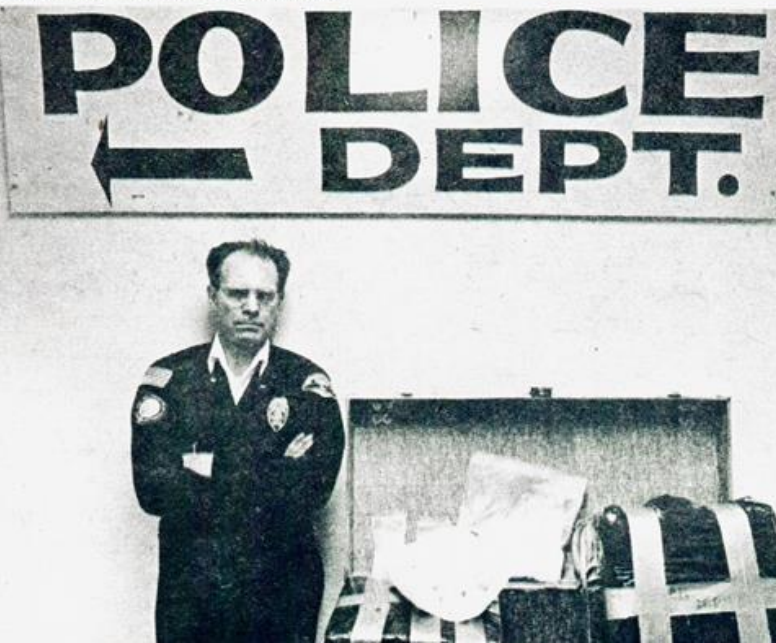
U.S. Treasury Form 4789, required for all cash deposits over \$10,000, was prepared, according to the investigators, and filed with the bank. However, the remaining copies, which were to go on to the Treasury Department, were shredded by Eirin and two other bank employees.

After the money went into Botero's accounts, the coke cash was then wired on to other banks in Colombia and Switzerland. Later, cashier's checks were used, these signed by bank employees and mailed to the out-of-country accounts. When one such account in Colombia was checked by officials, it was found to be overdrawn by \$944,000. This account, for which Roberto Botero was the sole signer, showed deposits in cashier's checks to the tune of \$6.6 million, all made in a two-month period.

When agents searched Hernan Botero's luxury digs in Plantation, Florida, they found a telex machine in the laundry room. A message in

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**TREASURE TROVE** Sergeant Robert Knudsen of the Bellingham, Washington, Police Department stands watch over a steamer-trunk cache of pot and cocaine with an estimated street value of \$500,000, seized at a local motel. Bellingham has become an increasingly active drug port over the last few years.





# PILL SPEAKEASIES CLOSED IN FRISCO

SAN FRANCISCO—A two-time president of the Pharmaceutical Society of San Francisco has been stripped of his assets and given a 25-year suspended sentence following conviction on federal pill-peddling charges. Pharmacist William J. Gamba, 51, was convicted of distributing more than a million tabs of Ritalin, 250,000 Quaaludes, untold quantities of Desoxyn, Biphetamine, Dexedrine, Percodan, Nembutal and Dilaudid through five San Francisco pharmacies.

Unlike most dealers, Gamba apparently sold all of his drugs through prescription. What made his sales illegal was that he allegedly knew the drugs would be used "neither in the useful course of professional treatment nor for a legitimate medical purpose."

Under state and federal laws, pharmacists are required to carefully monitor their sales, but Gamba's operation was so loose, says prosecutor Eric Swenson, that "one customer might come in over a period of a couple months and fill prescriptions from eight or ten doctors." Gamba

## MILLION-DOLLAR 'SCRIP BUSINESS SEIZED

was also apparently sloppy in the filing of \$100,000 in false claims to MediCal, for prescriptions not filled.

Gamba first went to trial on the drug charges—which stemmed from sales made between late 1975 and March of 1978—in July of 1979, but a mistrial was called when he was seriously injured in a head-on crash with a San Francisco streetcar. Gamba's injuries, which require continuing treatment, have kept him out of the slammer.

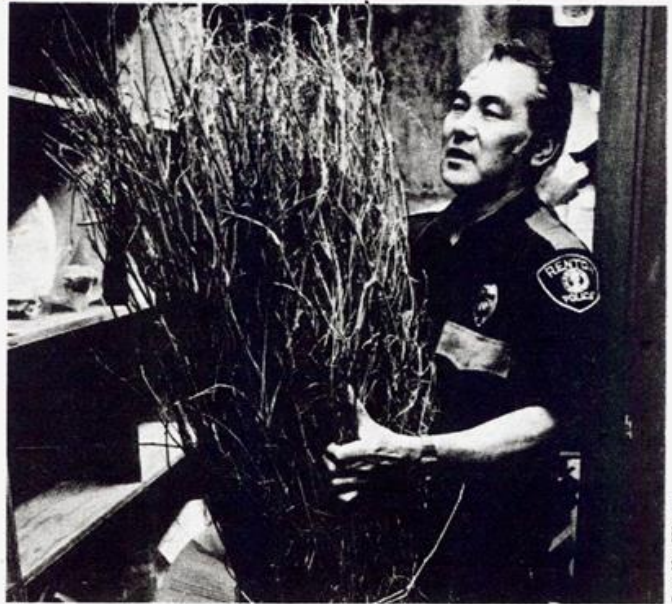
"If it were not for your injuries," said a wrathful U.S. district judge, Stanley Weigel, "you would go to prison."

Also convicted in earlier trials were two of Gamba's associates. Pharmacist Anthony D'Alessandro, Jr., a partner in two of the pharmacies, was given a two-year suspended sentence and fined \$30,000, and pharmacist Michael E. Clark, a partner in one of the pharmacies, was given a two-year suspended sentence and fined \$15,000.

As a result of the earlier convictions, the five pharmacies were ordered to be sold, with the money going to Gamba Pharmacy, Inc., and Gamba Enterprises, Inc. Now the government has confiscated the proceeds of the sales, about \$240,000. When added to a \$65,000 fine lev-

ied against Gamba and the fines against the other two pharmacists, the total monetary punishment is \$360,000, one of the largest ever meted out in California.

According to Daniel J. Addario, head of the San Francisco office of the Drug Enforcement Administration, the case represents the first time the DEA has ever seized a pharmacy in the United States.



Jennifer Werner

## SOME PEOPLE NEVER THROW ANYTHING AWAY

Renton, Washington, policeman John Iwasaki displays some of the contents of the P.D. evidence room. In his grip is what a local paper referred to as a "marijuana bale." Though difficult to identify in this condition, HIGH TIMES experts have determined that "the thing" is most likely a bundle of confiscated plants that have seen far better days.



**FREE AT LAST** Four Americans busted for alleged hash smuggling eight years ago were finally released from a Turkish jail and returned to the United States in February. Some of their grim experiences were chronicled in "Midnight Express." Shown here arriving at Kennedy Airport in New York are (top to bottom) Michael Ray of Little Rock, Arkansas, Kathryn Zenz of Lancaster, Wisconsin, Robert Hubbard of San Antonio, Texas and Jo Ann McDaniel of Coos Bay, Oregon. Hubbard and McDaniel had been married shortly before their departure from Turkey.

## U.N. SNUBS ICAR

The United Nations Committee on Non-Governmental Organizations has rejected a bid by the International Cannabis Alliance for Reform to gain consultative status with the international body. ICAR is an umbrella group of marijuana law reform organizations from around the world founded in 1978. The committee turned down the ICAR application by consensus in February, stating that the "goals of the organization were not compatible with those of the United Nations."

ICAR coordinator Bob Pisani described the U.N. committee's decision as "regrettable, especially since the failure of the present U.N. policy with respect to cannabis is obvious." Pisani said he retained hope for "some rational discussion" on the issue, and added that ICAR would continue to "press our case with the U.N. and with individual national governments."



# BUSTEE STILL QUESTIONS LEGALIZATION

Readers of "Highwitness News" may recall a column entitled "Outside the Law" that appeared in these pages several months ago. In it, James C. Wilhelm contested arguments for legalization that were published earlier in "Open Letter from a Grower" by Alex Smart. Smart responded in a later column ("Highwitness News," December '80), but the dialogue continues. Wilhelm, having just begun to sniff fresh air again after a stretch in the slammer for pot "crimes," writes:

Dear HIGH TIMES,  
At the time "Outside the Law" was written I was undergoing court proceedings for my bust, which went down in December '79. I was subsequently sentenced to 180 days in jail, have served the time and was released two weeks ago.

I have been reviewing the back issues of HIGH TIMES that I missed while incarcerated and came across "Open Letter from a Grower III." It is unfortunate that I was quoted out of context. Had Mr. Smart read more carefully he would have realized that the profit motive is not a factor in my call for preservation of the status quo. I specifically point out that jail sentences for marijuana use are unjust and senseless. Legalization is the most desirable way to go with this issue only if it can be accomplished without government control. The U.S. federal government has historically demonstrated its style of total control over all agriculture and industry. Marijuana will be no different.

Our goal is to smoke competitively grown marijuana. Legalization will eventually bring total government control over the potency of the herb available on the legal market. We don't want to smoke a mixture of marijuana and inert combustibles. Therefore, once the federal government clamps on its potency controls, an illegal black market supported by righteous growers and distributors will begin to thrive. This brings us full circle to people still going to jail for cultivating and selling marijuana.

Yes, legalization is a beautiful ideal. But let us see to it that this process is carried out with great care so as to prevent the federal bureaucracy from turning the weed we prize so highly into just another boring American pastime.

Sincerely,  
James C. Wilhelm

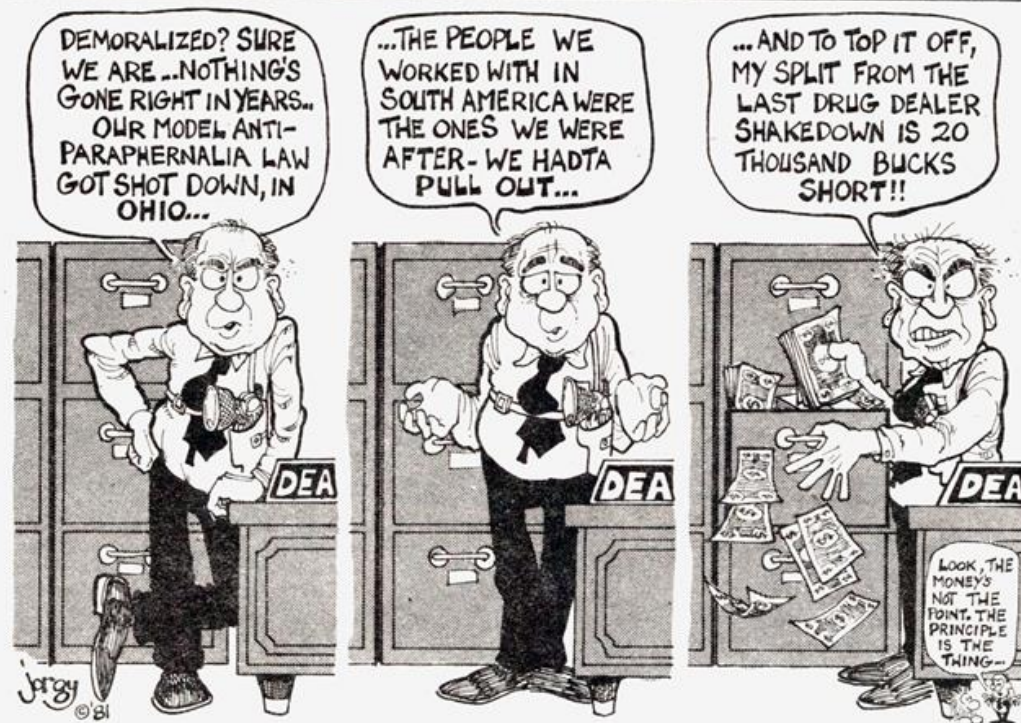


ful ideal. But let us see to it that this process is carried out with great care so as to pre-

vent the federal bureaucracy from turning the weed we prize so highly into just another

boring American pastime.

## JORGY



## GROW AMERICAN

continued from page 47

Paganists celebrate many ancient holy days during the summer to encourage a plentiful harvest come fall. These days include Beltane (May Day), August Eve, Midsummer Day, fall equinox and Samhain. These celebrations usually ended in splendid

feasts, as did the full-moon rituals that were practiced every month. These festivities always took place in the garden with our thoughts concentrating on the loving cultivation of the plants.

Harvest time was during the full moon in October. That day was a very joyous and holy one, filled with plenty of hard labor and thankfulness to the gods. The weed was excellent—huge, luscious buds that we carefully hung in the wooden drying room already festooned with protective talismans.

As is customary, the very

best of the crop is offered up to the goddess, who is looked at in a threefold manner as the maiden, the mother, and the crone. This offering helps secure her blessings for a fine garden next year. One can't be selfish when dealing with Ma-ma Nature.

A lot of smoking takes place in the harvest celebration, as you can imagine, and there was more partying after this ritual than there had been all summer. Then the wicked Arizona mushrooms and peyote are brought out from their sacred altar space and the cycle is completed. □



# DRUG ANGLES ON TOP STORIES

Some days the newspaper reads like *HIGH TIMES*. Every major story seems to have a drug twist. It's that extra bit of spice that sometimes pushes a page 3 story to page 1. The three big ones lately were the Jean Harris murder trial, the Las Vegas Hilton fire and the release of hostages from Iran. In case you missed the drug angles in these headline grabbers, *HIGH TIMES* hereby brings you up to date:

You remember Jean Harris: She's the former headmistress of the exclusive Madeira School, now serving time for putting four bullets into her troublesome lover, Dr. Herman Tarnower, author of the best-selling *Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*. Of course, she maintained throughout the trial that she was really trying to kill herself and only shot Tarnower accidentally, but, be that as it may... Two drug-related crises, she testified, contributed to her mood in the dark hours before the murder. First there was the nasty incident in which she had to expel four girls from the school after pot paraphernalia was found in their rooms. That depressed her terribly. Then there was her speed problem. It seems that part of her own Scarsdale diet, prescribed by Dr. Tarnower, was a daily dose of amphetamines. About a week before she shot him to death in his bedroom, she had run out of pills, and cruel Doc Tarnower wouldn't give her another 'scrip. Speed withdrawal was driving her right up the wall.

The Las Vegas Hilton fire killed 8 people and injured 198. Philip Bruce Klein, the busboy who later confessed to setting fire to the place, had a strange explanation of how it all happened. He claimed—for what it's worth—that while he was engaging in what all the papers called "a homosexual act," a joint he was smoking ignited some drapes and the place went up in smoke.

Then there's the story of freed hostage Jerry Plotkin, whom the media always identified as "an American businessman." Plotkin served two years on a pot-smuggling rap back in the '60s, and lately, he's

## EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT

had to deny reports that he was being investigated for possible dope dealing in Iran. A former L.A. narc was quoted

as characterizing Plotkin as a "heavyweight in cocaine and some heroin dealing" before his departure for the Middle

East. Plotkin filed a \$60 million suit against the *Daily News*, a Southern California paper, and its parent company, the *Chicago Tribune*, after the *News* published a story alleging the investigation. The paper stands by its story. Plotkin claims he went to Iran to start a firm that would import Korean labor to that Moslem state.



Jean Harris



Jerry Plotkin



Philip Bruce Klein

## HIGH-SCHOOL DRUG CRIME

### THE PLAGUE THAT THREATENS OUR CHILDREN

TUSCON, ARIZONA—Capt. Tom Nichols, head of the metropolitan narcotics squad here, had come to Santa Rita High School to deliver a talk on the specter of drug abuse. The goal of his presentation, he later told the *Arizona Republic* newspaper, was to compare "this life, the one of rights and responsibilities, to that other life, the one centering on profits, drugs and fun"—all of which he apparently considers equally odious.

To dramatize his message he brought along some slides. To explain "this life," the responsible, upstanding one, he projected images of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the grave of President Kennedy with its eternal

flame. To illustrate "that other life," he showed them some pictures of drug paraphernalia. For further visual impact, he held up some examples of the dreaded drugs themselves. Among these were two full ounces of honest-to-God hashish.

When he finished his spiel, the class gathered at the front of the room to take a closer look at his trophies and to ask a few questions. Nichols was feeling pretty satisfied with his reception; he greeted people and chatted amiably.

But when he glanced down at his display table, as if by magic the two Z's of hash had disappeared. Being no fool, Captain Nichols immediately deduced that one of these innocent-looking teenagers had

boosted his stash... after all he'd tried to do for them!

Captain Nichols would admit to being embarrassed about it afterward, but he just couldn't control himself. He read out the whole class, all 60 of them, venting his anger and frustration in no uncertain terms. Still, nobody turned in the hash. Some of the students, "definitely not all," Nichols later assured an interviewer, actually laughed at him.

So he packed his paraphernalia and left in a huff. He was supposed to have made another presentation to a different group of Santa Rita students later on, but he canceled it.

The captain isn't a coward, but the captain isn't a schmuck either.



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## 'SHROOM KING KILLED

continued from page 19

Pollock was found dead inside the front door of his ranch-style home by an emergency medical service team after his girl friend, concerned that he had not shown up for a planned dinner date, called the police. He had been shot once in the back of his head. The house had been ransacked and his pockets slashed open.

A graduate of the University of Wisconsin medical school, Pollock was one of the nation's leading mycologists, maintaining the world's largest collection of psychedelic mushrooms, and had done major research with a wide variety of psychoactive fungi. He had published numerous articles on the subject in scientific journals and popular magazines associated with the drug culture. Foremost in his recent research was his work with camote, a byproduct of a mushroom he discovered near Tampa, Florida, which he believed would prove useful in psychotherapy and the treatment of asthma.

Friends and associates agree that Pollock's obsessive interest in mushrooms and a desire to expand his own research drove him to become the most notorious "Dr. Feelgood" in the San Antonio area. At the time of his death, he was under investigation by at least five governmental agencies, including the federal Drug Enforcement Administration, a county narcotics squad and the Texas Board of Medical Examiners. The DEA and local authorities charge that Pollock was selling prescriptions for Dilaudid (an opiate nearly as strong as heroin) for as much as \$900. They allege that he made up to \$10,000 a day for prescribing a full spectrum of pharmaceutical highs including Dexedrine, Desoxyn, and numerous other potent substances at inflated prices after only minimal medical examinations.

Pollock's ostentatious orange prescription forms were well known to local pharmacists, many of whom had refused to fill them since early last fall. Those who did often tripled their prices. Concern over the doctor's practice had become so extreme that the Pharmacy Board had scheduled a special seminar on Pollock that would have taken place during the week following his murder. In response to increasing problems getting his 'scripts accepted at large and chain drug stores, he had begun directing patients to a pharmacy of which he had recently become part owner.

Despite these revelations, colleagues, family and friends retain respect for Pollock and the importance of his research. His father, Walter Pollock, a Los Angeles real-estate developer, told HIGH TIMES: "All of the money made from writing those prescriptions went into the bank and his Herbal Research Foundation. He didn't own fancy cars, clothes—drink, snort cocaine, cheat the IRS, or live lavishly. His research and those mushrooms were his life and dream for the future." The elder Pollock, with the aid of a West Coast tax specialist, had been helping his son put together a \$2-million package to build

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## HIGHWITNESS NEWS

a laboratory and greenhouses outside San Antonio for the expansion of his herbal and mushroom research.

Dr. Kenneth Blum, associate professor of pharmacology at the University of Texas Health Science Center and cosponsor with Pollock of the first International Conference on Herbal Psychotropogens in San Antonio in 1979, described him this way: "He was a loner; a free-spirited individual with a loose attitude toward the law. He pressed the outer limits in trying to achieve medical greatness. His style was certainly unorthodox, but he wanted to make the necessary breakthroughs to show the skeptical medical establishment that his pioneering work was legitimate. His immense ego and drive pushed him."

Apparently it pushed him into dealing with dangerous elements of the active and sometimes sinister San Antonio drug scene: The week before Pollock was killed he had appeared before the state Board of Medical Examiners for a preliminary meeting in connection with a formal complaint the board had filed in Austin to revoke his license. With pressure coming down, he had begun cutting off regular customers. Some of those customers, authorities say, paid Pollock \$15 a pill for Dilaudid 'scrips and sold the pills for \$45 a piece on the streets.

According to one HIGH TIMES source, two men had come to Pollock's office home earlier on the day of the murder, and he had refused to fill their prescriptions as he had been doing regularly for some time. There was then a loud and heated argument between the doctor and his "patients," and they left saying they would return later to "deal with him." These same men, according to knowledgeable sources, owed Pollock a great deal of money, possibly as much as \$50,000. As HIGH TIMES goes to press, however, no arrests have been made and police refuse to say whether they have any major suspects.

If Pollock's death came as a result of a too intimate flirtation with the darkest corners of the local drug scene, it seems clear that his questionable dealings were the product of excessive drive, a deep belief that the expansion of his research would be of great benefit to the world, and an apparent ignorance of his own vulnerability. He dealt strictly in cash and was known to keep a weekend's take visibly bulging in his wallet or front pocket until Monday morning, when he deposited it in one of his five or six bank accounts. And, while his home was equipped with specially made burglar bars and steel doors as a result of two burglaries last year when he was off on mushroom expeditions, they were rarely locked when he was at home. Despite his increasingly dangerous clientele, he never owned a gun.

His obsession with mushroom research left little room for anything else. Two days after the murder, narcs seized 1,758 jars of mushrooms and mediums from his house and "powerhouse," as he called it—a greenhouse that occupied his entire backyard. They also picked up ten pounds of dried camote that was being prepared for shipment to a laboratory for chemical

continued on next page

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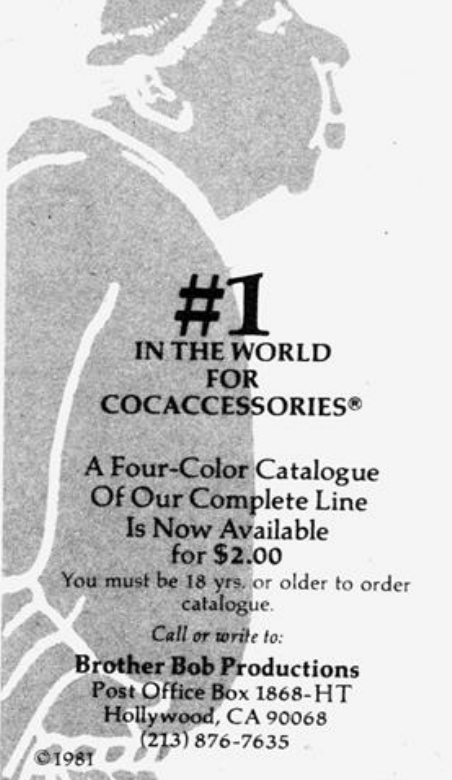


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continued from previous page

analysis. (Three weeks after his death, the jars and camote were taken to a local dump and burned, destroying, some colleagues fear, important research.)

Pollock's girl friend gave perhaps the most revealing account of the depth of his dedication to mushroom research. "We hardly ever went out," she said. "Our dates were spent shaking mushroom jars early into the morning, and the sex was often interrupted by technical raps about mushrooms. He was always afraid of growing old and not finishing his work or getting the recognition. He lived and died for his mushrooms."

His colleague, Dr. Blum, reflected, "One side of Steve used the mushroom in a continual search for Huxley's soma state. The other side was a drive to achieve medical greatness in a very traditional sense. Had Steve worn a tie, had short hair, worked under a government grant at Harvard and sold prescriptions to suburbanites, he would still be alive today."

Dr. Stephen Pollock was buried with a choice sample of camote on his breast and a Matias Romero and a Renaissance, two species of mushroom he had studied extensively, in either hand. After a funeral conducted by Sam Greene, a well-known former real-estate salesman turned monk, and music from the Supernatural Band from Austin, close friends and the family ate camote. Mike Forbes, president and cofounder of Hidden Creek, described the experience as "the highest of my life." He added that two years to the day before the funeral, he, Steve and an investor, meeting at Sam Greene's chapel, had consummated the deal to start the Hidden Creek company.

## OPERATION GREENBACK

continued from page 20

Spanish left on an ironing board appeared to set up "a planning session on a narcotics operation." Not surprisingly, no trace of Hernan Botero has been found since the bust. Customs says he left for Colombia January 17. Restrepo is also unavailable for comment.

According to the agents, Eirin and the two other bank employees were paid up to 1 percent of all the moneys sudsed through the bank, or about \$700,000 per year. Eirin, who claims all charges against her are false, drives a Volkswagen and lives in a modest house with her janitor husband.

In federal court, Roberto Botero, Dolores Eirin and Carlos Urdaneta, also believed to be a major trafficker in marching powder, faced a laundry list of charges ranging from failing to file Form 4789, to conspiracy to defraud the government, to importation of a controlled substance. Eirin, in recognition of "her years of service in banking," had her bail reduced from \$3.5 million to \$250,000, while

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Botero faced \$1.25 million and Urdaneta \$1 million.

Operation Greenback is promising to expand its laundering investigation, naturally with accompanying media hype. Informed sources in the industry, however, don't seem worried that even a much expanded effort by an army of accountants and narcs will significantly interrupt the exchange of dollars for coke across the Caribbean.

## MIAMI POLICE ON THE TAKE!

continued from page 19

reviewing the facts returned indictments on nearly a score of cops on the take. Fortier said his men had accumulated enough information to lodge cases against 75 civilians as well, but would postpone action against those individuals to deal with what he called "official corruption."

The federal investigators in the case are shooting for indictments under the Racketeering Influenced Corrupt Organization (RICO) statutes, designed to provide long jail terms for major racketeers. The RICO laws provided the legal basis for the Black Tuna case in which pot importers Bobby Platshorn and Robbie Meister last year received jail sentences of 64 and 54 years respectively.

The allegations against the Miami cops are substantial: Investigators contend that plainclothes gumshoes have been serving as bill collectors for Escandar and other dealers; stealing shipments from Escandar's competitors; ripping off drugs and valuables in the course of busts; absconding with cash from the police property room; and—as if those crimes aren't horrifying enough—actually consuming cocaine and marijuana themselves.

All of this might shake the very foundations of an ordinary American city, but, given the scale of the Miami drug trade, it is barely surprising. With an estimated \$7 billion crossing the barrelhead annually in the drug commerce of southern Florida, tourism has been eclipsed as the primary industry. Public officials and law-enforcement officers at virtually every level have been accused of being on the take from drug traders. County cops in rural areas where landing strips or off-loading sites are located are often the most corruptible, according to HIGH TIMES sources. It's easy to understand: The ethics of a county deputy who makes, say, \$18,000 a year are sorely tested when someone offers \$5,000 to \$10,000 for a couple hours of just looking the other way.

Bluenosed moralists who still have dreams of wiping out the coke and pot smugglers through beefed-up law-enforcement efforts should meditate over a joke that's been making the rounds in the Sunshine State:

Question: How does a Miami cop spell honest?

Answer: S-T-U-P-I-D.



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CLIP AND SAVE

# POT PRODUCTS HEAD FOR MARKET

by Bud Bogart

It was probably inevitable that the many creative entrepreneurs who have made pot a multibillion-dollar business would come up with a wide line of pot products: specifically, marijuana baked goods, marijuana potables and prerolled marijuana cigarettes. In the grand tradition of American enterprise, some smart cookies have come up with these items and there are probably a lot more in store.

As usual, California is in the forefront of this expanding market. With names

## TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

like Granny's Cosmic Cookies and Brain Food Bars the pot by-products tend to originate in the northern sinsemilla belt, where such delectables have for some time been part of the local culture. Lately, though, the chic and trendy pastries have popped up in the cities, where they're selling like proverbial hotcakes. Brownies and Brain Food Bars are \$5 each, and one's plenty. Cookies run three for \$5 usually, and one will give you a mild buzz, all three a zonker. The secret's in the marijuana butter used as a base, say the experts.

The pot-bakery business is still in its infancy, but it has all the vital signs of developing into a healthy cottage industry like mushroom growing. The phenomenon first caught the public eye in January when Brownie Mary, a San Francisco woman in her 50s, was caught with trays of baked pot brownies and 20 pounds of pot waiting to go into another batch. Obviously she wasn't just whipping up a batch for the grandkids.

The market is certainly there for a quality product. Just about every dedicated pot lover has at one point tried pot brownies or the like and ended up with something that tasted like a mouthful of hay and produced a groggy, eye-pulsating stupor. The revised market-bound versions, the best made with prime-grade sinse, are good eatin', with a sweet, piny aftertaste and a solid punch into the unknown. They're great fun, but continued devourance can cause pandemonium in the digestive system.

The pot-pastries market got a big boost recently when one of New York's top male fashion designers gave a couple dozen of the cookies to friends for Christmas.

Marijuana beer, another longtime favorite Western home brew, is already on dealers' shelves (see "R." on marijuana

beer, "Connoisseur," November '80), though, again, its tendency to cause the green-apple quicksteps has muffled consumer enthusiasm.

Finally, the appearance of packaged, prerolled joints in decadent old Los Angeles heralds the arrival of a convenience anticipated since the dreamy legalization optimism of the mid '70s. They'll be the first packs of joints since the legendary Park Lanes brought back by GIs during the Vietnam War, if you don't count the "loose joints" hawked in big-city parks. (A *National Weed* magazine test on five loose joints purchased at Washington Square Park in New York for a dollar each weighed in at a grand total of half a gram, or about 280 joints to the ounce.) The new packs contain 20 sinse joints, weigh about a quarter ounce each and cost about 50 bucks—a novelty item that may go a long way.

**Consumer tips and historiography:** Readers of the accompanying "Market Quotations" will note this month a regional price listing. About once every week somebody suggests this in a letter or otherwise, and, in fact, close readers of *HIGH TIMES* point out that years ago it used to have a regional listing, but it was dropped. Well, it's back again.

It was dropped in the first place because of a remarkable uniformity in the price of dope everywhere in the continental United States. That has changed in recent years, owing to factors as diverse as the nationwide sinsemilla boom and the Colombian marijuana cartels. Still, the prices vary only slightly. Pot prices have remained remarkably stable over the past decade in contrast to those of most other goods, a compelling offbeat argument for the long-discredited economics of laissez-faire capitalism. If you think legalization might drop the price, just remember that the Prohibition-era jug of 50¢ white lightning was replaced by the \$5 quart of Seagram's.

**Old Humpty Dumpty...** didn't fall as hard or as fast as Colombian prices this season, with B's of commercial at \$250 each and as cheap a \$220 in bales, as the best year ever for Colombian pot continues. Centerfold gold is at \$450 to \$550 a pound, driving prices of all competitors down.

**Hash bash:** Among those competitors, Lebanese hash peddlers, taking it on the chin and dropping prices to unload. Pounds of the tangy red and blond have dipped to less than \$750.

**Root for the home team:** Potheads in Miami, Wall Street of the Colombia market, hoot derisively at the price of California sinsemilla, which they call "senselessmilla," and refuse to buy it.



## TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

### AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	12-16
Mullumbimby madness	uncultivated but cute	100 oz	900
Colombian pot	hardly any	lb	5-25
		oz	40-100
		lb	75-225
		oz	800-1200
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	15-20
		100 oz	1000-1200
Compressed Thai	off and on	oz	160-200
		lb	1100-1600
Putty hash	Lebanese	oz	210-250
	Frankenstein	lb	2800-3000
Nepalese fingers	critic's choice	oz	250-400
		lb	3000-4500
Indian hash oil	at times primo	gm	20-45
		oz	420-620
Mushrooms	wild	oz	50-75
LSD	Korean "tiles"	one	5-7
		100	300-500
Mandrax	still easy	one	3-6
		100	150-400
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	gm	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

### COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	strong	oz	10-15
golda, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial	buy the plantation	oz	2-5
domestic		lb	30-80
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	lots of lines	oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

### DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
		kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	not bad	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
		kilo	1000-2000
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz	60-120
		kilo	1200-2200
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	100-135
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

### ECUADOR

Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Colombian	surprisingly	lb	1250-1000
Red and gold	not that much	oz	15-25
Colombian	passable	lb	200
Sierra buds		oz	6-10
		lb	70-100
Emeraldas	the worst	oz	2-4
swamp grass		lb	40-60
Cocaine base	lots	gm	negotiable
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gr	25-40
LSD	traded for blow	one	5

### ENGLAND

African grass	dedicated	oz	90-100
	potheads only	lb	750-1000
Colombian grass	down to a trickle	oz	100-175
		lb	850-1200
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	one	10
Thai sticks	great, rare	oz	110-130
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	one	15-25
		oz	free to 50
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	lb	100-350
		oz	100-125
Black Kashmir hash	high tide	lb	800-1050
		oz	100-150
Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz	60-85
		lb	750-1000
Paki black hash	extraordinaire	oz	100-125
		lb	1100-1250
Nepal temple ball hash	world's finest	oz	150-200
Hash oil	palpable, palatable	gm	1750-2000
		lb	20-30
LSD	considerable of late	one	475-525
		100	7-10
Cocaine	scarce but there	gm	500-700
		oz	135-180
Mandrax	limey ludes	one	270
		oz	3-6

### FRANCE

African pot	dominatee weed	gr	2.50-3
	market	oz	65-80
Colombian pot	extremely rare	oz	75-100
Moroccan hash	several flavors	gr	6-8
		oz	90-110
Lebanese hash	fresh and fragrant	gr	8-12
		oz	100-125
Lebanese kif	known as "zero-zero"	gr	10
LSD	pyramids, red stars, dots, blots	one	4-7
Speed	hot on the punk scene	one	4-6
Cocaine	and long Parisian nights	gr	125-200

### JAPAN

Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz	120-300
		lb	1200-1600
Philippine pot	expanding market	oz	45-50
		lb	500-600
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	90-120
Thai sticks	fresh and pungent	one	900-1200
		oz	40-75
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	one	400-750
Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	oz	40-60
Philippine hash	superstar	gr	115-125
		oz	25-40
Lebanese hash	they love it here	gr	300-375
LSD	British imports	oz	50
Mushrooms	greenhouse	oz	10-20
Opium	excellent	gr	50
Cocaine	questionable	gr	25-50
Speed	advanced	gr	80-150
	Japanese model	gr	75-85

### MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	by the Bronco-full	oz	7-12
		lb	60-120
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz	5-10
Acapulco gold	kick-ass fume	oz	50-80
		lb	10-20
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	oz	50-100
		lb	7-12
Cocaine	when around	oz	65-125
	don't be a chump	gm	30-50
Opium	searching for a market	oz	400-700
		lb	50-100
		lb	400-600

### UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Dallas	the original Mexweed	oz	15-30
Oklahoma City	iso-hash, your move	gr	10
Albuquerque	peyote limited to reservations	button	1-3
Memphis	"Snoopy" blotter acid, good grief	hit	5
Eureka Springs, Ark.	leftover leaf	oz	30
Washington, D.C.	last of the killer Colombos	oz	50
New York City	trademark Thai	lb	1850
Normal, Ill.	multihued	lb	430
Boulder, Co.	Colombian 90% pure Peruvian	gr	120
Stony Brook, NY	pink toot	gr	7
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Brazilian black hash	oz	200
Seattle, Wash.	Buddha buds	oz	140
Fairbanks, Alaska	Lebanese hash, hard	one	5
Mendocino County, Calif.	'ludes, probably boots	oz	175
Minneapolis	Pachuko buds	oz	300
	psilocybin mushrooms from the farm	lb	300
Binghamton, NY	"Dolphin" blotter acid	one	3
Cambridge, Mass.	robin's egg speed	one	.50

### National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	in the ground	NA	
Commercial	old faithful	oz	10-40
Mexican		lb	100-435
Top-grade	Where have all these flowers gone?	oz	50-75
Mexican		lb	475-650
	over the next hill	oz	55-65
Mexican sinsemilla		lb	500-600

Jamaican	on the skids	oz	35-45
		lb	375-450
Jamaican sinsemilla	pretty respectable	oz	70-100
Commercial	biggest glut in years	lb	700-1000
Colombian	an excellent year, but late	oz	35-45
Connaisseur	needless packaging costs	oz	250-350
Colombian	foot-long buds	lb	40-55
Thai sticks		one	440-550
		oz	15-35
Loose Thai		oz	180-225
		lb	170-200
Various Africans	smokes like rubber bands	oz	1200-1800
	price downswing	oz	40-55
Hawaiian		lb	425-550
		oz	125-225
Moroccan hash	excellent head this season	oz	1800-2400
Lebanese hash	ubiquitous	lb	90-125
		oz	1100-1750
Black Afghani hash	watch for imposters	oz	100-130
Nepalese fingers	gummy	lb	900-1450
		oz	150-200
Paki hash	bits and pieces	lb	1600-2200
		oz	175-225
Hash oils	out of favor with buyers	oz	1700-2500
		gm	150
Psilocybin mushrooms, dried	huge winter stock	oz	1350-1800
Peyote	tough to come by right now	oz	35-65
LSD	lots of blots	one	500-1000
		100	110-135
Cocaine	pick a card, any card	gm	35-60
Methaqualone	some real bulldozers	oz	300-500
MDA	best to analyze	gm	65-100
Crocses and black beauts	resurgence	100	25-200

### Alaska

Commercial	prices more in line of late	oz	45-55
Colombian	greenhouse variety okay	lb	430-550
Domestic weed	surfaces	oz	15-35
Mexican weed	occasionally B-grade here; A-1 there	lb	75-175
Mainland sinsemilla	big mover	oz	500-600
Lebanese hash	not much	gm	225-300
		oz	2000-2750
Cocaine		gm	15-20
		oz	130-200
		gm	125-175
		oz	2000-3000

### Hawaii

Puna buds	overrated, overpriced	oz	150-200
	some real, some ?	lb	1500-1950
Kona gold		oz	150-200
		lb	1500-1900
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	150-190
		lb	1500-1750
Maui wowie	don't get ripped off	oz	160-225
LSD	dots and blots for cheap	one	1600-2300
Mushrooms	not a big mover	gm	2-4
Cocaine		oz	free
Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	75-125
		oz	1800-2500
		one	2

### WEST GERMANY

Thai weed	4-inch sticks	one	10-20
		oz	250-350
Colombian pot	U.S. air express	oz	200
		lb	1750-2500
Moroccan hash	green slabs	gm	5-8
		oz	125-150
Lebanese hash	red and yellow	gm	7-12
		kilo	2800-3200
Afghani hash	popular best-seller	gm	6
		kilo	4000
Manali hash (India)	gold-medal winner	5 gm	7
LSD	mikes, tiles and "Green Monster"	one	5000-5500
		100	7-10
		100	125-150

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**W**HATCHA READIN' THERE, buddy? Looks pretty dry."

"Actually, it's great. It's the proof sheets for an interview with Gordon Liddy. I gotta write an introduction for it, and then they'll run it in this magazine with photos of Liddy and it'll look lots more exciting."

"Gordon Liddy, huh? Now there's a guy. You gotta give him credit."

"Sure as hell ain't a woman. There's that."

"No, I mean that guy was ready to die for what he believed in. You know?"

"Ready? Shit, he was begging the fucking president's lawyer to shoot him down in the street. He was *begging* for it. He couldn't wait. Turned out he was laying his life on the line for a bunch of pussies who wouldn't have had the balls to terminate Donald Segretti properly, much less Gordon fucking Liddy."

"Well, he was a little weird. That stuff about holding his hand in the fire—"

"Psycho. A psycho can tune his pain threshold up and down like you'd adjust a thermostat. Liddy had a bunch of macho Cubes he hadda impress, so he pissed out a whole fix of endorphins into his system and put his hand in the fire. And this son of a bitch who fixes up on his body's own junk any time he wants, he busted Tim Leary in '68 for acid. Fucking diddlybop candy-ass LSD!"

"Jeez, buddy—what magazine's this for, anyway?"

"HIGH TIMES. Piece of shit interview for a piece of shit magazine."

"I always thought HIGH TIMES was a hippie magazine. What's it got to do with Gordon Liddy?"

"Aw, there's this hippie writer called Legs McNeil there, see? Only they don't call themselves hippies anymore. *Punks* they call 'em now. So this punk McNeil, he goes and scores an interview with Gordon Liddy, as a *challenge*. See, if Liddy really *did* believe half the ultra-right-wing, raise-the-flag horseshit he spouts, he would've been morally fucking *obliged* to pull out a .38 and grease McNeil halfway through the interview."

"But he didn't?"

"Look! Halfway through the interview McNeil *invites* him to. But the bastard's still punking around, not even a flesh wound. Not a *powder burn*, for Christ's sake. And Liddy says he could've offed *Jack Anderson*!"

"He does?"

"Here, read the whole thing. Liddy's a pussy too. They all are. Fuck 'em!"

"Hey, get my buddy here another Scotch. He's on a roll!"

## INTERVIEW

# G. GORDON LIDDY HIS KAMPF

by  
Legs  
McNeil

over, winning power and achieving power, was completely unacceptable to me. It was no more acceptable to me than the idea of surrender to a Japanese soldier in 1945.

HIGH TIMES: You've said that you're not concerned with your image because "it's the

opinion of others."

LIDDY: I would draw a distinction between reputation and character. *Reputation* means what others think of you. That is pretty much outside of your control. Your *character* means what you really are. The only person who can affect that is you. So, I think you're better off concerning yourself about character rather than reputation.

HIGH TIMES: You must be aware that you do have an image.

LIDDY: Well, I have had several. When the break-in was detected and things were going from bad to worse, we decided on this containment strategy. I said okay. I was, in effect, the captain of the ship in the reef, and I will take the weight. They can't get

HIGH TIMES: What were the '60s like for you? When did it become apparent to you that there was a war going on at home?

LIDDY: By 1967 it was apparent to me that things had gotten out of hand. That was when we had an urban riot in Poughkeepsie, New York, which is where I live. I could see it starting about '63 or '64 when I moved to Poughkeepsie and became a prosecutor. By '67 I'd taken the decision to get myself elected. I ran for office in '68. Didn't make it, but then proceeded to run the Nixon campaign in that area.

I went down to Washington in '69. By then things were full bore. Washington had burned by then. It had burned in '68. The '60s seemed to be increasing and accelerat-

ing. I thought that if this continues apace, the other side will eventually win, or will become the dominant side. We'll become the minority. The time to stop that is when we still have the strength to stop it. And that's pretty much what we did.

HIGH TIMES: You saw things happening from the early '60s and ending up with the antiwar movement and this big youth movement—

LIDDY: I don't know if it was a youth movement. There was an antiwar movement, but there was far more to it than that. There was a whole different world overview that these people whom I opposed had. The drug culture was part of it. It was intolerable. The thought of this ideology in effect turning



past me, because anything anyone under me would say would be from me, and then it becomes hearsay if I'm not cooperating. So all I have to do is remain silent and there's no problem.

And they said, "Oh, yeah, there is a problem. How are we going to convince this very skeptical, cynical and hostile Washington press corps that you, who has a doctorate in law, who was an FBI bureau supervisor at

the age of twenty-nine, who was a prosecutor, that you, in effect, stole all this money from your client, dreamed all this up on your own, went out and we knew nothing about it? They're not going to buy this bullshit story." I said, "Yeah, I can see the problem." So, with my cooperation by acquiescence, they started floating a lot of these crazy stories to persuade the Washington press corps that, yes, I did. I really didn't think they

were going to get away with it, but they did. We were all astonished at the gullibility of the press corps. That held for about a year. Even the whole government fell for it. The whole concept of my trial was, Yes, this is what happened. That's what the government told the jury.

A year later, when they realized they'd been had, they tried my superiors, under a theory one hundred and eighty degrees opposite. So it held, but only for about a year. **HIGH TIMES:** Why did you write as honest a book as you did? Do you think you served your country better waking up people to the fact that the Soviet Union intends to dominate the world? When you write in your book about the rat story, which everybody thinks of when they think of you, and the burning of the hand, and that you would kill Jack Anderson, don't you think you would better serve your country by lying than by putting out this book?

**LIDDY:** No, I wouldn't think so. First of all, I didn't write the book until almost after litigation had run, so I could be honest and write it and not in any way put at risk the liberty of my associates. Secondly, I'm what is known as a primary source. The obligation of a primary source is not to sit there and draw speculative conclusions, it is to record what happened.

**HIGH TIMES:** So when you did the book, you considered yourself as a historian.

**LIDDY:** Well, no, as a primary source for historians. If you are studying Watergate and you go and read a book by Teddy White or anyone like that who's sitting there and analyzing what happened based upon transcripts and so on, that's a secondary source. The

transcripts are the primary source. The testimony of those who are the actual participants in the event are the primary sources. Those persons should put down, "This is what happened. This is what I saw, heard, smelt, felt, did." I ought to avoid speculation and drawing conclusions. That's for the historians with the benefit of the detached view of time and the rest of it. So that's what I did. I was as scrupulously honest about it as I could be.

**HIGH TIMES:** You knew you would become a spokesman, with this book out. You must have known with the rats that people are going to say, "He eats rats, he burns his hand."

**LIDDY:** If you read the book and are not persuaded, then I've had my day in court. If I don't persuade you, I don't persuade you.

**HIGH TIMES:** You must realize also that you have a message to spread: It is a bad place out there and the Soviets do indeed

intend to take over the world.

**LIDDY:** What you're saying is if I had been easier on myself, I would have gained more acceptance. That's cheating. I think I can do and have done pretty well having been truthful. Plus, having been ruthlessly and scrupulously truthful with myself, I think it lends credence to what I may have to say about other people. In other words, if I'm going to be as tough as I was on John Sirica in that book, I don't have any right to do that and not be as tough on myself. I think that's one of the reasons it gained the acceptance that it did. People say that this was an honest book.

**HIGH TIMES:** Why do you think John Sirica is a phony and a fraud?

**LIDDY:** Because John Sirica poses as one who abhors a cover-up. "We'll all be all right if we just get these facts out." And yet, when he, through a gross error of competence, seated a juror who could not conduct a conversation in the English language, he used his power as a judge to cover it up. Which makes him a hypocrite. Then, when he was embarrassed by my twenty-one-and-a-half-year sentence and was attempting to justify it and sought to resort to the record to back him up and saw

that the record didn't back him up, he just changed the record. He got caught at it. That just demonstrates that he's stupid. He's a stupid hypocrite [laughter], that's all.

**HIGH TIMES:** What did you think of the *Washington Post* as they were uncovering the Watergate story?

**LIDDY:** I understood what was going on. If you'll recall from that era, it was like page twenty-three news and that's where it belonged. The *Washington Post* pursued it that way because of the obsession that its owner and executive editor, Ben Bradlee, had with Richard Nixon dating back to his defeating Helen Gahagan Douglas years before in California. Then what happened was after these fellows did some investigative work and came up with a few good stories, the *New York Times* felt professionally embarrassed about being behind on the story so they jumped in. Those two media leaders carrying on like that, the rest of them...

**HIGH TIMES:** But what did you think?

**LIDDY:** They were the other side. I expected the other side to do battle as vigorously as they could. They were going to attempt to reverse the effect of the election. It was a struggle for power. That's how I viewed it. I was quite dispassionate about it. I just sat there and watched it.

**HIGH TIMES:** In David Halberstam's book, *The Powers That Be*, he describes how [Carl] Bernstein just lucked into the story. He was supposed to be covering Virginia, but he happened to rewrite [Bob] Woodward's copy. He was about to get fired because management disapproved of his lifestyle.

**LIDDY:** That's a real odd-couple situation. Woodward is very preppy, very stuffy. Ter-

*"The biggest enemy of the United States is the United States because of all this Easter Bunny philosophy we've been espousing."*

ribly stuffy guy. Filled with his own importance. I recorded a story there where he went to John Martin, a Justice Department attorney, and asked him for information to which he was not entitled. Martin refused and he said, "No one turns down Bob Woodward." John Martin said, "Well, let me be the first." That's just the way he was.

Bernstein wasn't like that. Neither one of them hesitated to subvert the

grand jury or do anything else they felt was necessary to go after their own. Again, there's another example of the hypocrisy of Sirica. Sirica was intimidated by Edward Bennett Williams, so he did not do anything to those guys for violating the law. He claims he gave them a strong lecture, but he never even mentioned them by name in the courtroom. He didn't have the guts to do it. Sirica has no balls.



**HIGH TIMES:** You also said that of Carter, having no balls.

**LIDDY:** That's the "3-B" test—brains, balls and brawn. I think to really be successful, to be a leader like that, you have to pass the "3-B" test, and Carter can't.

**HIGH TIMES:** The Moral Majority says that in order to win World War III, the first thing you have to do is abandon détente, noting that détente dignifies the rules of the Soviet Union, discourages internal resistance among intellectuals and people in the Soviet Union, undermines freedom movements in the satellites, enables Moscow to undermine and divide NATO and lulls the free world into complacency leading to a reduction in defense spending. How do you react to that?

**LIDDY:** If it does things with respect to the free world, that's because of the stupidity of the free world. I don't think it necessarily does. What détente simply did was give both sides an opportunity to gain an advantage over the other. The Soviet Union took it and we did not. That's our fault, not theirs.

I can understand why the Moral Majority did what it did. It was countering something. They don't have that big an influence on the Reagan administration, nor will they have. Reagan is a very bright guy in that he has recognized, I think, that he does have a big mandate and if he does want to accomplish change, he is going to have to do it from the center and he's going to have to bring in people from both sides. You'll notice that there aren't any people from the extremes, either way. That is just good, smart politics.

**HIGH TIMES:** Why didn't we take advantage of détente? How could we have?

**LIDDY:** We did not, I think, because of this naiveté and life of illusion that so many of us live in this country. We made the fundamental error of telling the American people that, for example, a SALT agreement is a good thing. Immediately that became held hostage politically. We had to come up with a SALT agreement or take a political defeat. The Soviet Union, not being run by stupid men, saw that. And they just held out for one that was very much to their advantage. Same thing with SALT II. Ronald Reagan has very wisely said, "Well, we'll talk and we'll listen, but unless it's a good agreement and in our national interest, we're not going to get involved in a thing like that." He is not politically hostage to a SALT agreement. Therefore, he could possibly come up with a good one. Who knows? At least he is not

naive. He sees the world as it is.

**HIGH TIMES:** How do you think we should view the Russians?

**LIDDY:** You must understand that they define things differently than we do. They don't define the good the way we do. The good to them is whatever advances the interests of the Soviet Union, and whatever does not is bad. So, if there is a SALT agreement and they violate it and get away with it, they

don't consider that cheating. They consider that they are doing something that they are under a moral imperative to do. Unless you understand that, the way they think, you cannot deal with them. Because you're not even speaking the same language.

**HIGH TIMES:** Should we even be trying to work with them? Can you trust them if they're trying to use everything to their advantage?

**LIDDY:** The Russians respect power. They

respect overwhelming superiority and an eagerness to use it. They've backed off every time they've been put in a situation like that. Now, we are not in that posture. They're not fools. They know we don't have that kind of strength anymore. Whether we'll have an opportunity to get it back or whether we can

afford to get it back, I don't know. All this armament and power doesn't come out of mud or air. It requires a strong and powerful and expanding economy. We can have that if we get rid of all this nonsense that we've built into our budget, which is out of control. That's going to mean some things that are going to hurt some very vocal constituencies.

**HIGH TIMES:** There's a belief in this country that the Soviet Union does not want a nuclear war.

**LIDDY:** Well, no one who is not crazy wants nuclear war. I don't think the Russians are crazy. Whether their perceptions are correct or not really is immaterial. The Soviets are going to act on their perceptions, not ours. Their perception at the moment is that they can win a nuclear exchange. That's a pretty dangerous perception for them to have. The only way to change is for us to change the balance of power sufficiently so they

perceive it, to have them change.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you think the United States can win a nuclear war?

**LIDDY:** Yes, I think we can, if we position ourselves to. That doesn't mean that we aren't going to take great losses nor does it mean we should seek nuclear war. We certainly ought not to shrink from it in the last resort. As General Haig said, "There are some things worth fighting for." You can't turn the clock back. There being nuclear weapons, nuclear weapons are going to be used. People argue against that by saying, "Well, in World War I we used gas, and no one used gas in World War II." There's a specific reason for that. When, at the end of the war, our military guys were going through Germany, an officer went into a cave and he didn't come out. So they sent a guy in after him and he didn't come out. Pretty soon, they said, "Hey, there's something wrong going on here." And they checked. And what had happened was, in the cave were stored cylinders of what came to be called G-Agent—G for German—which was nerve gas, which the Germans developed. So, it happened to be leaking, and that's why those people died in there. We found that out and we said to the Germans, "Holy smoke! You had this enormous weapon and you didn't use it. Why not?" And they said, "Because you would have used yours." "What do you mean, ours?" We had an awful lot of artillery and the recoil system of our artillery was hydropneumatic, and the pneumatic was nitrogen gas, so we had all these nitrogen-gas cylinders and German intelligence misidentified that as our equivalent of their G-Agent and it balanced the

terror so they didn't use theirs.

**HIGH TIMES:** About the war in Vietnam: In the Oriana Fallaci interview—I don't know if you're familiar with her—

**LIDDY:** I know who she is. Which one?

**HIGH TIMES:** With Thieu. My impressions of that interview are that during the Paris peace talks Thieu was pleading for his life, saying, "There are three hundred thousand North Vietnamese soldiers in my country." And Kissinger

said, "No, there's only a hundred and fifty thousand." And then Thieu said in this interview that Kissinger was using South Vietnam as a containment factor against China because they were more threatened by China than by Russia, that it was a big power play. Thieu was suspicious of Kissinger being a power broker in those terms.

**LIDDY:** Well, Kissinger is a very bright man. The KGB analysis of Kissinger is very



*"We examined the alternatives and came to the conclusion that the only way to stop [Jack Anderson] is to kill him."*



interesting. First of all, they make much of the fact that he's Jewish. Of course, the Soviets are very anti-Semitic. But they're rather dispassionate about his Jewishness and they say that that leads him into the direction of being a survivalist because of the historical Jewish experience of surviving. And they think that he's influenced by that. Now it may or may not be true.

But the other interesting thing that they

think is very significant—and I would have to agree with them—is that Kissinger is a big student of Metternich. Now, Metternich was the Austro-Hungarian Empire chancellor who saw coming down the road the destruction of the empire and who sought by his brilliance to postpone that for as long as possible—and he was quite effective at doing that. And they say in their analysis that that's very good from their point of view because Kissinger sees that history is on our side

and he's playing the Metternich game and he sees that the U.S. is going to go down the tubes and he's just trying to postpone that. And so, long term, it's good with Henry.

They also point out that he was not that much of a student or admirer of Bismarck. That would have disturbed them greatly, because Bismarck was the builder, the believer in increase in power in Germany. And so that's their analysis. There have been others who have thought, based on some of the things that Kissinger said and wrote, and on what some of his associates have written that he seems to agree with, that that analysis is pretty good. And that, of course, is not the mindset of somebody who ought to be leading the foreign policy of the United States. Because that is not at all necessarily what's going to happen.

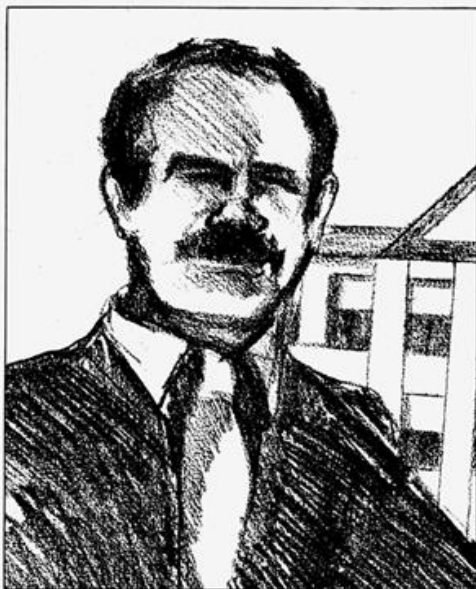
We can change that. We can make it so that they're the ones that are going down the tubes and not us. And that's a matter of will and understanding. As the Germans say, the great blow carries with it its own defense.

**HIGH TIMES:** They think Kissinger's holding off the fall of the American Empire?

**LIDDY:** Yeah, they think we're doomed and they're riding the freight train to success. I happen to think that it's actually the opposite and it's only our damn foolishness that has let them get as far as they have. And that the biggest enemy in the United States is the United States because of all this altruistic nonsense that we... all of this Easter Bunny philosophy that we've been espousing in the last four years. Four more years of Carter and we would have been gone. It

would have been all over. It's going to be very difficult through Reagan or anybody else to turn this thing around.

**HIGH TIMES:** You say it's too late to turn this Carter mess around. You've been quoted as saying about the CIA, "They have been weakened by press and Congress. The animal who is no longer wicked, no longer has its teeth." What is the role of a secret military organization in a free society?



**LIDDY:** Well, historically, the covert-operation capability is to give you "option three." If something goes on in a foreign country that is inimical to the national interests of the United States, and we don't have option three, we've got only two options: one, don't do anything, and let the whole thing go down the tubes; two, go to war, the other extreme. Option three, when you have that capability, is to send in a clandestine service and

turn it around without having gone to war. So it can be a very vital role. Unfortunately, right now the clandestine service has been gutted. When Stansfield Turner dismissed eight hundred and sixteen top operations directors—including the number one guy in Iran, the number one guy in the Soviet

power structure and the number one guy in the Middle East, and I think the guy in Cuba, you cannot turn it around overnight. You can burn the house down overnight but you can't build one overnight.

**HIGH TIMES:** Why did you want to kill Jack Anderson?

**LIDDY:** Well, there had never been any orders to move physically against Anderson even after he had crossed us. One of our best technical sources in intelligence was our ability to intercept the car-to-car transmissions of President Kosygin and other Soviet leaders driving around the streets of Moscow. Anderson learned that and Mr. Helms learned that Anderson had that information, took him to lunch and asked him, for obvious reasons, not to publish it. Anderson promised not to. Subsequently, he did. Okay. With that history we then learned that he had exposed one of our human as-

sets abroad; the guy was either already dead or was dying under torture because of it. And in light of that history it was presumed that Anderson was going to continue that line of work. Now, he's killing people. And they charged us with the task, "Come up with a way of stopping Anderson from doing that." Well, we examined all of the alternatives and very quickly came to the conclusion the only way you're going to be able to stop him is to kill him. And then the question is, "Is it justifiable because he's killing our people?" Yes, it is. And that was the recommendation. But, they turned down the recommendation as being too severe a sanction.

**HIGH TIMES:** It seems to me that it would be extremely important to find out the person who was feeding Anderson this information and terminate him.

**LIDDY:** Well, I'm sure that they were simultaneously trying to find things like that out. They did find some things out and didn't terminate the guys. They just moved them from one place to another. They would move someone out of the place so they couldn't get any more information to give Anderson, other than where some car was parked in a motor pool.

**HIGH TIMES:** Helms asked him not to print it. What did he say when you approached him about that?

**LIDDY:** He said, "I didn't do that until I first saw it printed elsewhere." I said, "Yeah, where?" And he couldn't come up with that. And I think it's because it wasn't true.

**HIGH TIMES:** Why weren't you in the CIA?

**LIDDY:** Because I was in a position in the White House, for example, in the Odessa group, and had the ability to command the

resources of the CIA, the DIA and the FBI and anything you wanted. We had more of a... what's the word I'm looking for? Advisory—

**HIGH TIMES:** You could obviously have killed me with something here on the table if you wanted to.

**LIDDY:** Kill you without something on the table.

**HIGH TIMES:** That's what I mean. I look at you more as a soldier than a member of the Nixon administration. I wondered

why you didn't go into the CIA.

**LIDDY:** In the CIA, for example, there is quite a rivalry between two basically different kinds of people—both of whom are absolutely necessary. You've got the collectors of information and those who analyze it. I mean, I've got a room full of data and they are of no use until they are examined by an analyst who says, "I wonder what this

*continued on page 66*

*"Do you believe in God?"*

*"No."*

*"Do you believe in Valhalla?"*

*"No."*

*"It's just...?"*

*"Worms."*



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SUB-TOTAL		\$	\$
Calif. residents add 6%		\$	\$
Add \$1 per item for postage & handling		\$	\$
TOTAL		\$	\$

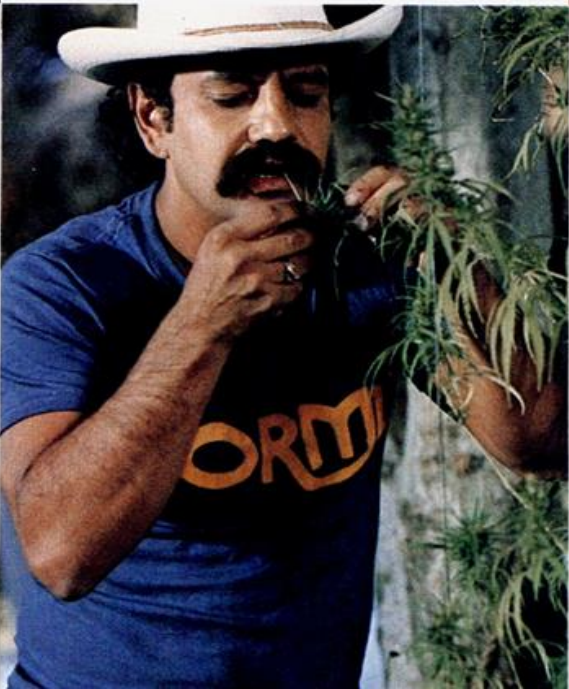
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THESE UNIQUE VIBRATORS HAVE FINALLY ARRIVED IN AMERICA  
AND THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO BE THE FIRST TO OWN ONE!!





**High Times  
Visits  
the Set of  
“Nice Dreams”**



# CHEECH & CHONG & US

T

HE COLAS MADE ME FEEL BETTER. I HAD STARTED TO get nervous about this whole deal after the slicked-down reception I'd received in the tinsel, plastic Hollywood offices. But when I saw those colas—big, hairy, juicy buds rising from the more noticeably paper pot bushes—I knew somehow it was going to be all right.

Roughly eight hours earlier I had been in New York City wracking my brains, wondering where in hell our March cover was going to come from (we were looking, ironically enough, for a pot field). Suddenly, the phone rang. I picked up the receiver. Columbia Pictures was on the line and they wanted to know if I'd like to come out to the set of the new Cheech and Chong movie, *Nice Dreams*. It seems as if the boys had heard of our little difficulty and were offering to let us take a part of their set and rearrange it to suit our needs. Well, big-time magazine publishers don't shout Yippee!, so I thanked them politely and said I'd catch the next plane out.

I had met Cheech Marin and Tommy Chong about a year ago when we were guests on "Friday Night," a television talk show based in Chicago. I'd felt an easy rapport with the both of them and looked forward to picking up the conversation (among other things) that was going around in the limousine that night on the way home from the show. Besides, I'd never been on a movie set before; I had never even taken the Universal Studio tour, and so the idea of spending time on the set of a Cheech and Chong movie and getting a March cover in the bargain had me salivating (metaphorically speaking, of course).

Walking through the back lots to the publicity office I felt a flash of recognition as I passed all the familiar TV and movie sets and the people who are part of them: costumed actors wandering casually about, execs hurrying to important lunch dates, technicians sitting on their equipment, having a smoke, and here and there a luscious rising young starlet.

Finally I found the boys. They were unaffected, gracious and, much to my surprise, quite serious. Intently discussing the previous day's shooting, it was obvious that even after 12 years of marriage as a comedy team, Cheech and Chong still actually love each other. They even move in unison, Tommy Chong sometimes directing with only a glance or a nod, Cheech Marin improvising his stoned, rowdy Cheech character like the second nature it is. They work without a script, using a series of 600 illustrated panels depicting scenes or events in the story line. "It's like writing an essay," Tommy explains. "Do you ever write it before you have to? 'Well, I got a lot of things to do so I'll just knock them off, so I'll have three weeks to think about something else'."

"Why waste time trying to be a writer, which I'm not, or Cheech either, in the classical sense. We're performers. All we have to do is perform for an hour and a half film time. That's nothing."

The nothing so cavalierly referred to is a crew of 150—plus cast members—working for months from sunup to sundown, and then attending screenings of the rushes from the previous day and making plans for the next shoot. The nothing is a budget of \$5 million. All this followed by further months of editing and polishing before we see the final product.

*continued*

by Andy Kroll



Everybody on the Burbank set seemed to be in good spirits—and a lot of them were longtime *HIGH TIMES* fans. This was the soundstage where much of "Fantasy Island" was shot when Cheech and Chong weren't in need of its tennis court (which had now been transformed into a marijuana nursery). There were tall plants and rows of baby seedlings. There were plucked bushes hanging in the drying sheds and horticultural devices strewn about—and, of course, there were those glorious aforementioned colas. In *Nice Dreams*, this tennis-court growing area is on the estate of a wealthy rock star, camouflaged by a canvas covering painted to look like a kidney-shaped backyard swimming pool from the air. The scene being shot the day I arrived involved a helicopter narc buzzing the estate as the canvas is ripping; the boys madly scramble to patch it. It is hilarious slapstick with Cheech ending up doing the backstroke across the canvas waters.

**I** GOT A BIG KICK OUT OF SEEING Cheech wearing the familiar blue and gold NORML T-shirt for the scene. I thought it was great that a big box-office star would bother to make a political statement. When I complimented Cheech for this right-on act, he explained that he wore the shirt simply because he liked the colors. "I liked that NORML was spelt wrong: no A—abnormal. It was a shirt I liked and felt good in. That guy Keith [Stroup] gave it to me.

"I stay away from politics. Y'know, I'm a Chicano."

Later on, after the cast went to lunch, the boys and I, along with a few crew members, screened the results of the previous day's shooting. If what I saw that day in the screening room is indicative of the rest of the movie, *Nice Dreams* is far and away the best film Cheech and Chong have made. As a giant Cheech-sized joint made its way around, the small screening room convulsed with laughter. The scene was from the grass nursery and the written word could only inadequately describe the sight gags that had us rolling. A mad marijuana chemist was the focus for this particular schtick, sporting a *HIGH TIMES* T-shirt. Around this negligible bit of business the two professionals weaved a hilarious bit of classic stoned humor. (By the way, the dope was good local bud. They don't smoke the primo on the set—they save that for after work.)

Tommy is Cheech's biggest fan. Sitting next to director Chong, I couldn't help but notice him chuckling with glee at his partner's antics, his knees knocking unconsciously together as he laughed with the abandon of a little kid.

"I'm the director. Cheech is the actor. Yin and yang," Tommy reflects. "Works well."

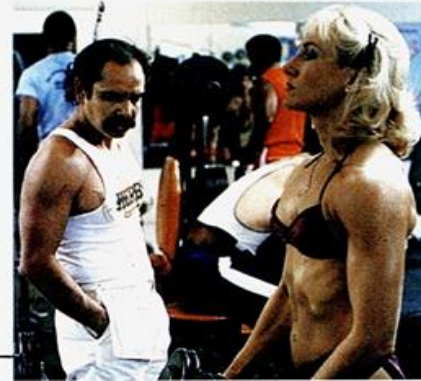
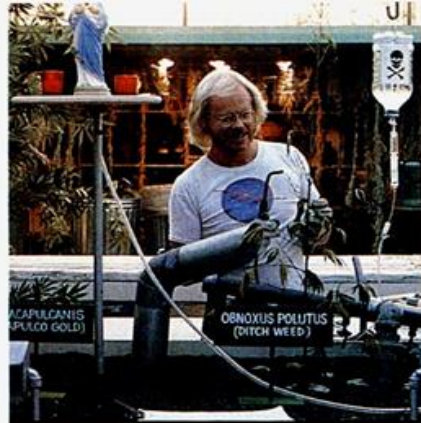
"I start the gag and Cheech comes in and takes it. I don't ever give him lines. I tell Cheech the actor where he is and what he's doing and he comes up with the lines."

In addition to being the director, Chong is also the straight man, working in the hallowed tradition of Bud Abbott, George Burns and Bing Crosby. He sets up the gags and feeds his partner lines with consummate timing—it's the meat of any comedy team. It's what makes them work.

Cheech likened it to their roots as band members playing rhythm and blues in Canada. "Tommy's like a steady bass. The bass line. You can only have so many bass solos." If so, Cheech is the spirited lead guitar, playing his riffs off the tempo set by the bass. A series of comedy jams strung together into feature length.

"When we had a band," Cheech continues, "we didn't have to discuss the chord changes. A musician starts to go someplace and the other band members follow."

One of the most impressive things about Cheech and Chong is that they are nice guys, straight shooters, in stark contrast to the over-grinning, glad-handing ubiquitous studio flack and Hollywood butt-boy types. They were as refreshing and reassuring as those big, fat, hairy colas I saw my first day on the set. Cheech probably put it best, commenting, "We've managed to be ourselves and still come out clean."







After a rigorous day of directing, Tommy relaxed with fruit juice and a joint in his trailer. "Considering the lifestyle we have apart from our career," he toked, "we've eliminated the necessity to have to bullshit anybody about anything."

Their movies do well despite the Hollywood power structure. Have you ever seen them with Carson? Or even on "Saturday Night Live"? The two are virtually blacklisted by television. And this pisses them off. What pleases them is their loyal legion of fans, constituents to a lifestyle big enough to make them the top comedy team in the country without the help or hype of the general media at large. But in this country, no matter who you are and what you're selling, nine-figure box-office returns entitle you to some respect from corporate institutions. But even then there are limits. Tommy laughs, "If I go into [the studios] and say I got this serious story about a paraplegic, they'd say, 'Get the fuck outta here with that shit.'"

**S**

INCE MY ENTRÉE, I HAD gathered waiting was as much a part of moviemaking as it was a part of dealing. Only here you had over a hundred people waiting with you, not to mention that union clock ticking. During lunch break, around midnight, an unknown comedy team hired by Cheech and Chong to celebrate an assistant director's birthday did an extended Happy Birthday routine. They were an Abbott and Costello-looking duo who fired off a rapid series of impressions from "Who's on First?" to Groucho to Cheech and Chong themselves. These two were good enough in their way, but they ran out of material quickly and their timing, though mechanically correct, didn't pop. Or maybe it was just my perception after a couple of days on a set with two masters. Besides, after 15 minutes, it became clear this wasn't a birthdaygram as much as an audition. Being hit on, though, is something that comes with the turf, and the boys seem to accept all but the most blatant of hucksters with a stoicism that borders on stoned indifference.

One evening while Tommy set up a shot outside in the night chill, a cowboy barged into Cheech's trailer brandishing two 45s ... with songs he had written recorded on both sides of each single.

"Ya gotta hear these to believe 'em," he gushed to Cheech excitedly. "Great stuff. You might be able to use these songs in the movie."

Cheech nodded with politeness, friendly. "Okay, man, I'll listen to them."

The cowboy started walking around the small trailer. "Where's your record player?" He bent over before Cheech to flash the records' labels at him.

"I don't have a stereo here, man," Cheech said, with a Thank God under his breath to me.

Still agreeable, Cheech offered, "Can I take these home to play them?"

I couldn't believe my eyes when a sudden cloud of doubt crossed the cowboy's brow. "Uh, um, I dunno..." he scratched his head.

"Okay," Cheech finally snapped exasperatedly, "I wasn't going to listen to them anyway."

I asked him, "You traded anonymity for this?" He cracked up.

Success suits Cheech and Chong well. They not only direct, write and perform, they own the production company, CC & Brown, Howard Brown in attendance. Tommy explains, "Howard's our advance man. We used to have Lou Adler. Howard's much nicer 'cause we worked for Lou, whereas Howard works for us. That makes a big difference."

"There were many factors that could have made it not happen. But I feel Cheech and Chong were ordained."

"Tommy sometimes says, 'I think God wanted to see Cheech and Chong movies,'" Cheech explains of how fortunate they feel to be doing what they are doing.

"Our habits were learned in the Rock 'n' Roll University," summarizes Tommy Chong. "You play it till it feels good." □

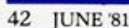


Two hundred dollars' worth of expense money—shot to hell! Two days of my life—shot to hell! Two days in Washington, D.C., watching Ronald Wilson Reagan become the 40th president of the United States, and I have nothing to show for it! I've gone nowhere, seen nothing. And the few notes I did jot down are lost somewhere in a D.C. lady's apartment. The IBM Selectric typewriter is humming at me in the afternoon gloom—mocking me! Laughing at me! And the paper—it's staring at me. White, creamy, blank. Impotent little jerk, it sneers. Pathetic, worthless motormouth . . . Where are they now: your jests, your fancies, your lightfooted gambols?

WASHINGTON HAD been reeling in the throes of a horrendous cold snap for weeks, but on the day of Ronald Reagan's inauguration (Tuesday, January 20, 1981) the sun, in a burst of whimsy, sliced open the threatening clouds with all the perverse energy of Richard Nixon dumping his files into the paper shredder. Radiant sunbeams bathed the streets of Georgetown in a golden shower. A sense of hope filled those suddenly honeyed streets—hope and faith (if not charity). Nature itself was pouring down, bending its beneficent rays upon Ronald Wilson Reagan, the man they had laughed at, ridiculed, dismissed as a third-rate actor and howling bigot with no brains and Grecian Formula waves, but who now was ready to ride down Pennsylvania Avenue in triumph.

Let me set the stage. I was there when this revolutionary transition took place. I was there clutching my press credentials and my letter from HIGH TIMES editorial director Ratso Sloman (demanding, politely, that I be extended every courtesy)—there as the *official* representative of that magazine read with enthusiasm and devotion by God knows how many loyal, patriotic, hard-working Americans.

by  
Mike Wilmington







**Y**OU SEE, I know my editor. I know the fierce reverence in which he holds the doctor of gonzo, Hunter S. Thompson, who inhabits his personal pantheon, along with Dylan, Andy Bathgate, Joni Mitchell and some sleazeball called Kinky. Eight years ago we covered the Republican convention in Miami together for the University of Wisconsin *Daily Cardinal* and Ratso babbled nonstop about Thompson and his *Rolling Stone* campaign coverage; he was dissuaded at the last minute from titling our piece "Fear and Loathing in Miami."

So I offered myself—sneakily—as a legitimate (but much cheaper) substitute.

"Great!" shouted the editor, irrepressible, ebullient. "Great! Gonzo! Perfect! I'll set it all up this afternoon!" Sloman whipped up his phone, began stabbing at the dial. "Listen, we'll send you down there with an artist—Ralph Steadman, if we can get him. I'll pull out every credential you could ask for. You'll get into everything! I'll have you in the Goddamn presidential box! It'll be you, Nancy Reagan and her New York butt-boy—what's his name—Jerome Zipkin! By God, by the end of the inauguration I'll have you in Nancy's pants! Go to it! Gonzo me, baby! Gonzo me!"

And the pollution-shrouded Manhattan sun set upon a wildly enthused Sloman, touch-dialing his way into the Halls of the Mighty...

But three months later things had taken a turn for the worse. I knew by then that Ratso had struck out. I knew that the cartoonist and I had no credentials. I knew we had no cooperation. We hadn't even established a level of civilized discourse with the Reagan mob. The magazine's request for credentials had been turned down by a mysterious, unreachable figure named Dixie Dodd, the Inaugural Press Queen.

For the next four days I tried, with increasing frustration, to reach Dixie. No dice. Dixie was skulking somewhere behind a battalion of glib, rude flak catchers who gave terse responses and then hung up. This wasn't necessarily because they were pissed at *HIGH TIMES*. They had no idea who I was. They were just naturally and congenitally, it seemed, rude and unmannerly assholes. Perhaps, I began to suspect, there was no Dixie Dodd. Perhaps she was a fairy tale, or a comic strip.

Dawn broke on the day before Inauguration '80, crisp and bright and right on schedule. Quickly I set up a command post in my temporary accommodations: one telephone on a crumb-strewn dining-room tablecloth. My first, second and third calls are all to Dixie Dodd—which makes about 32 all told during the past four days—no luck. But I do locate my major journalistic contact: an ace investigative reporter. He answers my queries with an insider's weariness, as if—God help us—we'd all been over this dull, plowed ground a hundred times before; it had yielded up every last, desiccated root you could expect.

"The inauguration?" he asks. "You're covering the inauguration? What in hell for? That's got to be the dumbest, most depressing assignment I can think of. How did they stick you with that?"

"I asked for it."

"Why?"

"Well, ah, you see, I figured this is an important moment, a crisis. A turning point in American history. After all, no political change of this magnitude has occurred since 1932. Or maybe 1952."

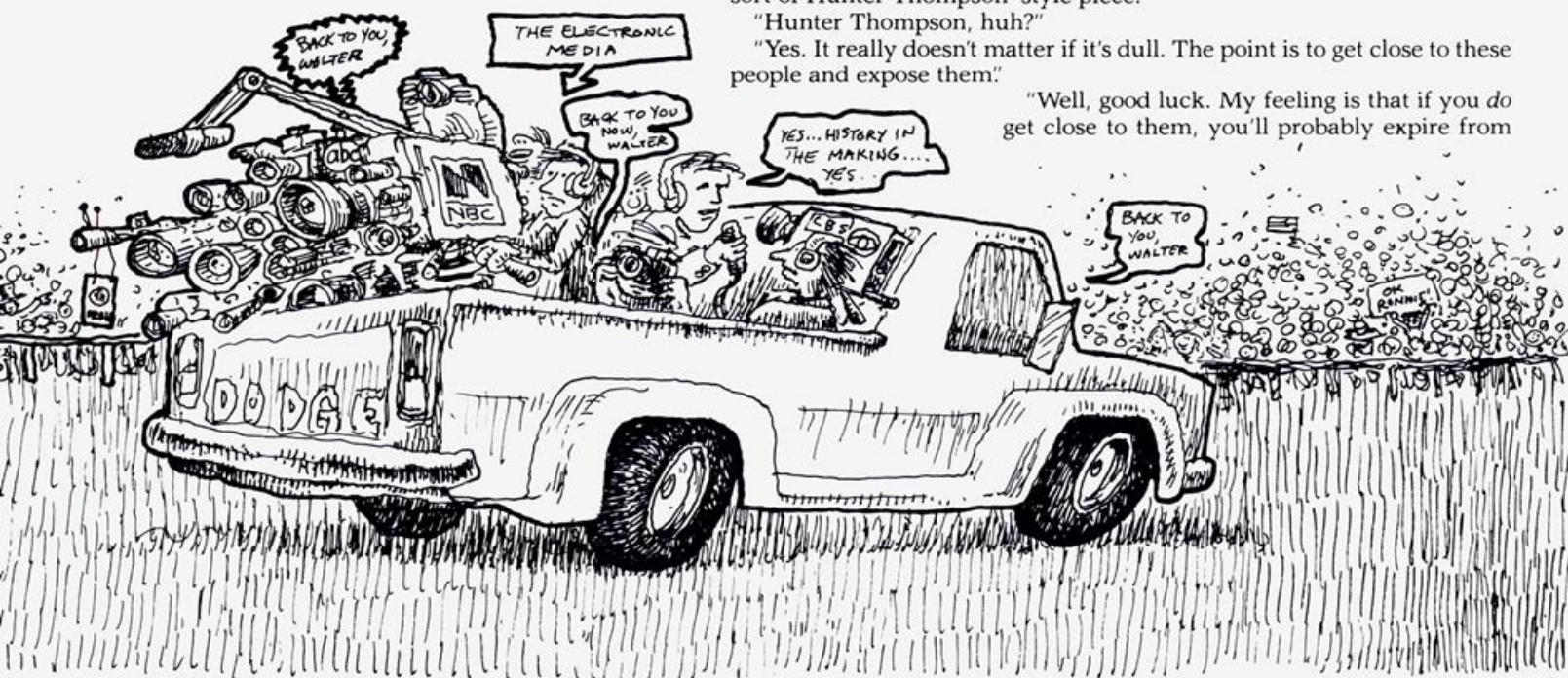
"True, true."

"So I figured somebody ought to be there. To keep an eye on things. Ridicule them. Do a sort of Hunter Thompson-style piece."

"Hunter Thompson, huh?"

"Yes. It really doesn't matter if it's dull. The point is to get close to these people and expose them."

"Well, good luck. My feeling is that if you *do* get close to them, you'll probably expire from







Suddenly, all the lights in the outer hallway went dead.

"Dutch! Dutch!"

It was a high-pitched, frenzied voice, coming from somewhere at the rear of the room. Dutch swiveled, warily, his heater in his mitt.

"Who is it?" he yelled back. "I'm warning you, mister, I've got a roscoe in my hand and a bullet with your name on it."

"Don't shoot, Dutch! Don't shoot!" came the frantic whisper. "It's me, Frankie!"

Through the boiling clouds of tear gas, flashes of light sweeping the windows, Dutch saw a familiar, squat little form scurrying toward him. He gasped.

"Frankie!" he cried, "Frankie! Is it you? They told me you was singing, Frankie. I thought you'd either turned stoolie, or, or... or they'd iced you."

"Nah, Dutch. Nah, not me. They tried to grill me but I gave 'em the slip. It ain't me that's singin'. It's that ratfink Tricky Dick. He's blown the whistle on everybody."

Dutch nodded as outside he could hear the helicopters making closer and closer passes, filling the inky night with their sinister hum. Tricky Dick! The worthless, lying bastard. He might have known. Well, it was all over now. Suddenly the entire room was illuminated by a vast flood of light, and Dutch could see—perhaps for the last time—the Woodrow Wilson chair, the bust of George Washington, the Abraham Lincoln table, all turned over and piled near the doors as a barricade against the bulls.

The bullhorn began blaring with a renewed intensity: "Dutch Reagan, this is your last chance! Come on out with your hands up!"

And, another voice, quavery and old, but with the fondly remembered touch of Irish syrup in it...

"Dutch, boy, it's me, Father Pat. I'm out here to guarantee your safety, Dutch. For God's sake, boy, give up. I've told the authorities you fell in with bad companions. Nancy's

boredom. This is a dull crowd. This is a dull event. I doubt if anyone in Washington even really gives a fuck. You have no idea of the stupidity, emptiness and banality these Reagan people represent. They're in a fucking class by themselves."

"Well, what are they doing? Somebody must be doing something spicy.

"Nothing. Nothing. I tell you, you're dreaming if you think you can get anything exciting out of this. Besides, I don't think they're going to let you get anywhere near them. I think your perspective on this gig is going to be something like the field nigger out in the cottonfield, watching the white folks at the Cotillion Ball through the French windows. Listen, these people have a motto, a creed. It's becoming obvious to everyone: Fuck the press."

"Fuck the press?"

"Right. Fuck the press. And fuck the poor. These people and their vision of grandeur come from a world view and a cultural perspective about an inch high. I don't envy you at all. This is one of the worst fucking assignments you could possibly come up with."

I begin nudging the ace investigative reporter with questions about the Teamsters, Jacky Presser, "Weasel" Fratianno and the Reagan transition team—which he fields disinterestedly.

"Listen," he finally parries. "The guy you want to talk to is this friend of mine in the Justice Department. He says the whole campaign is a criminal enterprise."

"He says what?"

"You heard me. And he knows. He's been investigating the Teamster-Mafia connection for years. Talk to him. He's got more information than you'll know what to do with."

My adrenaline started running again. I

had visions of a hot, epochal, transcontinental scoop.

REAGAN REVEALED AS BAGMAN FOR THE MOB.  
HOLDS OFF POLICE IN DESPERATE SHOOTOUT

"Come and get me, coppers, come and get me," snarled "Dutch" Reagan, as he plastered himself against the Oval Office wall to avoid another hail of bullets from the D.C. SWAT team outside. He pressed a drenched handkerchief to his nose to ward off the effects of the acrid tear gas—the gas that was drifting everywhere through the blackened, gutted shell that had once been the "White" House. Outside, a deadly tattoo of occasional rifle fire crackled. It sounded just like popcorn, just like the popcorn

**Gen. Omar Bradley is pushed onstage in a wheelchair, looking like a withered old zombie stoned on morphine who'd just been disconnected from his respirator and stolen from the hospital by pranksters.**

his grandma used to make in the steamy, hot, comfortable kitchen back in Tampico, Illinois! No more tomorrows. Dutch had pulled his last copy, and he was about to kiss tomorrow goodbye.

"Give up, Dutch!" roared a voice from a bullhorn out on the line. Outside, the White House lawn was choked with police cars and barricades. Searchlights knifed through the evening gloom, cutting holes in the veil of tear gas. Helicopters wheeled overhead, making an ominous hum.

"No dice, coppers!" he roared.

out here, Dutch. She's been waitin' for you. She loves you. Give up, Dutch, and throw yourself on the mercy of the Lord. He's a good ol' sod, Dutch, and he won't let you down!"

Frankie was whispering in his ear: "It's a lie, Dutch. A lie! I know what they're planning. Father O'Brien's juiced to the gills. They're going to cut you to ribbons as soon as you set foot outside. It's Bush and Tricky Dick—they're behind all this."

"Well, Frankie," said Dutch, as the light blazed around them and portraits of Chester Arthur and John Quincy Adams beamed down



oily benevolence. "Then I guess this is the end. Are you with me?"

Frankie clutched Dutch's shoulder and there was the trace of a tear on his aging tough-kid features. "Always, Dutch, to the end!"

"All the way?"

"All the way, Dutch."

A grin broke out on Dutch's boyish face as the racket of the helicopter came closer and closer. "We had high hopes, didn't we Frankie?"

Frankie nodded, and now the tear was unashamed. "It was a very good year."

"Dutch! In three minutes, we're coming in!"

"Okay, Frankie," Dutch whispered. "Let's give them something to remember us by..."

It's 2:00, I'm at Union Station. I'm there to pick up the cartoonist, who's buzzing in on the Amtrak from New York with our expense money. For all I know, I've blown this one, too.

Ah, there the guy is. Thank God for small favors. Jeff ambles over with a distinctly low pressure, amiable expression, skinny, hippie-style beard and hair, in a nondescript brown outfit. No mistaking: This is the guy. I'm feeling bitter, feisty.

"Listen," I say to Jeff, trying to muster up a little machismo. "These bastards can't get away with this. They're going to regret not giving us credentials. What we do is this: We besiege them. We storm them. We demand credentials. We turn that into the story. And, of course, the lousy good-for-nothing pricks won't give us any. But that's the beautiful part of it, because then we get to describe them. You, with your satiric pencils, me with my mastery of wit and invective. We'll immortalize these cretins. They'll cringe whenever they hear the word *high* from now on!"

"Right," says Jeff, amiably. "Sounds good."

"Are you with me?"

"All the way."

But our expedition hits another snag. Sloman has conceived an ingenious plan for the story. Total sleaze. A note from the underground. He wants us to check into some scumgutter of a hotel, overrun with winos and junkies, the paint peeling off the walls, and maybe a "lounge" with fading red plastic stools and Patti Page songs on the jukebox. The lower depths.

So we set out down Avenue K in search of sleaze. Jeff vaguely remembers a sixth-rate hotel called the Ambassador. We walk past housing project after housing project, trash blowing past us, through vast open fields of grayish dirt. Plenty of sleaze but no Ambassador Hotel. Jeff gets us booked into something called the Presidential. By then, unbeknownst to either of us, our last chance to harass the now mythical Dixie Dodd has vanished. The Inauguration Press Committee has closed up shop at 4:00 and is no longer in existence.

The Presidential is no junkie hangout, but it seems to be well located, only a subway stop from the White House. An ideal

*continued on page 76*



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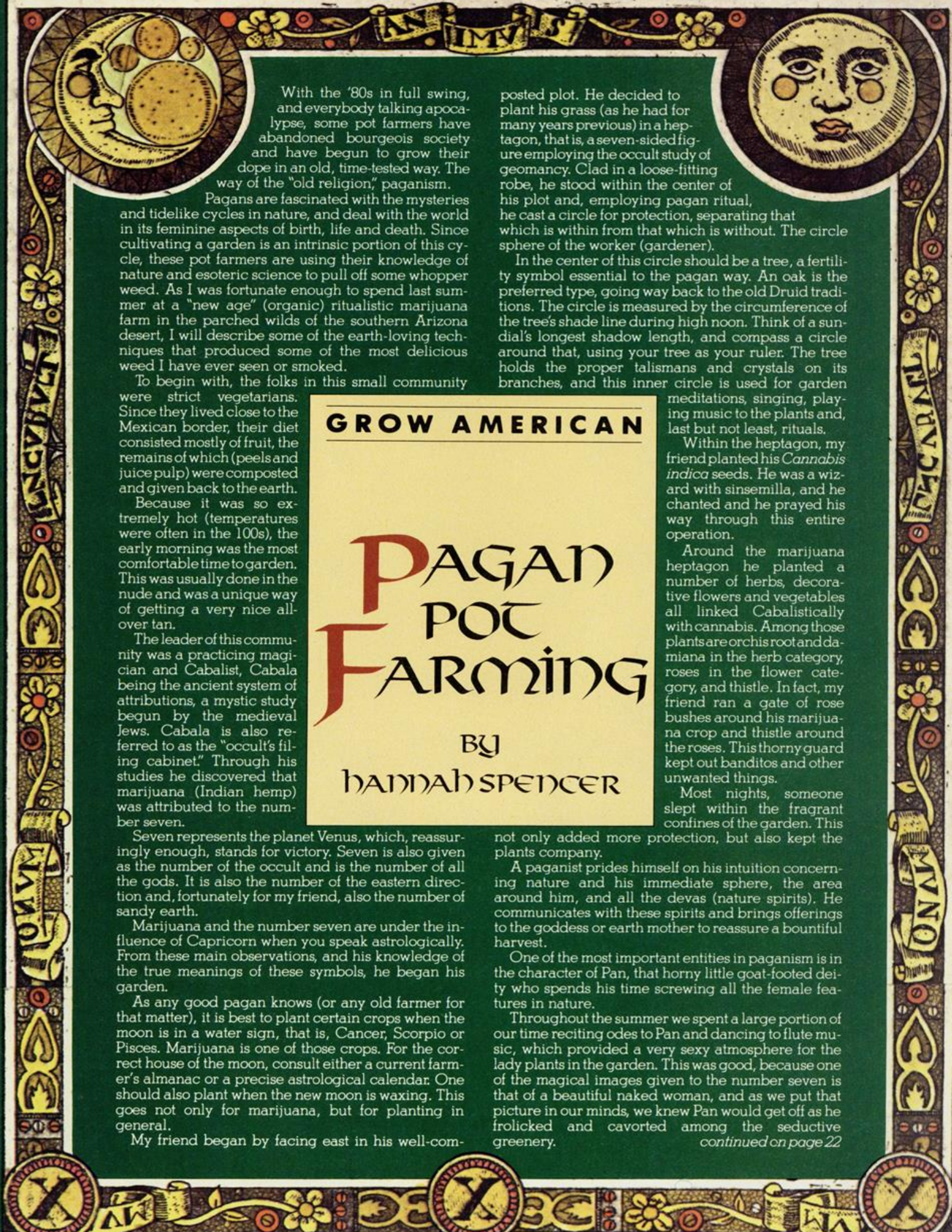
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With the '80s in full swing, and everybody talking apocalypse, some pot farmers have abandoned bourgeois society and have begun to grow their dope in an old, time-tested way. The way of the "old religion," paganism.

Pagans are fascinated with the mysteries and tidelike cycles in nature, and deal with the world in its feminine aspects of birth, life and death. Since cultivating a garden is an intrinsic portion of this cycle, these pot farmers are using their knowledge of nature and esoteric science to pull off some whopper weed. As I was fortunate enough to spend last summer at a "new age" (organic) ritualistic marijuana farm in the parched wilds of the southern Arizona desert, I will describe some of the earth-loving techniques that produced some of the most delicious weed I have ever seen or smoked.

To begin with, the folks in this small community were strict vegetarians. Since they lived close to the Mexican border, their diet consisted mostly of fruit, the remains of which (peels and juice pulp) were composted and given back to the earth.

Because it was so extremely hot (temperatures were often in the 100s), the early morning was the most comfortable time to garden. This was usually done in the nude and was a unique way of getting a very nice all-over tan.

The leader of this community was a practicing magician and Cabalist, Cabala being the ancient system of attributions, a mystic study begun by the medieval Jews. Cabala is also referred to as the "occult's filing cabinet." Through his studies he discovered that marijuana (Indian hemp) was attributed to the number seven.

Seven represents the planet Venus, which, reassuringly enough, stands for victory. Seven is also given as the number of the occult and is the number of all the gods. It is also the number of the eastern direction and, fortunately for my friend, also the number of sandy earth.

Marijuana and the number seven are under the influence of Capricorn when you speak astrologically. From these main observations, and his knowledge of the true meanings of these symbols, he began his garden.

As any good pagan knows (or any old farmer for that matter), it is best to plant certain crops when the moon is in a water sign, that is, Cancer, Scorpio or Pisces. Marijuana is one of those crops. For the correct house of the moon, consult either a current farmer's almanac or a precise astrological calendar. One should also plant when the new moon is waxing. This goes not only for marijuana, but for planting in general.

My friend began by facing east in his well-com-

posted plot. He decided to plant his grass (as he had for many years previous) in a heptagon, that is, a seven-sided figure employing the occult study of geomancy. Clad in a loose-fitting robe, he stood within the center of his plot and, employing pagan ritual, he cast a circle for protection, separating that which is within from that which is without. The circle sphere of the worker (gardener).

In the center of this circle should be a tree, a fertility symbol essential to the pagan way. An oak is the preferred type, going way back to the old Druid traditions. The circle is measured by the circumference of the tree's shade line during high noon. Think of a sundial's longest shadow length, and compass a circle around that, using your tree as your ruler. The tree holds the proper talismans and crystals on its branches, and this inner circle is used for garden

meditations, singing, playing music to the plants and, last but not least, rituals.

Within the heptagon, my friend planted his *Cannabis indica* seeds. He was a wizard with sinsemilla, and he chanted and he prayed his way through this entire operation.

Around the marijuana heptagon he planted a number of herbs, decorative flowers and vegetables all linked Cabalistically with cannabis. Among those plants are orchis root and damiana in the herb category, roses in the flower category, and thistle. In fact, my friend ran a gate of rose bushes around his marijuana crop and thistle around the roses. This thorny guard kept out banditos and other unwanted things.

Most nights, someone slept within the fragrant confines of the garden. This

not only added more protection, but also kept the plants company.

A paganist prides himself on his intuition concerning nature and his immediate sphere, the area around him, and all the devas (nature spirits). He communicates with these spirits and brings offerings to the goddess or earth mother to reassure a bountiful harvest.

One of the most important entities in paganism is in the character of Pan, that horny little goat-footed deity who spends his time screwing all the female features in nature.

Throughout the summer we spent a large portion of our time reciting odes to Pan and dancing to flute music, which provided a very sexy atmosphere for the lady plants in the garden. This was good, because one of the magical images given to the number seven is that of a beautiful naked woman, and as we put that picture in our minds, we knew Pan would get off as he frolicked and cavorted among the seductive greenery.

*continued on page 22*

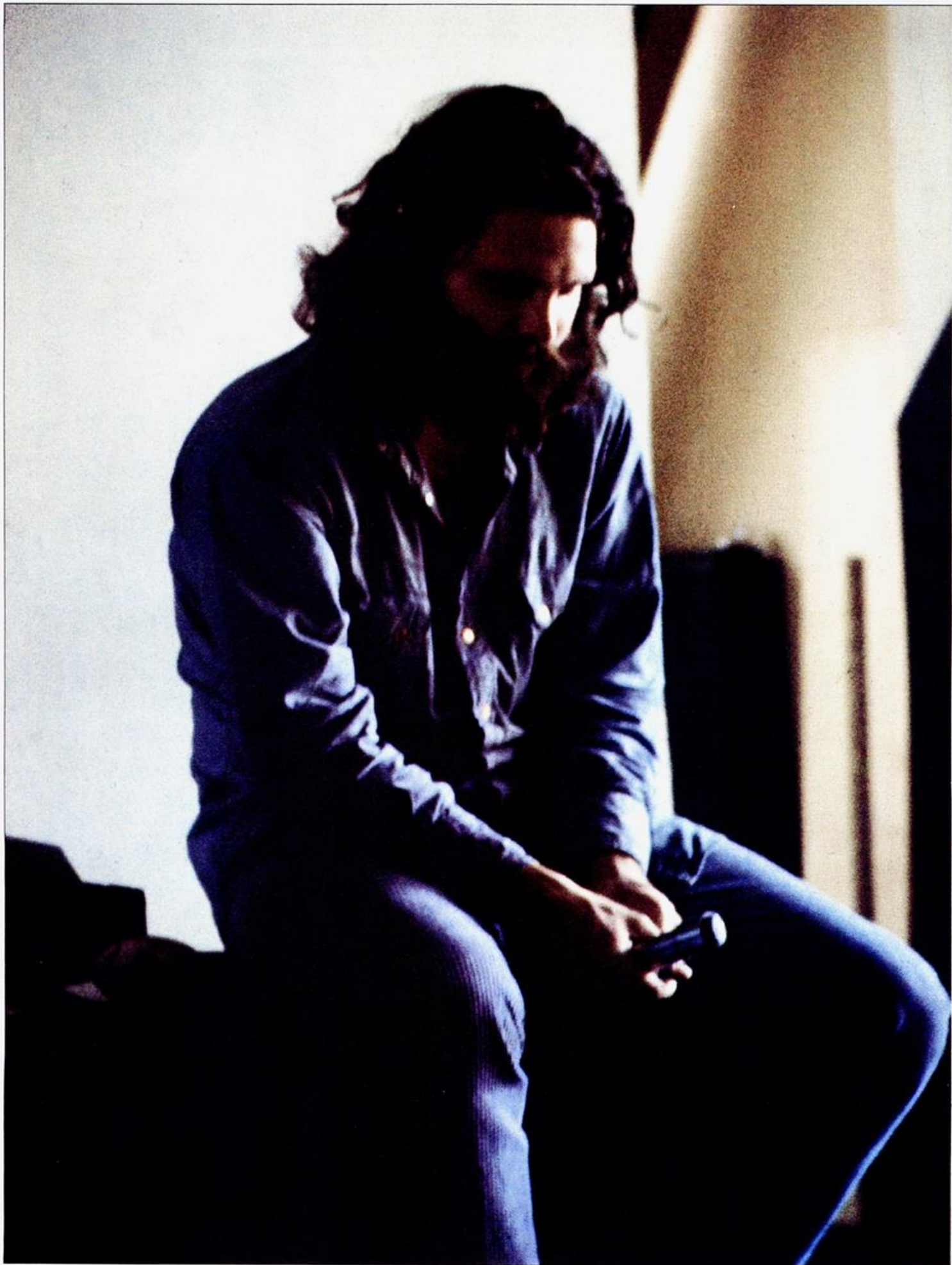
## GROW AMERICAN

# PAGAN POT FARMING

BY

HANNAH SPENCER





Frank Lisciandro



# JIM MORRISON

## WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER

*... they shambled down the street like dingedoodies, and I shambled after them, as I've been doing all my life, after people who interest me, because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time. The ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn, like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue center light pop, and everybody goes "Awwwwwwwwwwww.....!"*

—Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*

**W**HEN I FIRST READ THOSE WORDS I WAS A FRESHMAN IN HIGH SCHOOL, LIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO, JUST A long bocce-ball toss from North Beach. For a long time afterward, I was convinced I might be one of Uncle Jack's "mad ones," who would explode across the stars like a "blue center light." When I reached my 30th birthday, I settled for being another Kerouac. But by then I had met two people who, beyond a doubt, fit that classic description of cosmic brilliance: James Douglas Morrison and his wife, Pamela Courson. In their tragically brief and mercurial lives, they would make up one of the most volatile and intensely dramatic romances of modern times.

I had been living in New York City for three years, tending bar in Greenwich Village, studying acting with Lee Strasberg and working steadily in off-off-Broadway and regional theater, when I impulsively, and unwisely, it turns out, signed a seven-year contract with Universal Studios. So, ten days before Thanksgiving, 1966, I was whisked from New York's wind-chilled winter streets to the balmy, subtropical climate of Hollywood.

Upon arriving, I went to the Laurel Canyon home of a friend. Not five minutes later, a young girl came knocking on the door, asking to use the phone. She lived across the street and hers had been cut off. For days now she had been trying, in vain, to reach her boyfriend. He was working in New York and would neither answer her calls nor leave a message.

She was dressed in old jeans and a man's work shirt with her hair piled in curlers, but her beauty was still apparent to me. Her relationship with the guy in New York was an unraveling one, so in his absence and her insecurity we became immediate friends and lovers and I moved in with her that night. Her name was Pamela.

It was clear to me she was more than just a pretty face. Although she was only 18 years old and did not have a high-school diploma, she was bright and quick with a sophisticated knowledge of literature. She told me all about her boyfriend and how he had exposed her to many "serious" writers, among them Norman Mailer, who, coincidentally, was a friend of mine from New York. Her boyfriend's name was Jim, Jim Morrison, and he was the singer in a new rock group called the Doors.

Along with our mutual appreciation of Mailer, Jim and I had much else in common, according to Pam. We both came from military families, and we had a passion for poetry and theater and were possessed of "wild Indian" personalities. She told me we even had a strong physical resemblance. Hearing all this created a bit of a resentment in me toward Jim, because for sure, I had fallen deeply in love with Pam. Just prior to Jim's return to Los Angeles, I rented a house

nearby. Pam was all set to move in with me until I stipulated she could no longer see Jim. How naive of me. I realized I had underestimated her. And as a result, I lost some of her love.

On a cold and star-filled December night, missing New York and my friends there, feeling suffocated by my contract to the studio, and most of all, missing Pam, I hopped in my newly purchased sports car and drove by the house where we had met, hoping to see her. Instead, once inside, I was confronted by two male strangers. It was obvious who one of them was. He sat slouching in an easy chair, loosely gripping a half-empty bottle of tequila. His dark curly hair exploded from his head and fell down, nearly past his shoulders. He had a half smile, half sneer on his face. His eyes were intensely penetrating, with just enough of a hint of madness to keep you off balance. He knew my name and much more about me. His knowledge was so thorough, I'd have sworn he'd had access to my womb-to-tomb dossier.

So, this was Jim, and he'd gotten his information from Pam, which surprised me. Had she also told him of our affair? I half expected him to come at me in a rage, but this did not happen.



Frank Lusciandro

A  
PERSONAL  
REMEMBRANCE  
  
BY  
HIS FRIEND  
TOM BAKER





Babe Hill, Tony Funches and Jim watch the passing Hollywood parade, 1969.

Frank Liscandro

We spent the next 30 or 40 minutes talking around each other, smoking powerful Mexican grass and passing the tequila bottle. He and his friend did much theorizing about Mailer, all too obviously for my benefit, and he impressed me with his ideas and intelligence. The two of them were quite drunk and the other guy, whose name I never did learn, passed out on the couch. Jim drained the last of the booze and lurched out the door. I hung around for a few minutes, waiting for Pam, begrudgingly admitting to myself that Jim was extremely bright and quite fascinating. She never did show so I walked out to my car. On the lawn near the driveway I found Jim sprawled, thoroughly unconscious, looking neither bright nor fascinating.

In the first six months of the new year, I saw little of either Pam or Jim, although they had taken a house just down the street from mine. Occasionally we would drive past each other on the narrow canyon road, and I'd feel Jim's "mad-eyes" burning into me as they sped by. They would be in Pam's VW, another reminder of our time together.

A few months later I had a chance to see Jim play Gazzari's, a funky and popular club on the Sunset Strip. He was high on LSD and staggeringly drunk to boot.

Overall, his performance was sadly unspectacular, except for one moment. While stumbling through a song early in the set, he suddenly let out a deep-throated roar, a bloodcurdling scream, really, and it startled me, as though someone had snapped a wet towel against my bare skin. Pam was furi-

ous with him because of his condition and kept telling me I was seeing him far from his best. I replied that he was a good guy, but he should keep his day job.

But soon, evidence of the Doors' success was everywhere. An album, a billboard on Sunset Boulevard, their songs played on AM radio and on jukeboxes. Still I was not yet as impressed with their talent as with their PR. And I peevishly figured they couldn't be doing so hot if Pam still drove the old VW. In any event, it hardly seemed Jim and I were destined to become bosom buddies.

Unexpectedly free of my Universal contract, I returned to New York City in July and met with Andy Warhol. After the constraining situation with the studio, the concept of doing an experimental, underground film greatly appealed to me, so when Andy asked me to star in one with him directing, I quickly accepted. I had noticed in the paper that the Doors were appearing in town at the Scene, on West 46th Street, and suggested to Andy we go to see them.

I sat with Andy and his entourage at a long table near the stage. Pam sat alongside me and she was very excited. She told me, "Jim's really up for tonight's show. Forget that shit at Gazzari's; now you're going to see the real Jim Morrison!" She was right. His performance was a classic one, giving off glimpses of all our beautiful tragic/comic American Heroes of the previous 15 years. One moment I saw Brando's "wild one," the next James Dean's "rebel," then Chet Baker playing his Golden Horned Blues/Love Songs, and finally he went straight on through to Elvis, the definitive

rockstar. Throughout the set, he boldly projected the seductively sinister quality of a street "punk" right out of the pages of John Rechy's *City of Night*, plying his "trade" between the lions of the public library.

When he finished, I sat stunned for a moment, then I joined the furious applause. I felt Pam smiling at me, and as I looked at her, she leaned into me and said, "I told you so." Indeed, she had.

Much later, Jim and I stood talking at the bottom of the stairs that led up to 46th Street. It was late, and the area was dangerous, with various creeps and cops lurking about. Suddenly, Morrison started throwing empty glasses up the stairs and into the street. I grabbed his arm and yelled, "What the fuck you doing, for Christ's sake!" He ignored me and threw another glass up the stairs, simultaneously letting out with his bloodcurdling scream. I expected hordes of stoned and angry street freaks or a small army of cops to come charging down. After one final glass and scream, Jim turned and was gone. I felt frustrated when I realized he had left, for I wanted to tell him that, finally, I had met someone who was truly possessed.

I did the film with Warhol. It took only three days and we decided to call it *I, A Man*. I returned to Los Angeles and more or less forgot about it until I learned Andy had opened it in a Broadway theater only weeks after we had finished it. Local and national press gave it much coverage, some even favorable, so I immediately flew back to New York, hoping to capitalize on my sudden, if limited, fame.

But my career took a complete nosedive after the Warhol film. It figured that Hollywood, with its traditional approach to moviemaking, would be threatened by Warhol's unconventionality, but I had hoped my background in legitimate stage would hold up in New York. I was dead wrong. People who only months earlier had been eagerly offering me jobs now would not take a phone call from me. To them, Warhol's people were "speed freaks" and "sex perverts," nonprofessional pretenders to the art of acting. Except for the nonpro bit, a fairly accurate opinion.

One cold, gray November day I was on 57th Street, near Carnegie Hall, walking with my head down and cursing the hypocrites who kept me from my deserved fame and fortune. I heard someone call "Heyyyy, Tom!" and looked up to see Jim emerging from a movie house. He had just seen a film version of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* and he was feeling Irish and poetic. We went to the bar in his hotel, the old Great Northern, and ordered beer and Irish whiskey. I had seen the film myself and we both agreed it was an excellent one. In the story, the two sons are named Shem and Shaun and represent the opposite sides of their father's personality. Shem is the quiet, reclusive visionary poet, and Shaun is the roguish and gregarious extrovert. Jim and I



decided we were like brothers and he was Shem and I, Shaun. The notion was something of a schoolboy's conceit, but sincere nonetheless. He asked me about Mailer, wanting to know what it was like to go out drinking with him and his friends. Also, he was slyly curious about whether or not Mailer was aware of him and his music. I told him I only knew that there was a copy of *The Doors* album in his office, but it was part of Norman's genius to be aware of current personalities and the events surrounding them.

The drinking became almost competitive and we toasted everyone—Brando, Elvis, Mailer, even the bartender—as well as our military backgrounds and our mutual detestation of authority. We were toilet-hugging drunk, and remaining upright seemed to defy the law of gravity, when Ray Manzarek appeared along with one of their managers. They had come to collect Jim for a concert that evening in a dull little town called Danbury, Connecticut. I was amazed he was going to do a show. After all that booze, I didn't see how he possibly could perform. He urged me to come along, suggesting I introduce the group and recite some poetry. My drunkenness clouded my better judgment and I piled into a long black limo with Jim and the band. After going a few blocks Morrison had the driver pull over and he dashed into a novelty store, returning with six Brechtian masks, every one a different color. Back in the limo he handed them out to each of us and we were off. I passed out before we were halfway through the Midtown Tunnel, only to awaken an hour later with an excruciatingly painful need to urinate.

I looked around and quickly realized we were a long way from 46th Street. The band took up their places behind the curtain, and I peeked out from the wings, trying to get a fix on the audience. I nearly choked when I saw all of these prepubescent runts with their mas and pas, clutching Doors albums to their heavily beating breasts. The atmosphere made me apprehensive about the introduction. Jim seemed to sense this and chided me about losing nerve.

I took a deep breath and stepped into the spotlight. I was wearing a deceptively expensive-looking black fur coat and, with the mask, felt very much out of place. I raced through the shortest poem I knew, then muttered something about having known "the boys" since the L.A. days and, after quickly checking behind the curtain, got the hell off the stage.

I watched from the wings, flanked by local honchos and some of their lovely daughters, who must have pulled their parents by the short hairs to gain access. Technically, Jim went through the same motions that I saw at the Scene, but something was missing. He began wearing his mask, only to discard it after the first song. He could have come onstage with a flaming arrow in his head and this collection of clods would not have noticed. Their reactions were Pav-

lovian, leaping to their feet and cheering every time they recognized a chord or lyric from the album, begging him to sing "Light My Fire" until he obliged.

The ride back was exhausting. I hadn't eaten all day and my head was pounding. It was well after one in the morning when I got out on the corner of 57th Street and Seventh Avenue and headed down the subway stairs. Jim was going on to piles of money and great adulation. I was faced with door pounding and job searching. I pondered the ironic reversal of our fates in the past year as I rode down to Greenwich Village on the BMT. God, how I envied the bastard. As I approached my apartment, I remembered my girl friend had been waiting for me since early in the day. "Christ," I thought, "what am I going to tell her? She'll never believe I've been doing what I've been doing. Shit! Another problem! Fuck Pam! Fuck Jim! Fuck the Doors!"

Work was still scarce to me, and when *I, A Man* opened to genuine raves in L.A., I rushed back, hoping to change my luck. Perhaps some farseeing young filmmaker would take a chance on me.

Jim and Pam were living in Westwood and I called and went out to visit. Jim was in the studio finishing their third album so Pamela and I had a chance to talk privately for the first time in over a year. Our fling was far in the past and no longer interfered with our friendship. Jim was a bona fide star now. The Doors' second album sold as well as the first, and the group would be headlining the Hollywood Bowl in early July. Pam was very much a part of Jim's success. Riding over to the studio, I commented on the shiny new Porsche she was driving, and she laughed and assured me she still had the VW.

Inside the studio, Jim greeted me loudly. I never knew what to expect from this guy, and it would take a little time before I could accurately comprehend his mood when I saw him. But there was no mistaking now that he was happy to see me and renew our Shem and Shaun relationship. He played me the master track of "Five to One" and he was like a new father, puffing on a cigar and beaming proudly as we listened. While it was not my favorite Doors song, millions of kids would make it their revolutionary anthem.

The *I, A Man* backlash was as strong as ever, so I found myself with far too much time on my hands and most of it would be spent with Jim. I was introduced to Jim's "circle of friends"; many of them, such as Paul Ferrera and Frank Lisciandro, he had met with Manzarek at the UCLA film school. Another one, Babe Hill, was a friend of Ferrera's from childhood. Hill was a stout, beer-bellied character with long hair, a beard, an earring and the strength and stamina of an ox. He would come to play Sancho Panza to Jim's Don Quixote, and the times he bodily carried Jim out of a bar and poured him into his motel room

are beyond the count of the most advanced computer.

Whenever we went to rock clubs like the Whiskey or the Experience, Jim would cause a stir as we walked in and the kids gathered around him. Morrison was usually in a stupor and seemed oblivious to the fans. As soon as we sat down, the resident "groupies" would pounce on him. Sometimes I would share in the spoils; other times I would be ignored as though I were invisible; and still other times Jim would be so comatose I would get them all to myself.

One night we went to the grim little Hollywood flat of two of these "creatures" and sat up till dawn drinking and talking. One girl soon revealed herself to be a practicing junkie and she brought out a plastic vial of pills, blue tablets called New Morphone, a strong synthetic morphine. We crushed them with a tablespoon and sniffed the powder. The high was speedy and euphoric and Jim became loose and talkative, telling us endless tales about himself, including the story of his body being inhabited by the spirit of an old Indian dying by the side of a New Mexico highway. The junkie offered to let us use her "outfit," but we declined. Jim was not inclined to use downers and hated the thought of using a needle on himself, and, aside from this night, I only saw him use cocaine or a hallucinogenic.

After a while, I went to bed in the front room with the junkie and the other girl began to wrestle Jim into her bedroom. He had become somewhat inert and sat with his head on the kitchen table. After a great effort, she got him into her bed and shut the door. About ten minutes later, she joined the junkie and me, complaining about Jim's lack of interest. Soon, the three of us were engaged in a robust bout of interchanging sexual positions and then I passed out, exhausted and content. I awoke at the crack of noon, alone. I sat in the kitchen drinking instant coffee and smoking cigarettes for about 15 minutes. Then curiosity got the best of me and I slowly opened the bed-

*Jim turned to me and said,  
"Let's start a fire  
in the balcony  
or something.  
Get a riot going."  
He had a madder than  
usual look in his eyes.*

*continued on page 62*



# ***DOPE IN SPACE***

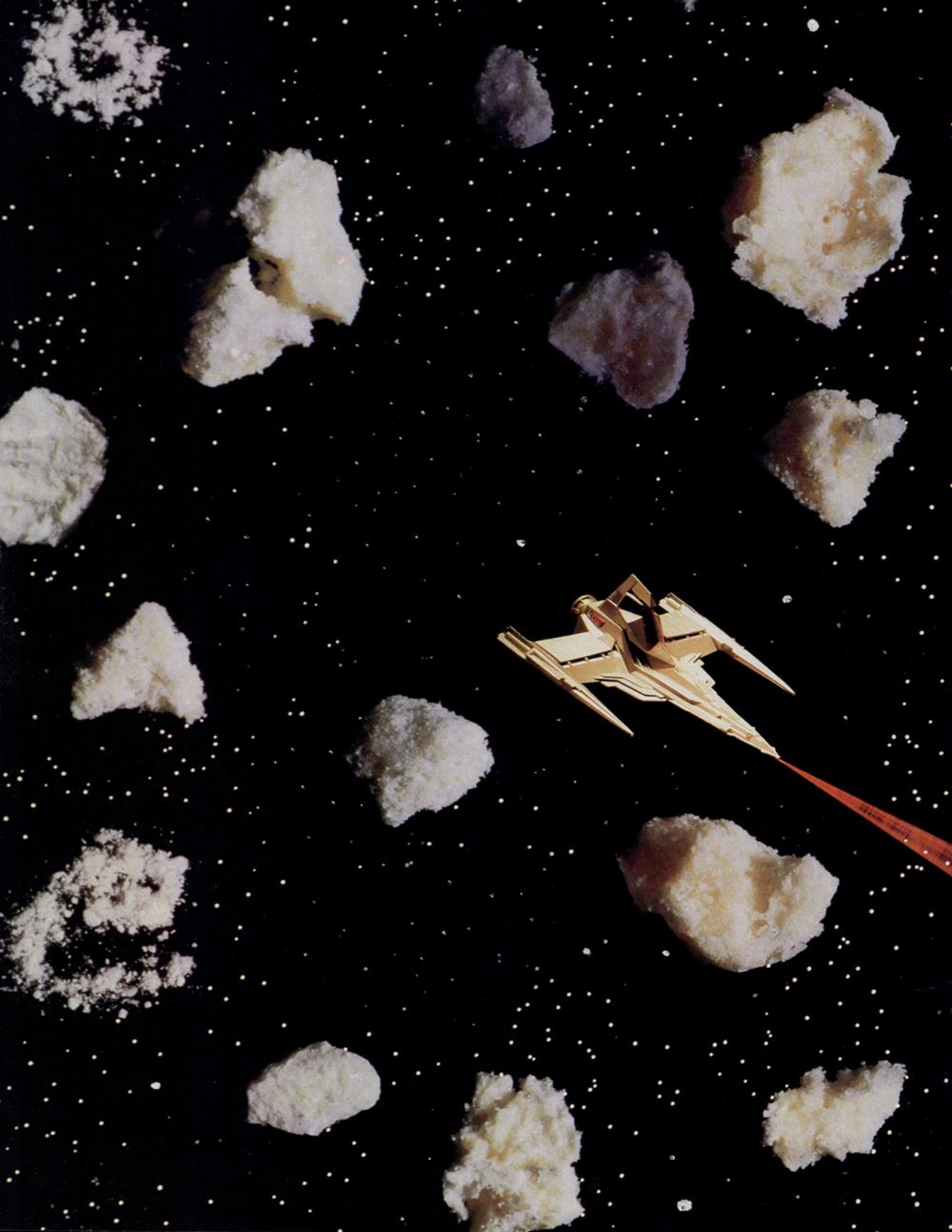
*Photography by Lisi-Hoeltzell*











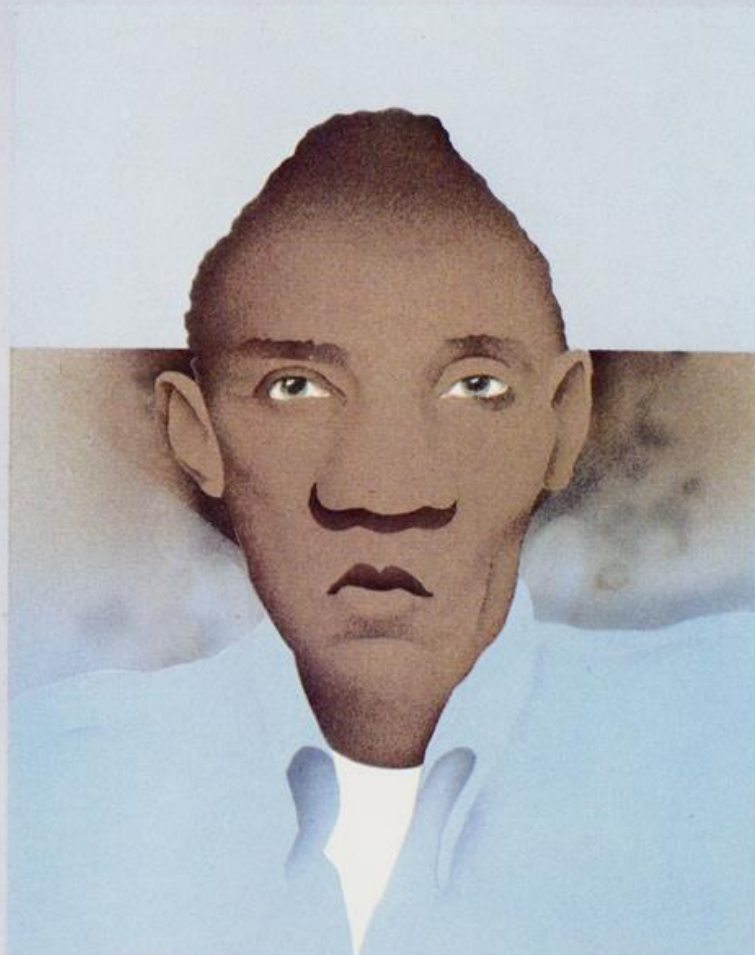








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**Everybody  
Must Get  
Stoned**

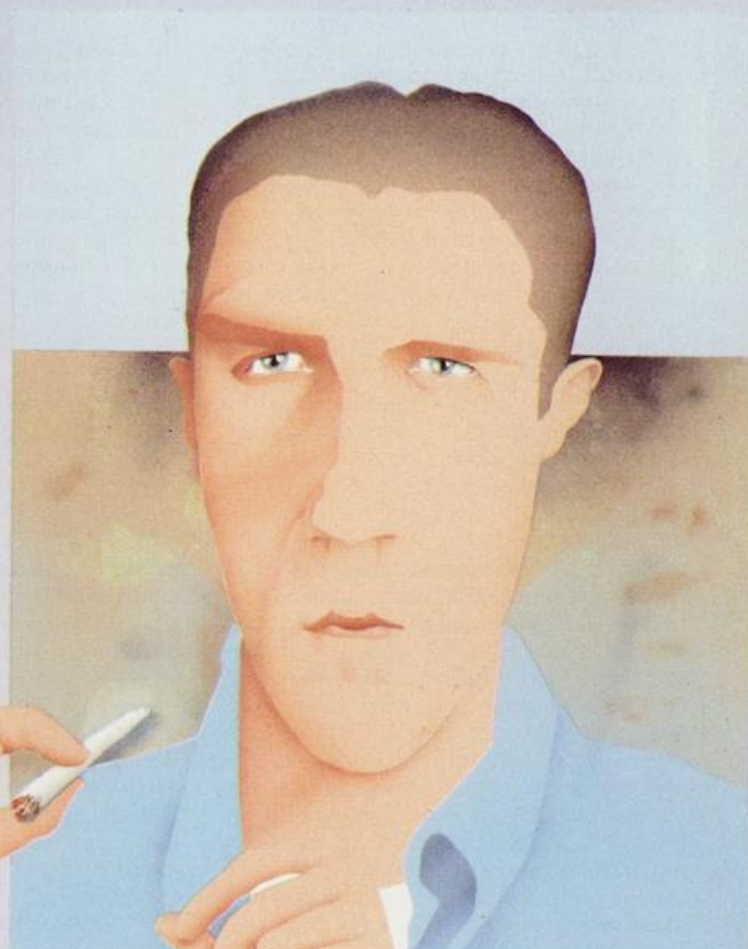
by  
**Evan  
Dawes**

# GRASS IN THE JOINT





No. 0843-893-C(5)



No. 483-5009-G(2)

HADN'T SEEN DAVID SINCE I GOT SENT DOWN. HE WAS WAITING IN the visitor's room, looking like he was afraid he'd catch bad luck. We went through the preliminary how-you-beens, then I asked him if he'd brought me anything to smoke. He started. He reminded me of the many signs he'd driven by after passing the prison entrance that declared it a felony to bring alcohol, firearms or drugs onto the reservation. "And besides," he said, "this is a prison. I mean, after all... uh, drugs? In the joint?"

I figured I'd have to show him how it was done. I indicated another prisoner a dozen yards away, busily chatting with a pretty young woman. "Keep your eye on him," I told him. "He's about to go with something." And sure enough, not ten minutes later, we watched him shove his arm down the back of his pants and rummage around. The second time this happened Dave asked me what was going on.

"See, he palms the balloons out of his ol' lady's bra, picks his shot when The Man isn't lookin', and keesters 'em, one at a time."

Balloons? Keesters? "Yup," I grinned. "Up the ol' rooty-poop chute, quick as a wink. No muss, no fuss, Burma Shave."

Still tentative, Dave asked what the guy's chances were. Did this happen often, or was it a one-shot deal?

"Just business as usual," I assured him. "It's probably weed, 'cuz

that's the biggest seller. But that guy"—I nodded at another inmate a bare ten feet away—"he'll be bringin' in smack. Rougher crowd, y'know."

Almost any high you can buy on the street is for sale in the yard too: pot and hash and 'ludes and smack and booze and glue and speed. Sometimes even a bit o' the blow. LSD, too, if you're of a mind. What's more, The Man knows it. I was initially leery of writing about prison traffic, fearful I would be treated as an informer—by both inmates and authorities. And this article is definitely not intended to teach prison officials how to more effectively impede the flow of drugs into their institutions. But very few schemes escape the notice of prison officials for very long anyway, usually due to the widespread use of informants. What is so heartening to the schemers, and frustrating to the officials, is that, short of a complete overhaul of the security systems in most prisons, there is little or nothing that can be done to stop this.

Most prisons in the United States follow a basic order of priorities: House the offender securely (which is to say, "lock his ass up tight so society can sleep at night"); offer training for the offender so that he can return to society as a "productive member," though oftentimes training programs are merely a guise to secure ever-larger budgets;



and—more important to the prison officials than anything else—never ever allow the offender to use drugs to escape the tedium and monotony of his imprisonment.

About half of the drugs that enter most prisons come in through the visiting room. It should logically follow, therefore, that where there is no physical contact between the prisoner and his visitor, the likelihood of drugs being introduced into that prison is severely reduced.

The procedure at the Texas Department of Corrections, for example, prevents physical contact—but not smuggling. There inmates sit on one side of a room-length table and their visitors sit on the other. Guards sit on elevated platforms at each end of this table. Partitions above and below the table ensure that nothing is surreptitiously passed from visitor to con. The only time this restriction may be breeched is when the visitor buys a soft drink or some fruit juice for the prisoner. The visitor who is sharp eyed and nimble fingered *may* be able to slip something into the opened can without being seen before handing it to the guard to pass to the prisoner. If so, the "lucky" convict in Texas may go back to his cell having drunk a couple of 'ludes or maybe some acid. Plainly, though, the circumstances hardly conduce to a good high.

Thankfully, most prisons are not afflicted with so great a degree of paranoia as the TDC. In New Hampshire, for instance, the visiting policy permits "limited contact": Inmates and their visitors are separated by an ordinary table, fingertips touching; an embrace is allowed at the beginning and at the end of the visiting period. At the end of the visit the prisoner is not skin-searched—but merely frisked—and his shoes are inspected. Prisons in Washington State conduct visiting in much the same manner, except there is no separation by a table; the prisoner and visitor sit facing each other, holding hands if desired. Again, only a pat-search at the end of the visit.

All California prisons have contact visiting. The word *contact* is here given a very wide latitude. As one prisoner at the California Men's Colony near San Luis Obispo (site of Timothy Leary's Weathermen-abetted escape) tells me: "Hell, man, *babies* have been conceived in the visiting room here." *That's* close contact.

Clearly, the opportunities to smuggle drugs in situations such as these are almost infinite.

You cannot simply arrive at a prison with a Baggie full of marijuana and hope that your convict friend will be able to take it from there. Recently I spoke with a man who had just been released from \_\_\_\_\_ [name of institution deleted to prevent any harassment of the men there upon disclosure of this information]. His wife packaged pot for him to smuggle back into prison after she visited each week. First, she cleaned all the seeds and stems out of the grass. Then she stuffed an ordinary balloon with cleaned weed un-

til it was about an inch in diameter, making sure to pack it tightly. After tying the balloon closed, she wrapped it in still another balloon and sealed that one, too. He explained that stomach acid is sometimes strong enough to eat through one or even two layers of balloon, so whenever she brought him any substances other than pot, she always gave it at least three wraps. (His caution is understandable. Careless packaging has been responsible for the death of many cocaine and heroin smugglers outside, and the same danger lies for the unsuspecting convict who swallows or keesters a poorly wrapped balloon from an otherwise well meaning friend.) He told me of one prisoner who OD'd right in the visiting room: "Man, he just nodded out and never came back! That's why I always emphasized to the ol' lady how important it was to be *careful*. She always did good, though, God love her. She knew those little balls of pleasure would keep the frown off my face—and they *did*."

**A**dding to the supply feeding high-hungry cons are guards who pack—though it should be stressed here that probably less than 25 percent of the drug traffic in any given prison originates thusly. The reasons a guard would hazard his livelihood, and possible prosecution if discovered, in order to introduce drugs into the place where he works are many: the need for supplementary income, the excitement of risk, and sometimes just plain friendship or compassion. Relates a former California convict:

"In '71 I was at Soledad. Yeah, George Jackson, the Soledad Brothers, the whole thing was happenin' then. Me, I was just lookin' to get high. About this time I got in real good with this Chicano guard. After a few weeks o' listenin' to him talk about all the dope he was smokin', I hit on him to bring me somethin' to smoke, too. At first he was hesitant, but I kept drivin' on him till he broke down and brought me some grass. What he'd been smokin' was shit Mexican—he only paid fifteen dollars a bag for it—so after a couple o' weeks I offered to have my brother send him a quarter-pound of some real kickass; he'd keep an ounce and bring me the other three. Once it arrived and he got a taste of that good, rich Colombo, it was all gravy after that. Until I left the 'Dad in '75, ol' Paco kept me fat. What he didn't know was that I was sellin' some o' them ounces for tall bucks. A forty-dollar bag from my brother brought almost two hundred on the yard. Hell, a balloon the size of an English pea went for five dollars; figure it out for yourself."

Prisoners who have no family or friends depend on what they can buy or trade for inside the prison. In some institutions the medium of exchange is cigarettes or coffee. Some inmates trade hobbycraft items, such as leatherwork, or paintings. Some men re-

ceive visits only from their parents and can get only money from them. As easily as drugs can be smuggled in, green can be smuggled in also. Green will usually net you a larger amount of drugs than an equal value in cigarettes or oil paintings.

Convicts often find the U.S. Postal Service to be the most reliable courier. Most people know that postage stamps are good for more than ensuring that a letter is mailed. Similarly, LSD (and in some cases, heroin) can be dissolved and stationery soaked in it prior to mailing. Green can be stashed in greeting cards. The inventiveness of the correspondent is the only limitation.

Many maximum- and medium-security prisons have camps nearby for men who are approaching release. These camps seldom have fences and the men there are, in many instances, free and unsupervised. At the federal prison near Lompoc, California, the laundry for camp inmates at one time was done inside the maximum facility. Since the drug situation at the camp has always been very relaxed, the men there had ample opportunity (until the scheme was discovered) to secrete drugs for those inside in their cleaned clothing.

In every institution there are men who receive what is termed "controlled" medication, usually various forms of downers: Thorazine, Dilantin, Mellaril, Prolixin and phenobarbital. It takes very little practice to learn to palm these pills, which can then be saved up for a real bang or sold.

However, the most ingenious system for coping inside that I've ever heard is used by my friend Nick, who is a prisoner in one of the larger prison systems on the East Coast. A few months ago he called me in California and asked—in an informal code we use—if I could send \$50 to an address he gave me. I agreed, and as the conversation unfolded, I learned that the money would be going to the family of another convict who received regular visits. As soon as the money arrived, this man would give Nick a prearranged quantity of pot. I put the money in the mail the next day and my friend was smoking later that week. I've since done this three or four times for him. What did Nick get for the \$50? About a quarter ounce of marijuana. Not much, to be sure, but it is, after all, a prison. And from what he told me, this is about the going rate there.

Far and away, the drug of preference in the yard is pot or hash, followed next by downers, then speed, then heroin. Cocaine is almost last, not for lack of desire, but because of the corresponding problems of price and availability. Coke simply is not worth the extravagant cost to most convicts, when the same amount of goods or green will net you a much larger amount of marijuana or hash. (One of those times I mailed money for Nick, he received three grams of hash for \$50. And that was a bargain! Usually hash goes for \$25 to \$30 a gram, he told me.) LSD is also a low-preference drug. While a bit o' the blow heightens



the senses and makes enjoyable an otherwise apathetic day, acid often sharpens the perception of being imprisoned, mutating routine mediocrity into apprehension and paranoia.

**E**ven booze and glue, the bastard children of the drug subset, find a market inside. At any time, in most prisons, someone will have a batch of homebrew going. It's never very strong—packing about the same alcoholic punch as wine—but in sufficient quantity even prison vintage produces one hell of a buzz. To concoct alcohol, very little is needed that cannot be obtained through regular channels inside a prison. Except yeast. Because of its scarcity, many convict brewers make a starting mixture of raw-fruit and raw-vegetable pulp, which is mixed and allowed to ferment for two to three days. This kicker is then added to a premixed base of fruit pulp or juice, sugar and water. The base determines how the end product will taste; however, the choice of fruit is more often the result of availability than desire, since most batches of "pruno" or "raisin jack" or "orange wine" are prepared for effect more than taste. Once the kicker is added to the base mixture, the fermentation of sugar into alcohol begins. Within five to seven days, depending on the ingredients, a liquid is produced that is anywhere from 10 to 20 percent alcohol (again, depending on the base). A sizable portion is usually strained off for immediate consumption at this point, fresh fruit pulp and sugar water added, and the whole thing started over. However, neither that step nor a starting mixture is necessary if yeast is available.

The advantage to using yeast is that it cuts the time factor, often critical in a prison setting, by about one-third. In place of actual yeast, a fistful of raw dough may be dissolved in warm water and used immediately in place of a kicker. No matter how well hidden the container, though, smell is the worst enemy of convict pruno makers, who usually "cook up a batch" five gallons at a time. In some cases, a vent hose is forced behind the trap in a toilet and the fumes safely exhausted. Or a sponge soaked in a deodorant can be placed over the vent hole on the container itself, thereby masking the giveaway odor. Inventiveness and ingenuity, however, are on the convict's side. Rarely does The Man bust more wine than is drunk.

I have been told by men at several different institutions that many guards nowadays are reluctant to "beef you"—write a disciplinary report—for reefer. But the same pot-lenient guards will seldom give you a pass for alcohol. Because of its reputation for producing monsters from mild-mannered men, prison-brewed hooch is feared more by staff than any other drug. Witness the brutal bloodfest at New Mexico's Santa Fe prison in February 1980. Doc-

umented evidence now points to a batch of raisin jack as the trigger—although not the cause—of this riot.

Way down on the list of preferences—somewhere between "Fuck that shit!" and "You must be crazy, sucker!"—is glue, or any of the petroleum distillates containing toluene or carbon tetrachloride. An interesting aside, which comes from the Federal Penitentiary at McNeil Island, Washington (now closed), is that, of the Indian prisoners there, glue was the drug of preference. Considering its status with the general population, the reader may draw his own conclusions.



### Rarely does The Man bust more wine than gets drunk.

**P**risons create their own drug market. Drugs bring a sense of relief—relief from boredom, escape from the "dead zone" (as Stephen King calls it) of enforced numbness that encases a man in prison like an insect embedded in amber. Of course, set and setting figure into this to an extraordinary degree in prison.

Virtually all prisons are constructed so that the housing units consist of either multitiered rows of cells, or a dormitory. In most instances, the line officer patrols periodically, checking for prohibited behavior and making his presence known to maintain order. In the conflict between the desire to get high in a relaxed and comfortable setting—one's own "house"—and the necessity for precaution in order to prevent a trip to The Hole, the very expenditure of energy to reconcile one with the other detracts from the fullness of the high. Conversely, in a situation where set and setting are complementary, an otherwise meager high can blossom into something memorable. Most prisons have a yard where, even under the watchful eyes of the guards in the towers, the careful convict can easily blow a joint with little or no danger of being caught. Another place of relative security is the auditorium or gymnasium when

a movie is being shown. Rarely do guards venture into this area after the lights are dimmed and in many prisons there is a tacit understanding between staff and inmates that smoking will be condoned as long as there is no violence. In the words of one prisoner: "When you *know* The Man isn't interested in busting anyone during the flick, it makes getting high there just *that* much sweeter."

A good deal of the violence in most prisons is drug related, and although much of this can be attributed to the traffic in heroin, no category of drug is blameless. Because of the ridiculously inflated prices of drugs, and the corresponding scarcity of money or resources available to the average convict, conflicts inevitably arise. In the early '60s, at the California Medical Facility near Vacaville (which presently houses Juan Corona and Charles Manson), one of the heroin dealers inside the joint was found out to be a rat, supplying information to The Man in exchange for immunity. One day, shortly after a visit, he was attacked and killed in his cell. Wasting no opportunity in their bloody business, his attackers slit open his stomach and scooped out the balloons he had earlier swallowed. In 1975, a prisoner at Joliet State Prison in Illinois had his eyes gouged out by a man to whom he owed money for drugs. After he fingered his assailant and was locked up in "protective custody," he was gang-raped for becoming a snitch. Seldom, however, are methods this unusual employed. Most often the offending party is dealt with swiftly and lethally. Convicts have a name for it: *steel poisoning*. As recently as 1980, in the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, an inmate was stabbed to death because he failed to pay for less than a half ounce of marijuana. The medical report stated that his head was "almost severed from [his] torso" because of the "number and intensity of [his] wounds." Obviously, prison is no place for the deadbeat.

The other side of this coin is that if there were no drugs available at all, the strain of living day to day with so many others in such a butthole-to-bellybutton environment would quickly breed just as much and perhaps even more violence than the drug-related kind. About the only solution that would not create more problems is for the prisons to dispense drugs on demand. Since this is hardly in the works for the near future in any U.S. prison, most inmates will have to be content with whatever schemes they are using presently.

Sometimes I can't help but marvel at the convoluted maze set up to assure a delivery of drugs. The following story comes to me from a man who is presently incarcerated in one of the federal government's maximum-security prisons: It seems in late '79 a guard at one of the federal correctional centers (jails) near a major metropolitan area was flashing his paycheck around, taunting the

*continued on page 101*



# COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

## SNORTING?

### WHAT ARE THE ALTERNATIVES?

BY

MICHAEL ALDRICH, PH.D.

**T**he historical literature on cocaine is filled with people who preferred other methods of ingestion besides snorting it. Oral ingestion of cocaine by chewing coca leaves with lime, of course, has been used by the natives of Andean America for thousands of years. Chewing coca is probably the best way to absorb cocaine: The effects are pleasingly different, more moderate and less harmful to the body than sniffing coke. But coca leaves are hard to find outside the Andes.

Sigmund Freud's favorite method of taking cocaine was to dissolve 0.05 gram of the hydrochloride in water (1 percent solution) and drink it. Here is his classic description of the effects of oral cocaine, written in 1884:

At first it has a bitter taste, which yields afterwards to a series of very pleasant aromatic flavors.... A few minutes after taking cocaine, one experiences a sudden exhilaration and feeling of lightness. One feels a certain furriness on the lips and palate, followed by a feeling of warmth in the same areas; if one now drinks cold water, it feels warm on the lips and cold in the throat.... Breathing became slower and deeper and I felt tired and sleepy; I yawned frequently and felt somewhat dull. After a few minutes the actual cocaine euphoria began... an intense feeling of heat in the head....

The psychic effect of *cocainum muriaticum* (hydrochloride) in doses of 0.05–0.10 gram consists of exhilaration and lasting euphoria, which does not differ in any way from the normal euphoria of a healthy person.... One senses an increase of self-control and feels more vigorous and more capable of work; on the other hand, if one works, one misses that heightening of the mental powers which al-

cohol, tea, or coffee induce. One is simply normal, and soon finds it difficult to believe that one is under the influence of any drug at all.

In about 3,000 B.C., the natives of Valdivia, Ecuador, discovered that alkalinizing the mouth greatly facilitated the release of cocaine from coca and improved its absorption through the oral membranes. They did this by chewing lime made from burnt shells or plant ashes with coca. Lime, however, is very caustic and can burn the lips and mouth severely. There is a much easier way to alkalinize the mouth for cocaine use.

Dissolve one-fourth teaspoon of fresh baking soda in a cup of warm water and gargle several times with this solution, washing it around and spitting it out. Or simply put that amount of baking soda under your tongue and let it dissolve slowly. Alkalinizing your mouth in this way will facilitate the absorption of cocaine, evidenced by a sudden numbness in the mouth once coke is added.

Cocaine can be added to this alkaline environment (pH 7 or more) in several ways. The easiest is simply to toot under the tongue through a straw. Or you can have a partner blow coke into your mouth off a matchbook cover or through a straw. Rubbing coke directly on the gums or membranes, however, should not be done frequently because it increases the likelihood of gum disease.

For many years researchers thought that oral cocaine was inactive because it was changed chemically in the gastrointestinal tract. Recently, however, studies by Richard B. Resnick, M.D., and his co-workers have shown that oral coke gives a greater, though rather different, subjective high with much less cardiovascular effect than snorting does.

The disadvantage of oral ingestion, however, is that it's difficult to control the dosage, increasing the possibility of cocaine poisoning. Individuals' reactions to cocaine differ significantly, depending on their tolerance, set and setting. The wooziness and torpor one often feels after oral ingestion can quickly escalate into fainting or passing



out. The key to preventing this, as with sniffing cocaine, is to use less than you want or think you need. Because the effects of oral ingestion are not as quick or dramatic as the high from snorting, you may be inclined to increase your dose to dangerous levels. Truly effective stimulation depends on using unbelievably small doses. A few grains of a coca-leaf extract in a piece of chewing gum, as proposed by Andrew T. Weil, M.D., and Ronald K. Siegel, Ph.D., would probably provide an ideal therapeutic dose. But the marketing of such a product is a long ways down the road.



Another possibility suggested by Andrew Weil in his book *The Marriage of the Sun and Moon* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1980) is a

hot-water infusion of coca, sweetened with a little raw sugar, called *agua de coca* in the Andes and used as a remedy for indigestion. Coca leaves also make an excellent tea. Mariani's Coca Tea sustained Pres. Ulysses S. Grant in his later days and gave him the strength to finish his memoirs, one of the best accounts we have of the Civil War. But again these depend on the availability of

*This is the third in a series of columns on cocaine, based on interviews with several hundred cocaine users and an extensive reading of the historical literature. Dr. Aldrich is the curator of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library in San Francisco, the nation's largest private collection of psychoactive drug literature. Copyright © Michael R. Aldrich, 1981.*





David Armstrong

coca. I suppose that a line of cocaine in a cup of mint tea would serve the purpose.

The most famous alternative of all was invented by Angelo Mariani in the 1860s: a comforting red wine made with coca-leaf extract added to a Bordeaux. In the 1880s, U.S. surgeon general William Hammond, M.D., discovered that infinitesimally small doses of pure cocaine in wine—two grains of the hydrochloride to a pint of wine—was an excellent tonic for therapeutic purposes. Freud noticed this and commented that Hammond himself “was for a long time in the habit of taking a wineglassful after the day’s work and found himself refreshed each time, without any subsequent depression.” (See Robert Byck, M.D., ed., *Cocaine Papers* by Sigmund Freud, New York: Stonehill, 1975.)

Cocaine can also be smoked, either by freebasing it or by mixing a line of the hydrochloride into a cigarette. In South America, a cocaineized tobacco cigarette is called a *pistola*, or if mixed with marijuana, a “banana with cheese.” Chemists in South American cocaine refineries often smoke *pasta*, a crude and very impure form of cocaine sulfate, in this manner. But smoking *pasta*, freebase or the hydrochloride can be very harmful to the lungs and I don’t recom-

mend it to anybody. Though the first hit can be quite a rush, that feeling is impossible to recapture in succeeding hits, and the danger of overdose is ever present. The same applies to injecting it. Injecting street cocaine is absolutely crazy: Imagine putting talcum powder or borax in your heart and brain. Smoking freebase is even more dangerous than injecting the hydrochloride, because a substance when smoked enters the brain more rapidly than an injected substance; the blood flow dilutes an injected dose as it circulates, while a smoked dose is not diluted. Smoking and shooting cocaine are the worst alternatives to snorting it.



When I told my friends I was researching this column on alternative methods of using cocaine, an amazing number replied: “Oh, you mean like a suppository?” A woman with about 15 years of cocaine experience told me that she occasionally dissolved coke in a body oil and applied it rectally. I’ve never tried this mode of administration and cannot speak of its merits

or disadvantages. However, very little research exists on tolerance to anally administered cocaine, so if you wish to try this method, use very little and, as with oral ingestion, allow ample time for the substance to take effect.

Finally, since cocaine is widely used as a sex aid, a few words should be said about applying cocaine to the genital organs. A sprinkle of coke on the clitoris or just below the head of the penis will anesthetize the tissues and retard sexual climax. If this is done sparingly and only occasionally, it can promote explosive orgasms. However, when cocaine was widely used as a surgical anesthetic around the turn of the century, doctors discovered that the urethra (the tube inside the penis or vulva through which urine is eliminated from the bladder) is very sensitive to cocaine: Several patients died from constriction or collapse of the urethral canal. Don’t apply cocaine directly to the hole in the tip of the penis or to the urethral opening between the clitoris and the vaginal orifice in the vulva. And because coke severely dries delicate membranes that must be moist in order to function, don’t cover the penis with coke and don’t put coke inside the vagina. Go easy, and live to be a connoisseur. □



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## JIM MORRISON

continued from page 51

room door and looked in. The little beggars had abandoned me for Jim, and he and the junkie were asleep alongside one another. The other girl was feverishly giving Jim head, trying to pump some life into his pathetically limp dick. She looked not unlike a young lioness feeding on her fallen prey. She glanced over at me for a moment, then went right back to work. I returned to the kitchen and crushed up another pill.

By now, Pam had her own friends and I saw little of her. Apparently she resented Jim's drinking buddies, who monopolized his time and helped get him falling-down drunk every night. I wasn't sure where I fit in this situation, but I felt a discreet attitude was in all of our best interests and I made no attempts to talk to her or see her when Jim was not around. I couldn't help but feel she was a bit jealous of my friendship with Jim.

I called him one night at their apartment in Westwood and I could hear Pam in the background making a scene, trying to grab the phone from him, then telling him to get out, threatening to call the police. He asked me to come and pick him up, and I found him standing on the street holding a small overnight bag, looking rather forlorn. Driving back to West Hollywood, I asked him what caused the argument.

"I don't know, but whenever you call, Pam starts wiggling out."

"What do you mean?" I asked him. "What does she say?"

He looked at me. "Did you ever make it with Pam?" he asked point-blank.

He had caught me off guard and I told him, "Well, yeah, sure, but it was a long time ago, Jim, before I had even met you. Anyway, I figured she had told you. Christ, she told you everything else."

"No," he said, "she never told me that." He looked confused and betrayed and I realized I had made a mistake in admitting anything, but it was too late to retract it now. We stopped at a liquor store for beer and cigarettes. When he got back in the car, I tried to explain once again, but he said to forget about it and never mentioned it again for as long as I knew him.

My carousing with him did not make me number one in the hearts and minds of the people who worked for the Doors. Bill Sidons, his manager, would bite down hard on his bridgework whenever I came around. Jim's personality demanded a form of indulgence and protectiveness from those who knew him, and often I would get fed up with the boorish rages he would get into when he was past a certain point in his drunkenness. It was difficult to stay mad at him for long.

Late one night, in the Elektra recording studios, after listening to the just completed mix of the *Soft Parade* album, we were typically drunk. Jim was more than a little ap-

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prehensive about the album. For the first time the Doors had recorded with strings and horns and only a few of the songs were his own. I began to bust his chops about the sleek and expensive look of the studio and offices, which had been financed almost entirely by the profits from the first two Doors albums. "Jesus, look at this place, Morrison, it's fucking disgusting. You did this Jim, you financed this whole round-haircut establishment. Why'n fuck don't you just move your whole corporate operation up to Sacramento with the rest of the bureaucrats? I mean, look at this, man, your songs, your words paid for this!" I indicated the brand-new latest model IBM typewriters and shiny file cabinets. Jim had a slight smile and was silent, but I could see I was starting to get to him. He was looking at the equipment as the others with us tried to suppress nervous laughter. Next thing we knew, Jim hopped up on top of a desk and began to heel-stomp the costly IBM, kicking it to the floor and jumping down on it, then pouring beer over papers and files. I thought for sure there would be hell to pay, but the next day the mess was cleaned up and nothing was ever mentioned about it.

In the late '60s, the Living Theatre returned from a long period in exile, when they had wandered over Europe performing their radical and revolutionary brand of theater. The U.S. government had them up on charges of tax evasion and the group's message was one of the leading voices of the antiwar movement. They came to the campus of the University of Southern California in the middle of a predictably controversial tour, and Jim was looking forward to their arrival for weeks. He purchased a block of tickets for all of the week's shows and I went down to meet him there for the final night, a performance of *Paradise Now*.

In the final part of the show, members of the cast confronted the audience, shouting slogans of protest; then they encouraged everyone to join them onstage and take off their clothes and reject "uptight society." About three-fourths of the people joined in, and things were getting very chaotic, when the school authorities called in the dogs and pissed on the fire. At one point, Jim turned to me and said, "Let's start a fire in the balcony or something. Get a riot going." He had a madder than usual look in his eyes, though I knew he was sober. He left his seat and walked to the edge of the stage for a few minutes, then left, telling me he was leaving town for Miami early in the morning.

It is too bad he didn't get some of the crazies out of his head before he left, because the next night his concert in Dade County resulted in a riot, and he would later be charged with indecent exposure and other outrageous behavior.

It's possible no one knows what really happened that ridiculous night. Later, Jim was guarded and stoic, saying only he felt confident his lawyers could take care of it. I'm convinced he was influenced by the antics of the Living Theatre from the night be-

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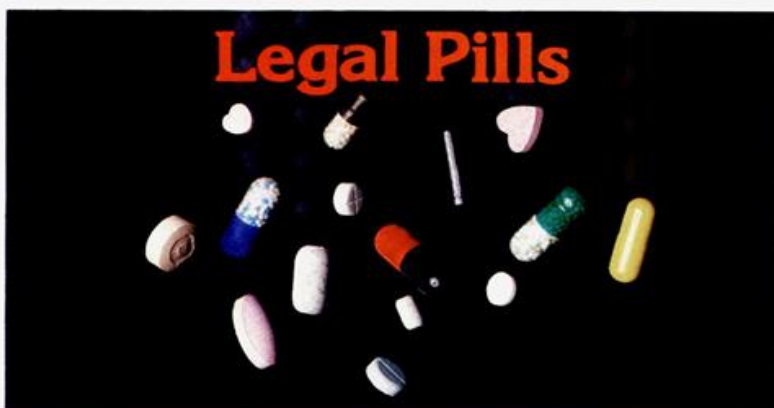
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fore. But, more significantly, I believe he was, simply, tired of it all. I have never met anyone whose sensibilities were more unsuited to the rigorous demands of being a rock star and sex symbol. No doubt he had enjoyed the music and the explosive reaction of the young people he so strongly identified with; he'd savored the rush of success and the sense of power and manipulation. But Jim was a scholar, and all his life his academic achievements were outstanding. His success as a rock 'n' roller was so sudden and tremendous that he never really understood it and soon felt trapped by the image, longing to be thought of as a poet.

One day I dropped by Jim's office and found him on the phone, apparently trying to call me. "Hey, where the fuck you been, man? C'mon, we're going to Phoenix to see the Rolling Stones." He handed me a bottle of whiskey and waved a fistful of choice front-row tickets around. His manager, Bill Siddons, was a copromoter of the concert and had given them to Jim. He planned to stand outside the auditorium and randomly hand them out to young fans unable to afford a ticket, saying, "This is courtesy of your old pal Jim Morrison. Enjoy the show." He felt this would be a good-natured and harmless way to slightly upstage Jagger and Company.

We finished off the bottle and then he and I along with Frank Lisciandro and a sometime publicist for the Doors, Leon Barnard, made a mad run for the airport. On the way we managed to stop and buy some beer and a pint of brandy. We were escorted onto our flight and took seats in the first-class compartment. Jim and I were seated on the aisle across from each other; he was one row ahead of me. We had concealed the bottle, rather ineptly, in a comic book, and we passed it back and forth and openly drank from it, expecting any moment to have it confiscated; that never happened. The wait for takeoff was longer and even more interminable than usual. Finally we were airborne and the grim-faced stewardesses began their rounds. The head stew, a tight-lipped young crone whose name tag read "Reva Mills," leaned over me to serve Leon his drink. I asked her, "If your name is Reva, don't that make your father old man Reva?" We broke into a brief chorus of the song "Ol' Man River," but she did not see the humor and icily informed me her father was not her old man. During the face-mask demonstration I loudly announced that "my girl friend has one of those—only she calls it a diaphragm." Again, the girls did not see the humor.

I went to the bathroom and took a handful of small soap bars back to my seat with me, dropping a few into Jim's drink on the way. He imitated a small child and "told" on me to the stewardess, who quickly gave him a refill to keep him quiet.

About halfway to Phoenix, the captain appeared in front of us and, without using our names, told us to shape up or he would

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turn the plane around and hand us over to authorities in L.A. And sure enough, when the plane rolled to a halt in Phoenix, we were greeted by four of that city's finest, who informed us it was not an arrest, they just wanted to talk to us. But the captain reappeared and demanded we be taken into custody. The cops were only too happy to oblige, and we were handcuffed and led off to the airport holding station, then transferred to the downtown lockup.

Frank and Leon did the only thing possible—they went to the show. Any hopes we had of an early release and dashing off to see the concert soon faded. We made the best of a bad situation by talking to other prisoners and leading a sing-along of oldie goldies. Sorry, Mick, see ya next time.

At midnight we were each taken separately into another room and an agent of the FBI tried to question us. I could not understand what the FBI wanted with two drunks, and he politely told me that charges pertaining to the 1964 Sky Piracy Act were being considered. This nightmare would have been funny with different actors.

In the morning we were fined \$65 each for drunk and disorderly conduct and returned to our cells. Then at midday we were transferred by U.S. marshals to the federal courthouse to be booked on the hijacking charge. Siddons arrived with an attaché case full of cash, receipts from the concert, and posted bail, \$2,500 each. Finally, a taste of freedom after 18 hours' confinement.

When we returned to L.A. it was everyone's foregone conclusion that I was the instigator and the whole thing would never have happened if I had not been there to provoke Jim. Even Babe Hill lectured me on my behavior's having placed Jim in jeopardy. We curtailed our get-togethers for the most part, except for two trips to Phoenix to make obligatory court appearances. Evidently the idiotic authorities were going ahead with this farce.

The day before the trial Jim, Frank, Leon and I flew to Phoenix, where we met to discuss our legal strategy with our lawyers. We bought some blazers, ties and slacks to smooth out our appearance, but kept our hair shoulder length. Early the next day, the condemned ate a hearty meal and went to the courthouse, where a crowd of young longhairs shouted words of encouragement to us. On the advice of our lawyer, we waived the right to trial by jury, leaving ourselves at the sole mercy of the judge, who was of the hanging variety, a dead ringer for the mad bomber of the air force, Gen. Curtis LeMay.

We sat rigidly at the defense table, flanked by our lawyers, and got a glimpse of our accusers. The first to testify was Sherry Ann Mason, one of the stewardesses. She was 22 years old, the median age of all three, yet, amazingly, none of them had heard of the Doors or Jim. The prosecutor expertly led Sherry Ann through her testimony and she told how, although they all could see our drunkenness when we board-

ed, they served us additional drinks. Then we began "using foul and obscene language." But you have to hear her tell it:

Q: Sherry... give the court an example of the type of language you were subjected to....

A: I don't use this kind of language... but I think... they were cussing about the plane... "This god-damned, son-of-bitchin', fucking airplane" would have been the... common language that was used....

For someone who doesn't use that kind of language, she did all right. She went on to say we also made obscene gestures, tried to trip her and hit her and the other stewards, threw plastic glasses at them and generally made their jobs difficult if not impossible and endangered the lives of our fellow passengers. One of her more outrageous accusations was that when I left the bathroom just prior to the now infamous "soap in the drink" incident, I deliberately tried to strike her with the door, all the while admitting it was impossible for me to see out while the door was shut. And what would prove to be the most damaging, she claimed that just before landing, Jim grabbed at and tried to kiss her knee or thigh, saying, "Pussy, pussy, pussy."

She was followed on the stand by my old friend, Reva Mills, whose testimony echoed Sherry's almost verbatim. When the "old man Reva" joke was repeated, she blushed and grimaced, but I swear the judge had a hint of a smile. But most perplexing was the fact that the girls had Jim and me confused. Everyone else who testified, including the other government witnesses, contradicted them, but the judge accepted their word along with the claim that Jim had made an obscene gesture toward Sherry and uttered the "pussy" phrase. So, based on the cockamammy testimony of these two airheads, Jim was convicted of a misdemeanor, and I was totally acquitted. Jim was confused, because if anyone made a move, it was done by whoever was sitting in my seat. Understandably, he was rankled by the outcome, but the lawyer assured him it would be thrown out on appeal, and it was, some two months later. But before that, it would disrupt our friendship for many months.

We returned to the bar at the hotel along with our lawyers to celebrate our tainted victory. Temporarily satisfied that it would be worked out in his favor, Jim loosened up and we toasted the end of the ordeal. To our surprise, the stewardesses and the captain joined our table. What gall! Reva was unwavering in her tight-bunned animosity toward us, but the other two cozied right up, telling us they had been coerced into pressing charges. They were brazenly flirtatious and gave us their room number, saying they would love to hear from us later in the evening.

We were followed back to the room by the Phoenix-based lawyer, a greedy legal-beagle schmuck, who had long begun to wear on our nerves. Drinking and laughing it

up, Jim and I started talking about calling Sherry Ann and her friend. The lawyer could not believe we would have anything to do with them after they had tried to put us in jail. I told him we were really going to get back at them by taking them out to the desert and fucking them and leaving them there. Jim and I exchanged broad winks, then he said not only would we strip them and fuck them, but we would urinate on their bare bodies before deserting them. The lawyer was cockeyed drunk and crawling around on his hands and knees, pleading with us not to do it. He looked pathetic and we laughed at him and tormented him until he passed out.

Jim called my room first thing in the morning and woke me up. He was in high spirits and anxious to get an early start. Back in L.A. we were greeted by the gang from the office when we walked into the Palms in West Hollywood to continue celebrating. We drank and played pool for about an hour. Then we all left together.

A friend of mine had come to pick me up and he walked with us to the office parking lot. I had left some belongings in the office before going to Phoenix and went upstairs to collect them. Suddenly, Jim came charging into the room and began loudly ordering me out. He kept saying that I shouldn't be there, it was a place of business. When I laughed, remembering all the times I had seen him destroy the place in a drunken rage, he jumped on me and we rolled around on the carpet for a few minutes. He was too drunk to do anyone harm and I laughed and pretended to wrestle with him for a few seconds, then pulled myself away and started to leave. Babe came bursting through the door and grabbed me, thinking I might be pummeling Jim. He was closely followed by Tony Funches, a large bodyguard, formerly em-



Frank Lisciandro

continued on page 74



## INTERVIEW: G. GORDON LIDDY

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means." So, the analysts kind of look down on the collectors as being what they call them "jump out of the airplane, shoot 'em up in the ground boys." And the collectors sort of look at the analysts as pipe-and-slipper guys who couldn't fight their way out of a paper bag. The fact of the matter is that both are absolutely essential and they both know that. It's just as described, that's all. And I guess it's true that I would be categorized—and have been categorized—as a "jump out of the airplane, shoot 'em off the ground guy." Well, that's all right. There's a role for people like that just as there's a role—and I would be the first to admit—for the analysts.

**HIGH TIMES:** When the CIA came back to you with the second proposal stating they couldn't help you in your drive to learn whether [Daniel] Ellsberg was a loner or a Soviet agent, why didn't you ask the CIA to get the files or just subpoena them under a phony pretense?

**LIDDY:** Well, they were not subject to subpoena, so that was out. And the CIA is not really an agency that you ask to do that. They could do it, but they really weren't set up for it that much. Their station out there didn't have that kind of assets. The correct agency to ask in a situation like that would be the FBI. They used to do it. Or we used to do it when I was there. But, the FBI didn't and wouldn't.

**HIGH TIMES:** Why not? Why did a member of the president's staff have to?

**LIDDY:** The problem was [J. Edgar] Hoover was by now overtaken by the effects of advanced age. He was acting rather peculiarly and locking William Sullivan out of his office and things like that. And also he was a friend of Mr. Marks who was the father-in-law of Daniel Ellsberg. And he just pretty much sat on that whole thing. Nothing much came of it. And that was why I recommended in a memorandum to the president that Mr. Hoover be removed from office. He didn't go along with it.

**HIGH TIMES:** Did Hoover find out about it? I mean, were you worried about him?

**LIDDY:** No, I wasn't worried about him finding out about it.

**HIGH TIMES:** Well, why did a member of the president's staff have to go break into this guy's...?

**LIDDY:** Well, what they did was they set up inside the White House the Odessa unit. And they used people who were trained

and experienced and capable of doing things like that. [E. Howard] Hunt was, I was, and certainly our Cuban assets were. I mean, they were all CIA trained and experienced and had done well in the past. The fact was it was a good, clean operation. What we were looking for wasn't there, that's all.

**HIGH TIMES:** I believe Hunt said [Charles] Colson wanted to destroy Ellsberg's status as a hero of the Left. Is that correct?

**LIDDY:** What happened was this: We needed to know whether or not he was in with the KGB. That was the primary reason for going in there.

**HIGH TIMES:** Would you have gone in if you were sure that he was not a KGB agent? And would you still have gone in to destroy his status as a hero of the Left?

**LIDDY:** No, you couldn't necessarily do it that way. You don't take risks like

that. After all, I'm the one who recommended it. I wouldn't even have recommended it because that would be an imprudent assumption of risk. I mean, you've got to weigh benefits with risks. And if all you're going to get is some press accounts out of it which are negative to Ellsberg, hell, that's not worth that kind of risk.

**HIGH TIMES:** Why did you have so many leaks in the White House?

**LIDDY:** Well, there weren't so many leaks in the White House. But, there were certainly leaks. There were a lot of leaks in the State Department and a lot of leaks in certain parts of the Pentagon.

**HIGH TIMES:** Doesn't it strike you as peculiar? Didn't it seem like there were more things coming out than—

**LIDDY:** Well, there was an awful lot coming out, yeah.

**HIGH TIMES:** —than at any time I can remember.

**LIDDY:** That's quite true. There was a lot coming out. And I think it was because one of the fundamental errors that Richard Nixon made when he assumed the presidency was that he did not immediately clean house—get rid of the persons who were po-

litical adherents of his enemies and whose political philosophy was opposed to his. I think that that's where the source of an awful lot of it was. As a matter of fact, Lyndon Johnson had told us we should do that. He didn't listen to them and then he said, "Don't make the mistakes I made when I got in here"; and he said, "Because of the way I became president, I felt an obligation to continue on with all of these Kennedy people"; and he said, "Get your own people in there right away." Nixon didn't do it. That was a mistake.

**HIGH TIMES:** This is a pretty standard question: When are the issues enough for the ends to justify the means?

**LIDDY:** Up to but excluding *malum in se*.

**HIGH TIMES:** Which is evil in and of itself?

**LIDDY:** Something that is, by definition, never justifiable.

**HIGH TIMES:** If your conception of the devil is—

**LIDDY:** I don't believe in the devil.

**HIGH TIMES:** You don't? Do you believe in God?

**LIDDY:** No.

**HIGH TIMES:** You don't. Do you believe in Valhalla?

**LIDDY:** No.

**HIGH TIMES:** It's just...?

**LIDDY:** Worms.

**HIGH TIMES:** Worms. Uh-huh. Okay. You said that who a president goes to bed with is unimportant as long as he isn't into some really far-out quirk, and as long as long as the man is sufficiently competent to be president.

**LIDDY:** Yeah. I think if a guy's competent to be president, who he may go to bed with

really doesn't have any effect on that. I think if he's got a far-out quirk then he's subject to blackmail. If you were to lock up everybody in Washington who slept in a bed that didn't have the right name on the end of it, the streets would be bare. There's nothing new about that.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you also believe that to be the case with men and women in the intelligence community?

**LIDDY:** Yeah, often-times they'll go to bed with people for

reasons of business. But, yeah, I think if they've got a far-out quirk—homosexuality or something of that sort does expose them to pressure from opposing intelligence services. You know, blackmail, extortion or what have you. Whereas heterosexual activity especially these days isn't looked upon as anything very much and really doesn't put them in a position where there's much leverage on them because of it.



*"If I were going to kill somebody, I wouldn't try to kill them with LSD. You do it with pure nicotine or shellfish toxin."*



**HIGH TIMES:** You have nothing morally against homosexuality?

**LIDDY:** Well, I consider homosexuality to be an illness. And if a guy's got cancer, there's nothing morally wrong with him. If a guy's homosexual, he's just ill as far as I'm concerned.

**HIGH TIMES:** The Russians employ homosexuals to seduce, you know.

**LIDDY:** Sure. And I wouldn't be surprised if we did, too.

**HIGH TIMES:** Can we say we do that? Or will people accept it?

**LIDDY:** I don't see why we ought to go around saying a lot of the things we do and don't do. I mean, we keep telling people that we never whack anybody out. Well, of course we do. But I suppose they just don't want to hear about some of it.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you think rock 'n' roll, comic books, Big Macs, our junk-food culture, might prove to be a strong weapon and—

**LIDDY:** A strong weapon?

**HIGH TIMES:** Yes, in wars against the Soviet Union?

**LIDDY:** No, I don't see how junk food can be a strong weapon because it contributes to physical deterioration. A lot of times I've noticed kids in Washington, predominately black, who are going on the bus to school in the morning and having their breakfast which consists of a candy bar and a Coke. They are obviously not getting proper nutrition and they are going to suffer from that. And when they grow up, I don't think they're going to be as fit or as strong as someone who has had adequate nutrition. But rock 'n' roll, I don't think that's got anything to do with it except—

**HIGH TIMES:** Well, if you played rock 'n' roll on Radio Free Europe to Russia, I mean, rock 'n' roll is a—

**LIDDY:** If you sent me a Big Mac or a hamburger like that, actually it's been found to be relatively nutritious. It may not be very tasty but I wouldn't put those hamburgers in the junk-food category. You know, junk food means potato chips and Coca-Cola and things like that. Certain cereals.

**HIGH TIMES:** If you go to Poland and you open up a McDonald's, I mean, everyone will come from miles around to eat it. Blue jeans go for a hundred dollars a pair in Russia.

**LIDDY:** Yeah, the food is good and it's nutritious and I think they'd be happy to get it. They have a tough time getting meat in Poland.

**HIGH TIMES:** Right. Well, I'm talking about junk-food ideology.

**LIDDY:** Oh, well. Yeah, I know that there's a lot of that.

**HIGH TIMES:** I mean, blue jeans go for one hundred dollars a pair.

**LIDDY:** It's a fad.

**HIGH TIMES:** But don't you think it also represents America?

**LIDDY:** Yeah, blue jeans represent America. I think so. As long as it's a genuine American invention.

**HIGH TIMES:** Rock 'n' roll?

**LIDDY:** Rock 'n' roll. Kids understand it correctly and I think it's understood correctly to be something that flowed out of what used to be called rhythm and blues. Which is something unique from the American black experience. Yeah, that's definitely American. The British have certainly taken over and done a great job with it. But its origins are here. I don't see it as a weapon.

**HIGH TIMES:** If you play rock 'n' roll on Radio Free Europe, don't you think kids are going to want to—

**LIDDY:** You're not going to withhold the onslaught of Soviet Panzer divisions with rock 'n' roll in a war.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you think anything good came out of the antiwar movement?

**LIDDY:** Hmm, let me see. No.

**HIGH TIMES:** Okay. Didn't your arrest of Timothy Leary make you somewhat of a hero?

**LIDDY:** He was perceived to be a threat to the children in Dutchess County, New York. And the fact that we got him out of the county was appreciated by the citizens.

**HIGH TIMES:** Was he really a threat?

**LIDDY:** Yeah, I think anybody who's preaching—and effectively—that young people should resort to drugs and, in effect, drop out of society is threatening the children. And I think that common sense should tell most people that the ingestion of drugs by children or by anybody for that matter for other than medicinal purposes is harmful.

**HIGH TIMES:** Why was LSD always being considered when you thought of doing away with somebody?

**LIDDY:** It was always being considered by Hunt. I don't know where he got this affection for lysergic acid diethylamide-25, but he kept proposing we use it for this, we use it for that and the other thing. And the CIA experts kept saying, "Look, we have checked this thoroughly and we've experimented with it and the fact of the matter is there is no way to project person to person what the effect of this is going to be, which

*"I did recommend that we kill some of the major drug traffickers at the borders, but it was turned down."*

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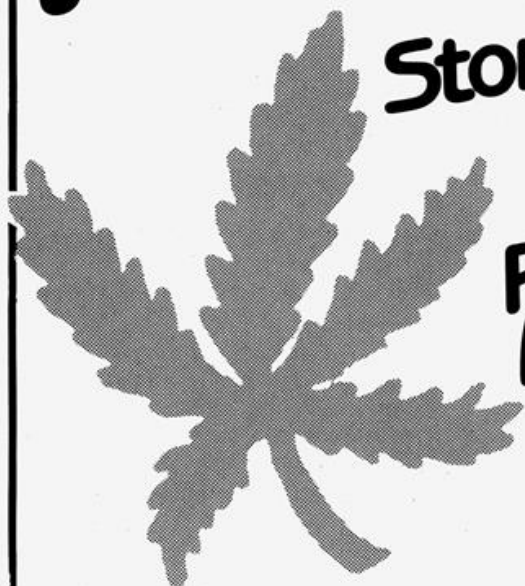


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way they are going to bounce. And that being the case, it's not indicated. We shouldn't use it.”

**HIGH TIMES:** So, it was never being considered by you? You preferred the lethal mugging?

**LIDDY:** Well, Hunt seemed to have this in mind. I don't know where he got it from. But, no. If we were going to kill somebody, I wouldn't try to kill them with LSD. No. It's not a fast-acting poison. If you're going to poison somebody, you don't do it with LSD. You do it with pure nicotine or something, or shellfish toxin or something like that.

**HIGH TIMES:** Did you ever ask him when you were still friendly with him what the attraction was to LSD?

**LIDDY:** No, I just noticed it, but I don't have to shoot him down, because the CIA doctor did that. And the CIA doctor had the professional qualifications.

**HIGH TIMES:** It has been reported in *Time* magazine and other reliable sources that marijuana and cocaine combined is the third largest industry in the United States, which may or may not be true. But, you would have to—

**LIDDY:** It's certainly large.

**HIGH TIMES:** Certainly large. Don't you think that someone in our government might be making money off of it, and that if we really wanted to get rid of it, we would? I mean, the third largest industry!

**LIDDY:** I think if we really wanted to get rid of it, we could certainly cut it way down. If we were willing to take the necessary steps. Not doing so does not necessarily imply to me that someone in the government is making money from it.

**HIGH TIMES:** Well, we know that the CIA morally doesn't mind transporting opium for, you know, Air America.

**LIDDY:** Well, they would use it, for example, if they want certain warlords in Southeast Asia to do certain things and they pay them in whatever coin they want. If they want opium, they give them opium.

**HIGH TIMES:** Would it make sense for the CIA to employ hit squads to assassinate drug smugglers in Burma, France, Lebanon and Turkey?

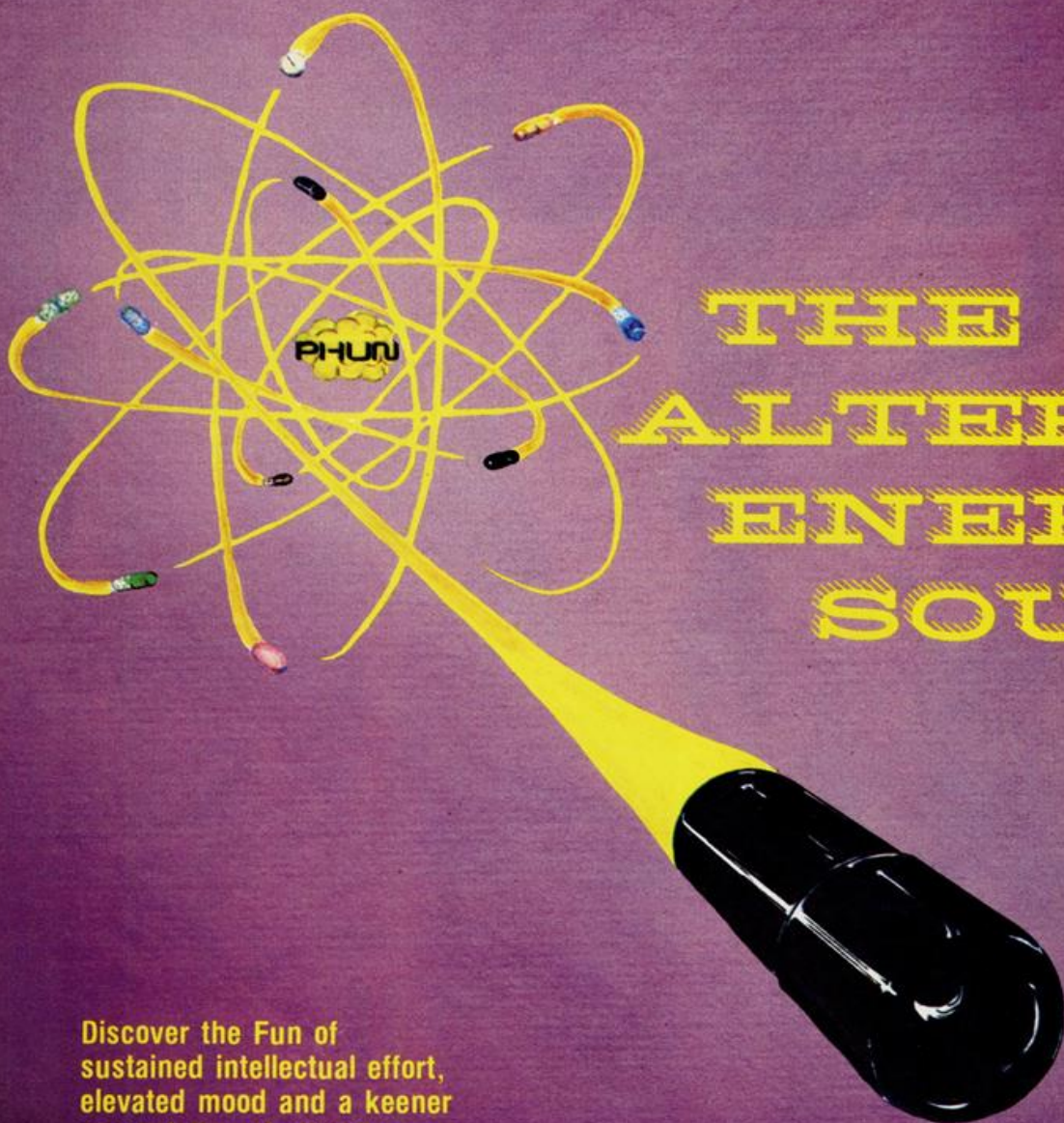
**LIDDY:** Well, as a matter of fact, I so proposed in a lot of those places, not all of them, when I was in the government. But when you start talking about Burma, you get up in that Golden Triangle area and drop people in there and they're more than likely not to come out. In other areas, I did recommend that we kill some of the major drug traffickers at the borders, but it was turned down.

**HIGH TIMES:** Did you ever recommend it within the United States, or was it always in a foreign country?

**LIDDY:** It was in the foreign ones. I figured the ones in the United States were reachable, and I was concerned with the ones sitting out there who were not reachable by the conventional means.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you think recreational  
*continued on page 104*





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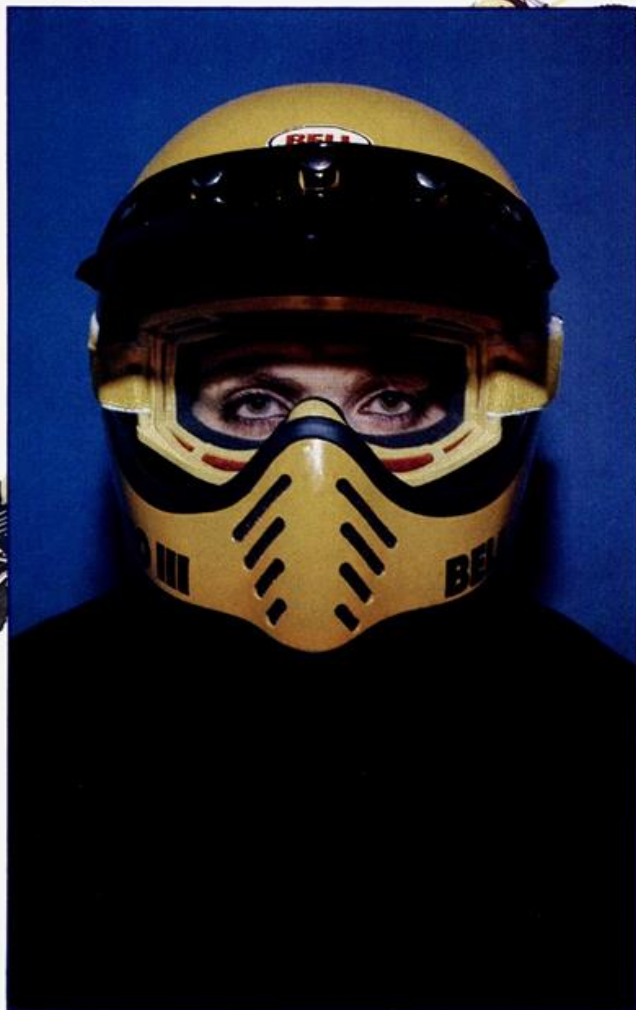
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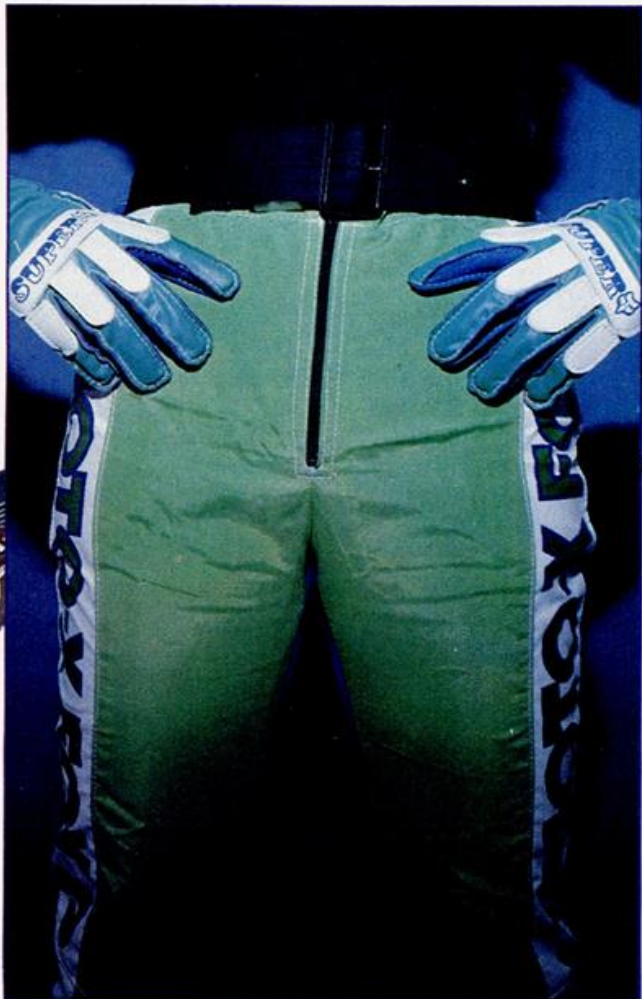




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## MOONSHINE SEMESTER

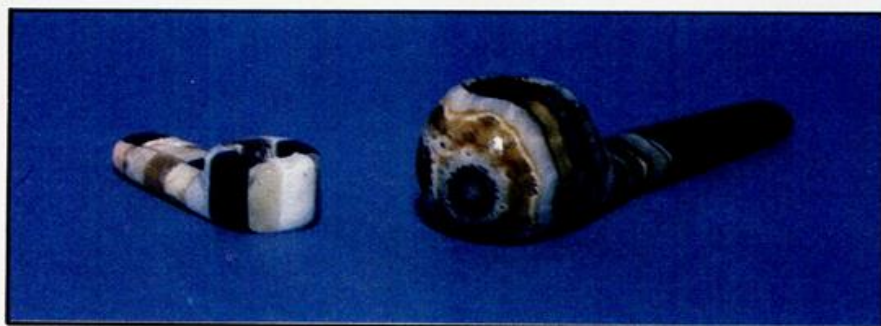


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David Armstrong



## JIM MORRISON

continued from page 65

ployed by the Stones and now working for the Doors. When my friend came in he thought all three were ganging up on me and he jumped into the fray. A real donnybrook broke out and the four of us tumbled down the wrought-iron steps to the parking lot. Jim stayed out of it and called the police. They wasted no time getting there, and along with me, were flabbergasted to learn it was Jim who had called them.

Now I was really mad. Morrison stood at the top of the stairs, in the shadows, but I could see him looking down at me. I yelled, "You called the cops, Morrison, you actually called the fucking cops on me, you son of a bitch." The cops laughed their asses off and threatened to arrest Jim and Babe; then they broke us up and I left with my friend. He'd been hit hard a few times and who wanted some revenge. He drove around the block and picked up a rock the size of a softball. "Here, Baker, take this."

"What for? I don't want the fucking thing."

"Throw it," he said. He pointed to a large picture window on the second floor.

"Ah, hey, I can't do that, no shit man."

"Baker, throw the goddamn rock. After what just happened, we ought to burn the place to the ground." I knew he wouldn't rest until we took some action, so I threw it. We drove away to the sound of breaking glass. I did not see Jim or Babe or anyone associated with the Doors for the next eight months.

I was on a roll of good fortune. To the astonishment of everyone, I raised the money to finish my film, *Bongo Wolf*, and traveled to London and Paris in November, 1970, where I succeeded in selling

it for distribution. I returned from Europe late in January, 1971, and moved into a small house in Laurel Canyon. It was not more than 50 yards from where I had met Jim and Pam some years earlier. I soon received a message via friends that Jim wanted to hear from me. I rang him up and he invited me to come join him for lunch and drinks.

Everybody was actually glad to see me when I walked into the office. Jim and I went to sit at an outdoor restaurant and reaffirm our friendship. Shem and Shaun, back together again. He told about a fall he had taken from the window of his room at the Château Marmont Hotel. Walking the edge of a high-rise roof or dangling by his fingers from open windows and balconies was one of his favorite "provocative" jokes, but this time it had caught up to him. Fortunately the window was not a high one, and his fall was broken by a porch roof, but he still felt much pain in the vicinity of his kidney. He told me he'd had the opportunity to patch things up with our old drinking buddy Janis Joplin, who had spent a few nights on the town with us some years earlier. She and Jim had a legendary battle when he attacked her in an unprovoked drunken rage and dragged her around the room by her hair. Janis responded by chasing him out to his car and beating him on the head with a full bottle of Jack Daniels as he laughed maniacally. She stayed angry with him for a long time afterward and often asked me why he had done it, but I could offer no explanation for his behavior. Apparently he made amends with her just weeks before she passed away, and he was genuinely grateful for it.

I was abstaining from booze—after my travels, I was feeling a bit rundown—but Jim was drinking (he told me he couldn't imagine not drinking), although he was restricting himself to white wine. I looked at him and remembered the first time I had seen him. The comparison did not hold up well at all. His once sharply defined face was now bloated by alcohol; his features were soft and pale. His eyes lacked that fierce sparkle and he moved with what appeared to be great effort.

He told me he and Pam were getting on reasonably well, living together in an apartment nearby. My stories of living and loving it up in London and Paris and Malta the previous eight weeks appealed to him and he confided to me his intention to move to Paris with Pam once he was finished with the *L.A. Woman* album. "Yeah," he told me, "my rock 'n' roll days are over, I guess."

Along with Babe Hill, we would meet quite regularly for the rest of his time in L.A., and I could tell he had lost much of his fascination for that town.

His last day in L.A. he and Babe and I spent wandering around the Santa Monica pier. Late in the afternoon, we returned to his office and he tossed notebooks, manuscripts and other belongings into cardboard boxes. Various friends stopped in to wish him *bon voyage*. In the morning he boarded

his flight, never to return to L.A. I had seen the last of James Douglas Morrison.

I would get intermittent reports on Jim and Pam. For a while it looked like I might have to return to London to work on a film, and I tried to call Jim, but he was not in Paris at the time and I never reached him. Often I told myself I would write to them, but I never got around to it. Then one morning, almost four years to the day after his performance at the Scene, I received a phone call from someone on the scene telling me Jim had died in Paris two days earlier. I refused to believe it at first, but Babe confirmed it for me. I was devastated and it would be some time before I could be rational about the subject. It was very tempting to believe the rumors that he had faked his death.

More than a year later, I saw Pam at a party. She was drunk and excited. We left together in her rented sedan and she drank from a bottle as she careened down Santa Monica Boulevard, talking nonstop in a semicoherent monologue and shouting out every few minutes, "Oh, Tom, let's go, let's go see Jimmy." She swallowed a long slug of tequila and narrowly missed a parked car. I kept looking for the old familiar red light to come flashing up behind us, and was tremendously relieved when she screeched to a stop in the driveway of the Beverly Terrace Motel, across the street from the Troubadour. Inside her room, she continued her rap. I went in the bathroom and came out to find her asleep on the bed. I took the car and left, returning in the morning to give her the keys. She was sitting by the minuscule pool with a grimy-looking Morrison clone. Saying goodbye was awkward for both of us and I did not expect to see her again.

I would hear many stories about Pam for the next few years, none of them very pleasant. She was involved in a bitter legal battle with Jim's family, who contested the validity of their marriage and the eventual rights to Jim's estate. Most disturbing was the story that Pam was living with a loathsome parasite and that she had a daily and expensive drug habit. I dismissed the tales whenever they were repeated to me, but the idea of it nagged at me.

Late one night, more than a year after I had last seen her, I was driving down a nearly deserted but well-lit Sunset Boulevard. The only other car was a familiar-looking VW, being driven by a girl with a male passenger. We pulled alongside one another at a red light, and I looked to my right. Pam was staring back at me, quite defiantly, and her passenger was stretching around her, trying to get a look at me. From the looks of him, it was obvious the stories I'd heard were true. When the light changed, I just took off.

A year passed before I next saw her. I was standing in front of my apartment house in Hollywood when she drove by in a new

continued on page 102



*"Did you ever  
make it with Pam?"  
Jim asked point-blank.  
He looked confused  
and betrayed.*



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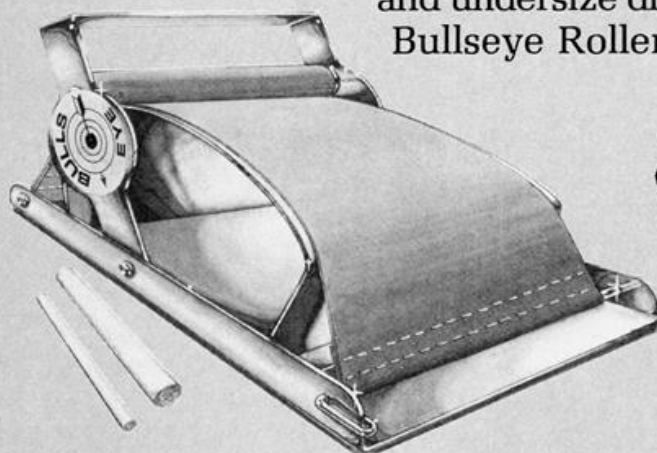
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# Oh! Calcutta!

## BEDTIME FOR GONZO

continued from page 45

command post. The name of the hotel, actually, is not the Presidential, but the Presidential, since one of the neon letters has gone winking off into oblivion. It is filled up not with winos and junkies but with foreign dignitaries, a high proportion of them speaking Russian and a few other Slavic languages.

Also, the Presidential's dining facilities consist of a small cubicle resembling a boiler room, where an Indian gentleman is dispensing Saran-wrapped fruit pies, Mars bars and bologna sandwiches. Bone-weary, we head out to catch some dinner before the start of Frank Sinatra's inaugural gala. A fresh surprise awaits us. Up and down Avenue K we go. Down and up. Every place we hit is either closed or looks formidably expensive. Downtown Washington is close to a ghost town. We find one hamburger joint. But the bouncer—a blond, glowering hulk in a polyester suit—informs us we're in violation of the dress code. "To get in here, you have to look like me," he growls.

As we wander off, I begin fuming and ranting. It's not enough that we can't get into the inaugural balls—we can't even get into the goddamn hamburger joints! We shuffle on, find a pizza place with no dress code and, after splitting a small sausage-and-pepper pie, arrive back at our room in time for the gala.

Capitol Center is crammed to the gills with the Republican faithful. I doubt more than a handful of the working press was able to squeeze in at all. There's a sadistic edge to the evening, a sense of accumulated nastiness. Deprecatory jokes about Jimmy Carter or George McGovern are greeted with howls of hilarity; the audience, stuffed into their evening gowns and tuxes and no doubt basted to a fine golden shimmer with booze and rich cuisine, give off an almost tangibly malicious gleam. The people there have been shined to such a high polish that they could practically send semaphore signals to each other from across the auditorium.

On television, every five-minute snippet of "entertainment" is surrounded by three or four commercials (for oil companies, American Express, toiletries, cars and booze). Johnny Carson sneering about McGovern, and a quick cut to the Alaskan pipeline; Donny and Marie flailing around with a perversion of Chuck Berry retitled "Ronnie B. Goode," a cut to the president beaming and cackling, and then another cut to deodorants and toilet cleaners. Grim-faced Marines escorting everyone up the stage. A tight shot of a Budweiser beer can, and reaction shots of the crowd, holding their bellies in and grinning in slack-jawed triumph.

My mind begins to reel. Is this really happening? Is that really Ben Vereen out there, shuffling and scratching and rolling his eyes like Little Black Sambo? (Charley Pride goes Vereen one better when he grins

bashfully toward the presidential box and thanks "Miz Nancy" for inviting him.) Is that Ethel Merman belting out "Everything's coming up roses and jelly beans"? And—most numbing of all—is that really Jimmy Stewart, drawling and stuttering out a tribute to his new commander in chief? Brigadier General Stewart is there as the official escort to Gen. Omar Bradley, who is pushed onstage in a wheelchair, looking like a withered old zombie stoned on morphine who'd just been disconnected from his respirator and stolen from the hospital by pranksters. "Ya...ya just do-don't know," stutter-drawls Jimmy, "ha-how happy it makes me to call you Mr. President." And—as he and the practically comatose General Bradley salute—bouncing Ronnie, like a windup doll, pops to and snaps off a brisk, Norman Rockwell-Boy's Life-cub-scout salute.

The closing act is Sinatra, however—an act that shouldn't go wrong. Unfortunately it does. Clutching the mike, he stares at

Behind Reagan, Bush,  
waving and flailing his  
arms, a truly demented  
expression on his face.

Nancy Reagan and warbles, without a trace of shame, a new version of one of his old hits, "Nancy with the Laughing Face," now retitled "Nancy with the Reagan Face." The first lady responds by blowing him a schoolgirl kiss.

Finally Reagan bounds onstage, beaming from ear to ear. "Well," he begins, mimicking Rich Little's mimicry of him. (Jeez, what a regular guy!) He then launches into a condescending prose-poem by Irvin S. Cobb describing actors and performers as adorable little children who bring sunshine into the world and should be allowed to pass through the gates of heaven. (Reagan, stiff as ever, mispronounces Cobb's name as "Irwin S. Cobb.")

After two hours of this degraded spectacle, we escape to the Counter-Inaugural Ball in a state almost as comatose as General Bradley's.

Next morning I wake up on the other end of town. The house is deserted. The radiance of the day before has passed, and the first day of Ronald Reagan's presidency has a chilly, white clarity.

The Washington subway mirrors my barren mood. It is a science-fiction subway: It looks like a set for Kubrick or Lucas—a huge, womblike tunnel, softly lit, through which the train itself seems to pad along on

continued on page 93



# COUNTRY PORN CAN COME IN YOUR ~~MAIL~~

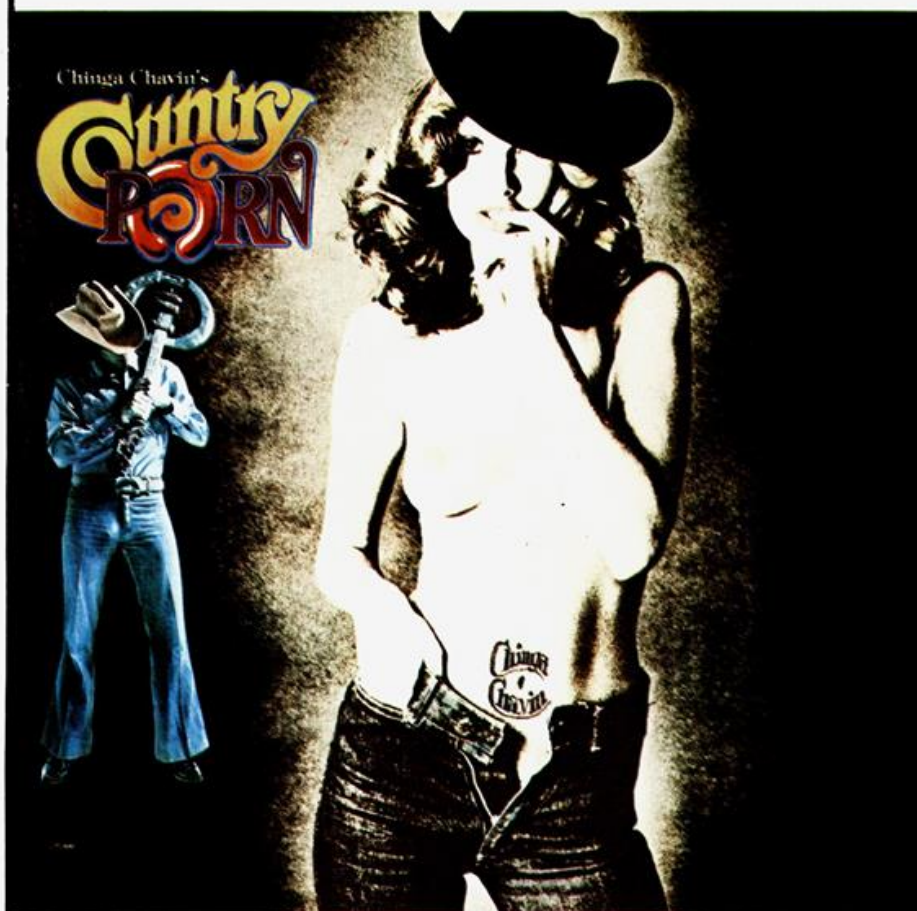
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From the desk of Peter B. Bentsinger  
To: *S/A Jack Finney*

### "AMM": EPIDEMIC OR ARTIFACT?

Sirs:

An increasing number of analytical forensic chemists in police laboratories around the country have reported the existence of a new chemical compound in samples of various narcotics seized as evidence in criminal prosecutions. The compound has been molecularly identified by Thomas Dempsey, Ekaterina Schmiry and co-workers at St. Louis as beta-trans-hydroxy (2,9-182) levamisole, or "AMM." Dempsey et al have speculated that AMM may be some new, mild psychoactive dilutant compound—cut—added to illicit drugs by traffickers to augment weight and, consequently, profits. Others have expressed puzzlement on this score, noting that AMM has turned up in quantitative assays of heroin, cocaine, methadone, methaqualone, methedrine, propoxyphene, marijuana, phencyclidine and even butyl nitrite. Aside from heroin and cocaine, none of these drugs is usually adulterated before sale. AMM has also been consistently found in the urine tests of suspected drug abusers—including the urine of suspect abusers in which no other drug could be identified. It begins to appear, if I may indulge your readers, as though some new "drug" has been invented, and has overnight flooded the illicit market to unprecedented levels of epidemic.

After replicating several AMM determinations on a variety of controlled substances, we have identified "AMM" as purely an artifact of

the 1981-model Universal Optical Gas-Liquid Chromatograph. Due to the ultra-sensitivity of the new instrument, chemists accustomed to older model chromatographs can inadvertently cause an anomalous peak on the outprint scanner by accidentally nudging the paper-feed unit consistently. When this occurs, the artifact peak consistently appears in the same bracket and configuration. The imputation of an entirely novel "drug" fact peak to an entirely novel "drug" molecular compound is an ingenious bit of forensic detective work, but the drug is clearly more in the hardware than on the street.

**Albert Cozwick**  
Division of Analytical Research  
Bethesda, Maryland

NEW ENGLAND TRIBUNE OF MEDICINE  
Vol. xxii, No. 15 April, 1982  
page 1243

Jack—Regards your upcoming media campaign for Operation Script, I suggest you go over this item and find some way to incorporate "AMM" into the project—

*Peter B.*



# CHARADE

Sunday, March 20, 1982

continued from page 17

and so-called "advances in therapeutics" have given rise to a flourishing new commerce in steroid drugs. These are the very same drugs, according to federal narcotics officers, that athletes have abused for years, to get an "extra something" to boost energy and endurance in competition. "Garbage like dexamethasone, hydrocortisone, anabolic steroid preparations," snaps DEA investigator Jack Finney. "Quite a mouthful for a few times and you're hooked. You might not even know the dope's there when you're on it, but you'll by God notice the withdrawal symptoms after we catch you and take the dope away. These docs are making addicts out of unsuspecting people—little kids, even—who are cursed with high blood pressure, chronic obesity, goiter, you name it. But they won't get away with it much longer."

The DEA also suspects that doctors may be involved in the alarming popularity of a new "mystery drug" called AMM (short for "aminoamine"). According to reports in the *New England Tribune of Medicine*, AMM is turning up everywhere in connection with street drugs like pot and cocaine—and heroin. "It begins to appear," writes Dr. Albert Cotswingle of the National Institute of Mental Health, "as though some new drug has been invented, and overnight flooded the national market to unprecedented levels of addiction."

"The kids call it 'goof,'" says agent Finney. "They pick up on anything new like this, and give it a name even before we do. Sometimes they call it 'burn,' because that's what it feels like inside your head. Or they call it 'snow' or 'murder dust' or 'sizzle weed' or 'slab tabs'—because they know this stuff on a slab for good, but they do it anyway."

Henderson, West Virginia Plain Dealer  
March 28, 1982

## "Mystery Drug" Hooks Thousands— Those Who Live Long Enough

### "BURN" SWEEPS STREETS LIKE WILDFIRE

By Kurt Morgan, Plain-Dealer

Jacinta Houlihan, like most other teenagers her age, got her first taste of "burn" last spring at the age of 23. "She was always such a nice girl," says a neighbor on leaf-lined Euclid Avenue in Burlington. "She had loads of boyfriends, five or six a night sometimes. She never gave her parole officer no trouble, and she was just about to go back to night school and get it all together when this happened."

"This" was AMM, a new drug ten times more powerful than LSD, PCP, "speed" and heroin put together. Jacinta Houlihan that fatal night may have "scored" it under the name of "sizzle juice" or "slab weed," as it's called in the mysterious drug underground. Whatever she called it, it wrecked her mind so bad that she drove her 1974 Volkswagen Rabbit straight off the Critter Creek bridge. When the body was checked out by Bite County medical examiner Rupert

Chase, AMM was the only illicit black-market drug to turn up in the bloodstream.

"There was alcohol too," says coroner Chase, "but it'd take a blame sight more than a few drinks to make Jacinta Houlihan drive a car off a bridge. Luckily, we've got all-new lab equipment here that can pick up weird new drugs like AMM. It wouldn't've showed up in most other labs in the country. This dope is probably killing people by the thousands, all over the place, and nobody even suspects it."

Asked what the effects of AMM were, the coroner said he didn't want to advertise them, for fear of "turning on" newcomers to this new superhigh. "I read in *Charade* magazine where it's more addictive than anything else on the streets," he said. "Not only does it make you drive off bridges, but you can't stop."

The New York Times  
Tuesday, April 14, 1982

up Marine and came to the

## Judge to Rule on Psycho's AMM Plea

MOBILE, ALABAMA, April 14—Accused murderer Jesse "Aargh" Herpes stunned federal district court yesterday by switching his plea to not guilty on the grounds that he'd been out of his mind on a powerful "bootleg" street drug the day he shot a bank clerk squarely between the eyes, at 140 paces, with a .22 revolver. "Your honor, my client was temporarily out of his senses all that day," Mr. Herpes's attorney, J. Thornton Cadwallader, told the court. "The whole idea of holding up Marine Midland came to him right after he'd taken a dose of AMM. He bought the gun, hired the getaway car, and talked his friend Shorty into doing this drug-crazed thing with him, all under the influence of AMM."

Renfrew "Shorty" Meyers died in a hail of police gunfire as both men left the bank for the getaway car. Mr. Cadwallader says he can prove Mr. Meyers was also on AMM during the holdup attempt. He entered into evidence blood samples from Mr. Herpes and from Mr. Meyers's body; both show traces of AMM, says Mr. Cadwallader.

der, "and I've got a chemist's certificate from the coroner of Bite County, West Virginia, that says so."

AMM is approximately 60 times more powerful than PCP, says Mr. Cadwallader, and much more unpredictable. "There are documented cases of people on AMM who have thought they could fly off suspension bridges," the attorney told the judge. "Remember your hippies on LSD, how they used to lay back and stare straight at the sun until their eyes burnt out of their heads? Well, AMM makes LSD look like Twinkies."

Citing a New England scientific magazine, Mr. Cadwallader said that AMM is being sold everywhere on the national drug market, and that Mr. Herpes may have thought he'd taken an entirely different drug before he "goofed out," as an AMM fit is called. "My man doesn't deserve the chair for what this drug made him do," Mr. Cadwallader finished. "I think you should commit him immediately to the state hospital, and void all criminal charges. A conviction is the last way this case should come out."

## Ask Maggie

Dear Maggie: After checking off your seven-point "Drug Abuse Gauge" last year, I discovered that both my teenage children came up "positive" on every single telltale sign. They both resented my slightest order, neither was performing up to their full potential in school, both preferred going out nights instead of staying home, both stayed in their rooms a lot and brooded, both used slang code-words I couldn't understand, both flew off the handle at the slightest criticism, and both had become sloppy in appearance over the last couple years. So I did like you said, and packed them both straight off to a halfway house for a few months of good old-fashioned discipline. But after they came back home, their crewcuts barely had time to grow out before both girls were acting exactly the same way again. But they swear up and down they don't smoke the stuff anymore, and wouldn't go near it if you paid them,

for fear of winding up in that halfway house again. Are these brats pulling the wool over my ears?  
—LOOKS SUSPICIOUS TO ME

Dear Looks: This time it's AMM, from the sound of it. AMM is a super-potent new chemistry drug that lasts three days after every "goof"—slang for "trip." The kids call it "suicide snort," or "Pablo" or "blitz" or "devil dope" or "lobotomy pot," so no one will know what they're talking about. It's tremendously addictive, because each dose stays in the body forever. But that just makes it easier to detect AMM abusers with late-model laboratory gear. Just have your kids screened for AMM with a blood test at that halfway house, and if they show up positive, leave them there for a year.

the same way again. P...ood old-fashio



SERMON: "And They Say Drugs Are Harmless"  
 TIME: 8:30-9:15 AM EST, Christian Backlashing Network, July 4, 1982  
 PROGRAM: "Plain Old-Fashioned Rugged Cross Hour"  
 SPEAKER: Rev. Clement Broadfoot EDITOR: Rev. Dr. Jerry Fallout

AMM--fancy science name, "aminoamine"; ah-mee-no ah-meem  
 Same ultra-scient types who bought you the Theory of Evolution  
 now bring you this  
 The Devil has always worked through drugs. Now He's in every  
 drugstore doctor's office  
 schoolyard pool hall  
 slum streetcorner top government office  
 in Washington, DC

Like any drug, AMM:  
 destroys sex chromosomes--deforms babies in the  
 womb--grows breasts on men--gets you hooked so  
 you'll never be able to quit--drives you crazy  
 within three weeks to three years--weakens your  
 body's defenses to disease--shrinks your private  
 organs--leads you to immorality and crime and  
 sin--worst of all, makes you forget God's  
 Commandments and sacrifice of Christ Jesus  
 for you on the Cross.

continued:

But AMM's special. Within the last 6 months, this drug  
 has flooded the USA like the Plague out of Ezion-Geber that  
 decimated Israel. (Two Chronicles 17) The Philistines back then gave  
 the nation of Israel the Black Plague to weaken them. Where's  
 this new 1982 drug plague coming from? Remember those so-called  
 "nuclear accidents" in the USSR in recent years? (GO TO WALL  
 MAP: UKRAINE, ALMA-ALTA, AFGHANISTAN). Wasn't "nuclear waste"  
 at all, it was secret drug-war tests--110,000 in Ukraine,  
 70,000 in Alma-Alta, over 1 million in Afghanistan. They're sure  
 not to thing twice about killing you, your family, your helpless  
 babies.

AMM is proof that the Soviet Bolsheviks are polluting the  
 physical lifeblood of America with dope. (NEW MAP: USA)  
 Shreveport, Oneonta, Missoula, Jacksonville, Sioux Falls:  
 overdoses and addicts begin in these crime-ridden big cities,  
 spread out like the Plague of Ezion-Geber to little towns. AMM  
 is almost at the gates of Lynchburg by now! (MONEY PITCH) Send  
 dollars, checks, money orders, credit pledges now so Christian  
 Backlashing Network stays on the air uncontaminated.

## close up

AFTER SCHOOL SPECIAL:  
 WHY THEY CALL IT "DOPE"  
 4:30 PM 2 3

Sally begins "goofing" on AMM just to be one of the  
 gang, but continues even after Biff tears his eyes out  
 and Sheila jumps to her death from a suspension  
 bridge shouting "I can fly!" When her grades fall and  
 she stops shaving her legs, Sally's folks put her in a  
 halfway house, where they shave her head. After she  
 breaks a kindly old watchman's leg trying to escape,  
 Sally finally wises up. Sally: Eve Plumb. Biff: Mike  
 Lookinlad. Dr. Scott: Cesar Romero.

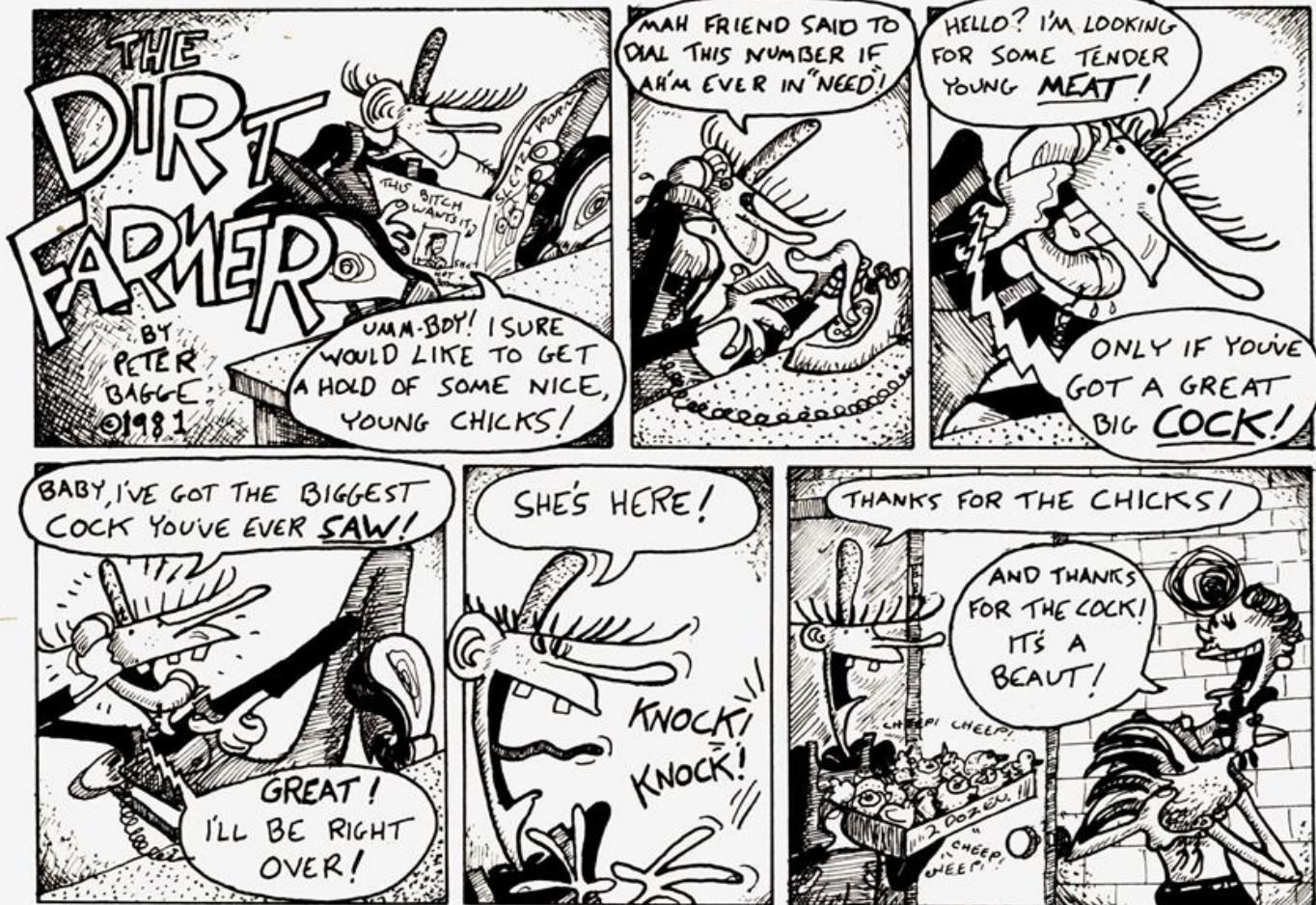


10:00... Mulvey  
 Munger... John Blou.  
 7:30 2 3 4 7 8 NEWS  
 5 NEWS SPOTLIGHT  
 "AMM Alert" Vivid documentary o  
 "goof" abuse. Scenes of addicts dealin  
 goof on public streetcorners in broad  
 daylight. Interviews with goofers unde  
 the influence. Exclusive emergency-war  
 footage of a shrieking, kicking goof-out.  
 Narcotics officers tell of cases of self-  
 inflicted blindness on goof, and explain  
 the need for more "buy money" before  
 they can put a stop to the traffic. (90 min.)  
 11 MOVIE—Comedy BW  
 "Abbott and Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll and  
 Mr. Hyde" (1953) Bud Abbott and Lou Cos-  
 tello as policemen matching wits with  
 Karloff... personall

Topics: sexually abused children; fe-  
 nists in the Soviet Union. (60 min.)  
 9:00 2 QUINTSY—Crime Drama  
 A rash of fatal teenage neighborhood  
 "goof-outs" leads Quintsy to investigate  
 a mom-and-pop candy store which turns  
 out to be a blind for a Mob lab manufact-  
 uring AMM but the chemist takes a shot  
 at Quintsy and hits some chemicals in-  
 stead and the whole place goes up in a  
 big red boom and only Quintsy gets out  
 alive. Contemporary and thought-pro-  
 voking. (R, 60 min.)  
 3 STAR TREK—Science Fiction  
 5 I LOVE LUCY—Comedy BW  
 Lucy creates a rumpus when the people  
 of Ethel's home town stage a lavish wel-  
 come. Lucille... Desl...

Oscar-winning film about the relat-  
 ship between an elderly ex-prostitute an  
 an Arab child. (1 hr., 45 min.)  
 11:30 2 SFPD—Crime Drama  
 Det. Loins is put on the critical list after a  
 "goof-out" he shot three times still man-  
 ages to attack him violently, so Det. Shaft  
 leads a City Hall crusade to get bazookas  
 approved as special anti-goofout ord-  
 nance, and Det. Thighs goes underground  
 as a sexy jazz-music groupie to trace the  
 source of the drug into the ghetto. Loins:  
 Eric Estrada. Shaft: Jim Brown. Thighs:  
 Angle Dickinson. (60 min.)  
 9 LIFE OF RILEY—Comedy BW  
 11 F TROOP—Comedy BW  
 11 TEMPORARY HEALTH ISSU





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LITTLE YELLOW CAPSULES  
18985 • 18906 • 18704 • RJ5 • RUS

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GREEN CLEAR CAPSULES 127

WHITE CLEAR CAPSULES 127

BROWN CLEAR CAPSULES 127

BLACK CLEAR CAPSULES 17875

LITTLE PINK CAPSULES 97209-63

PINK OBLONG TABLETS

WHITE W/GREEN SPECKLES TABLETS

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GS4 'The Crop' 24x 36 Color Poster (ns)	<input type="checkbox"/>	5.00	----
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Subtotal -----

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TOTAL -----

SEE OUR AD ON PAGE 31

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You must be a member to enter.  
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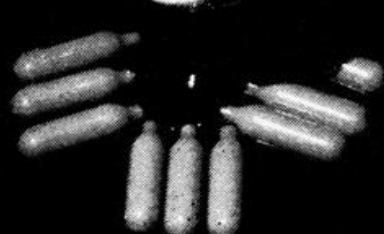
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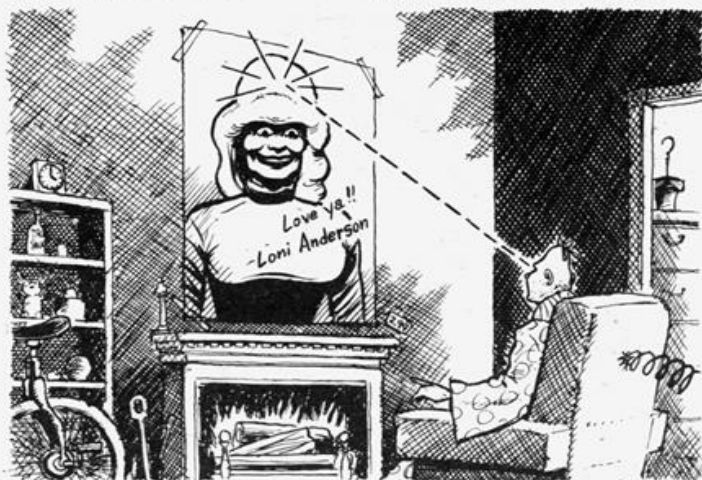
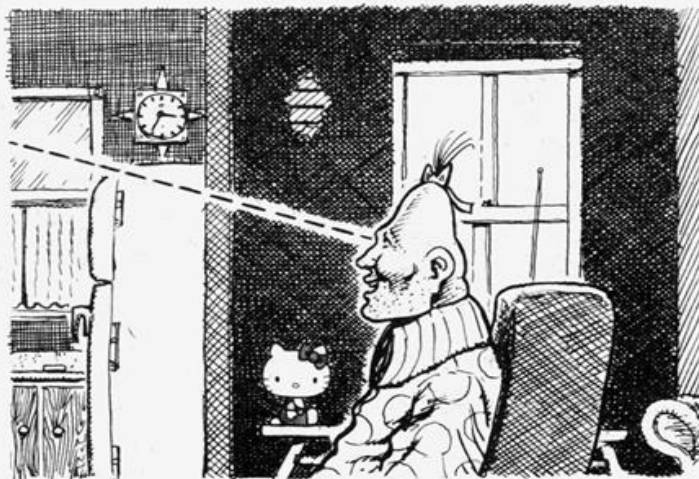
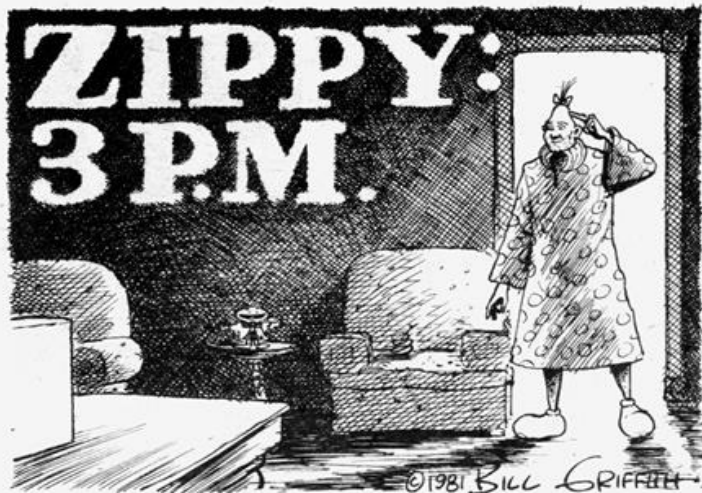
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H.T. 6







PRESENTING...

# "THE JOE FRANKLIN STORY"

SCRIPT BY JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN  
ART BY DREW FRIEDMAN

A HOLLYWOOD FAIRY TALE WHERE FACT & FANTASY COLLIDE

ON A COLD WINTER'S DAY IN 1919, MATZOBRINA FRANKLIN GAVE BIRTH TO THE GODDAMNEDEST ODDITY EVER TO SIT IN AN INTERVIEWER'S SEAT...



THE BOY WAS SMALL AND FRAIL, AND WAS FREQUENTLY BEATEN BY GANGS OF ITALIAN YOUTHS ON THE STREETS OF THE BRONX.



JOE'S FATHER, A MEAT PACKER, OFTEN USED HIS BOY'S HEAD TO SWAB UP ENTRAILS OFF THE FLOOR AT THE PLANT...



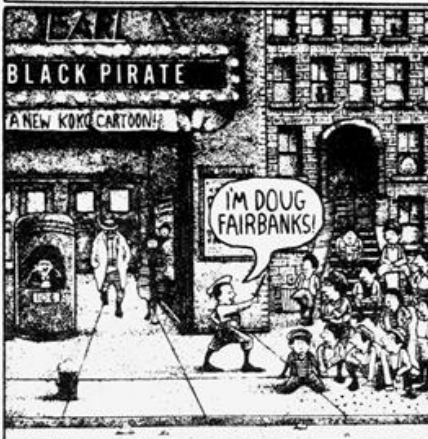
AND IN SCHOOL, HIS COPIES OF PHOTOPLAY WERE ALWAYS CONFISCATED BY THE TEACHER. IT WAS A HARD CHILDHOOD.



BUT JOE WOULD ESCAPE TO THE LOCAL PICTURE SHOW EVERY AFTERNOON, WHERE HE LOST HIMSELF IN THE ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, LAUGHED AT KEATON AND LLOYD, AND BECAME SEXUALLY MESMERIZED BY MARY PICKFORD AND THE GISH SISTERS...



THE MOVIES GAVE HIM NEW COURAGE WHEN HE EXITED TO THE STREET...



BUT THE END RESULT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.



WHEN JOE FRANKLIN RIPENED INTO MANHOOD IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE HOME AND SEEK HIS FORTUNE.



THE JOURNEY TO HOLLYWOOD TOOK THREE MONTHS. IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN THREE DAYS, BUT JOE WAS INSISTENT ON USING THE CLAUDETTE COLBERT METHOD OF TRAVEL...



IT WAS A HARD CROSSING, BUT THE REAL STRUGGLE HAD ONLY BEGUN. JOE SCREEN-TESTED FOR EVERY B-MOVIE IN TINSULTOWN.





THE LATIN-LOVER LOOK WAS COMING INTO VOGUE, AND JOE QUICKLY ADOPTED THE IMAGE. MANY AN AFTERNOON HE SPENT IN SCHWAB'S WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED.



ALAS, THE MOVIES DIDN'T WANT HIM. BUT SHOW-BIZ WAS JOE'S ONLY LOVE. HE ATTEMPTED A CHAPLINESQUE PIE-THROWING ROUTINE IN THE WANING YEARS OF VAUDEVILLE. BUT... ALAS.



HIS CAREER AS A CROSBY-INFLUENCED CROONER WAS ALSO SHORT-LIVED.



DOWN ON HIS LUCK, JOE RETREATED INTO A BACK ALLEY OF SKID ROW. THE ALLEY JUST HAPPENED TO BE CALLED... MEMORY LANE.



THE ODD THING ABOUT MEMORY LANE WAS THAT IT ONLY ATTRACTED THE LOST, DOWNTRODDEN LEGIONS OF SHOW BUSINESS-PAST: FORGOTTEN SILENT SCREEN ACTORS, BURLESQUE COMEDIANS, HACK WRITERS ON THE OUTS, SINGERS WHO HAD LOST THEIR VOICES, AND ALCOHOLIC CARNY BARKERS, TO NAME JUST A FEW...

MANY OF THESE FORLORN CREATURES HAD BEEN JOE'S CHILDHOOD HEROES. HE QUICKLY TOOK TO INTERVIEWING THEM IN A MAKESHIFT STUDIO.



THE REMARKABLE FRANKLIN INTERVIEWING TECHNIQUE WAS FORMULATING. BIG PROSPECTS WERE IN THE AIR. AUDIENCES BEGAN ATTENDING JOE'S BACK ALLEY INTERVIEWS. AND IN 1946, THE RADIO AFFILIATES WERE HOT ON HIS TRAIL.



NEW YORK, 1947. JOE FRANKLIN'S MEMORY LANE GOES ON THE AIR. FORMAT AND TITLE INTACT. THE SAME GUESTS ARE DREGGED UP FROM THE ALLEY. JOE'S CAREER TAKES OFF!



ALWAYS THE INNOVATOR, JOE WAS THE FIRST RADIO PERSONALITY TO BRING BACK OLD, FORGOTTEN RECORDS FROM WORLD WAR I AND THE 20'S. BY CALLING THESE JUNK-SHOP 78'S "RARE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS," HE SINGLEHANDEDLY CREATED THE RARE-RECORD MARKET. THIS CAME THE CONCEPT OF "OLDIES"...AND THE DAWN OF NOSTALGIA.



IN 1953, JOE'S FORMAT MOVED TO TV. MEMORY LANE WAS THE FIRST TALK SHOW EVER. THE CYNICS SAID A TALK SHOW WOULD NEVER WORK ON TV. BUT JOE'S STAR PROVED A NATURAL TRANSFIGURATION TO THE TUBE. THE SHOW BECAME A HIT...



AND WITH THE ADVENT OF TV CAME THE ADVENT OF NOSTALGIA-AND JOE WAS THE FATHER OF NOSTALGIA HIMSELF. HERE WERE TWO-REELERS, SILENT FILM CLIPS, TALKIE SHORTS, OLD SINGERS, AND GREATS FROM THE PAST-BACK FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DECADES, TO BE INTERRUPTED BY JOE.



YOUNG ACTRESSES LINED THE BLOCK, TRYING TO FUCK THEIR WAY ONTO THE SHOW.



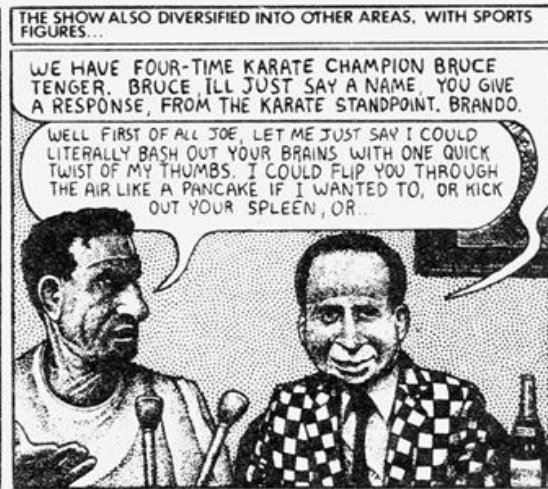
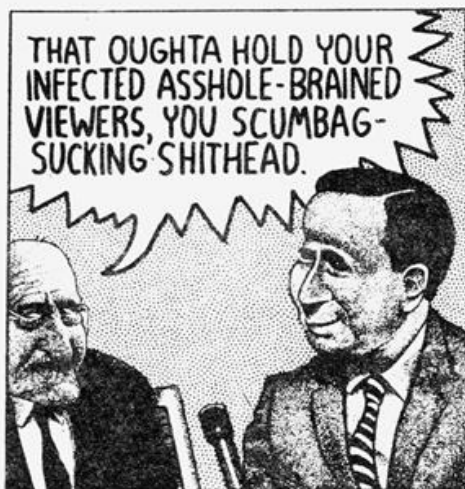
JOE GAVE THE VERY FIRST EXPOSURE EVER TO SUCH STARS AS BARBRA STREISAND, WOODY ALLEN, AND ROBERT REDFORD. ONCE THEY MADE IT THOUGH, THEY NEVER CAME BACK.



BUT JOE WAS UNDAUNTED BY THIS. HE HAD OTHER SCORES TO SETTLE. JOE FOUGHT FOR THE VINDICATION OF UNCLE DON, A KIDNIE RADIO HOST OF THE 40'S WHOSE CAREER WAS RUINED WHEN HE ALLEGEDLY MUMBLED, "THAT OUGHTA HOLD THE LITTLE BASTARDS," THINKING HE WAS OFF THE AIR.







ON THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1978, JOE FRANKLIN CUT THE BLUE RIBBON AT THE GRAND OPENING OF MARTIN PAINTS ON 9TH AVENUE. HE AUTOGRAPHED FREE PAINT BRUSHES FOR THOSE WHO ACTUALLY CAME TO THE EVENT.



CALL HIM A VAST AND GREAT AMERICAN RESOURCE, OR CALL HIM THE EPITOME OF TELEVISION'S WASTELAND. WHATEVER YOU CALL HIM, JOE FRANKLIN IS THE GRAND WIZARD OF THE LATE-NIGHT IDIOT BOX. AS OF 1980, HE HAD CONDUCTED 19,000 INTERVIEWS, SEEN 67,000 GUESTS. THE FRANKLIN INTERVIEWING TECHNIQUE IS TAUGHT IN THREE COLLEGES. THE SHOW BOASTS MILLIONS OF NEW VIEWERS WITH ITS NATIONAL CABLE HOOKUPS. TV PERSONALITIES FIZZLE INTO OBLIVION. TALK SHOW HOSTS EXPIRE FROM THE AIR LIKE FIREFLIES BUT JOE, THE PIONEER OF THEM ALL, STILL REMAINS. THE MAN WHO FOUNDED NOSTALGIA. BEFORE IT'S TIME. YOU CAN'T ESCAPE HIM, HE'S EVERYWHERE. HE MAY RETIRE FROM TV SOMEDAY, BUT NEVER FROM NOSTALGIA. AND SO, THE GHOSTS OF BYGONE SHOW-BIZ RISE UP IN TRIBUTE...

FOR MEMORY LANE WAS THE SPARK THAT KEPT THEM ALIVE...





# HIGH TIMES CLASSIFIED

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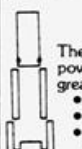
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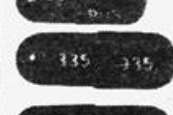
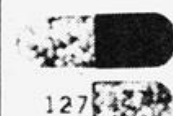
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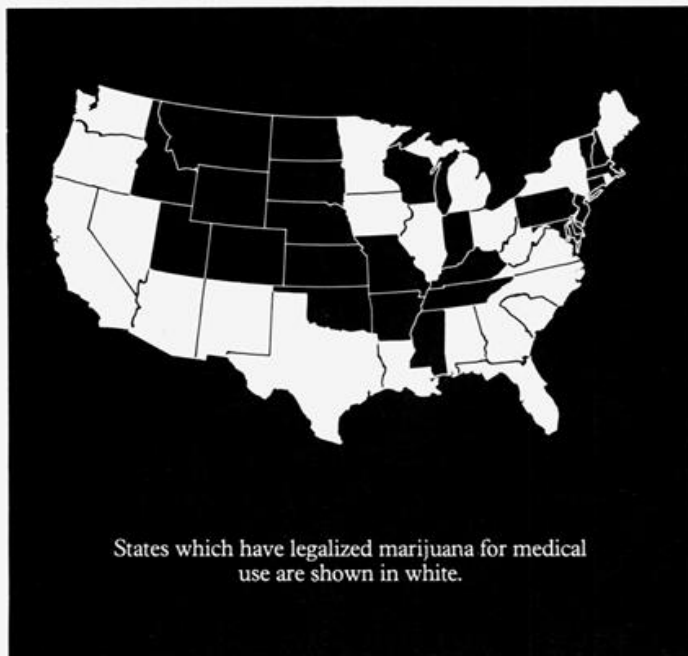
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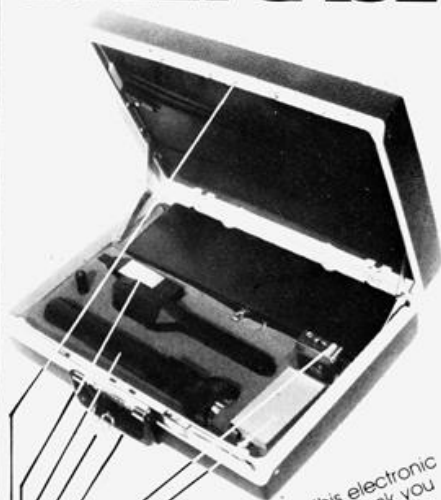
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## BEDTIME FOR GONZO

continued from page 76

cushions of foam, and where the constant darkness on the platforms carries a whisper of sterile elegance and dangerous utopias. The D.C. subway would be a good setting for a chase between the Dream Police and the Last Free Man in the year 2084. It shoots me along like an aluminum cross-bow, and within minutes I am back at the Presidential, where, naturally, I have missed connections with Jeff. I spend an anxious two hours prowling the corridors with the constant guttural jabber of the Russians stabbing at my paranoia.

Finally, desperate, I head out alone on the subway toward the White House and Reagan's inauguration—the sorry spectacle that has precipitated all this unthinkable misery and idiocy. But I have waited too long. The subway is packed. Full to the brim and running over. Not, however, like a Manhattan subway at rush hour. What I am observing now is a ghastly, ghoulish spectacle, a surreal madhouse, a plush, foam-footed nightmare.

All along the platforms of this sinister, elegant subway, in which all the conductors might be cousins of Hal, the computer, there is a howling, crazed, shoving, stampeding throng. But not the usual subway crowd, the mixture of working class and professionals elbowing each other for a seat home. The D.C. police have cordoned off all the streets, emptied them of taxis, cars and buses, emptied them of everything, in fact, but VIP cars and vans, the top-chop participants—and all these wildly enthused Republicans, these capering realtors and insurance agents and YAFers are forced to travel to the White House by subway. The same mink coats and ermines and evening gowns and morning suits and Harris tweeds that adorned the festivities last night are once again in evidence, but they are pinching, biting, scrambling, jostling, lunging all over each other in their frenzy to be seated. It is a grotesque spectacle. In the middle of the car where I end up, shoved forward by the sweating, beminked wave, there is all kinds of room, but no one moves to fill it. These are either subway neophytes or bone-lazy dullards. They all pile up near the exits, jammed together like gropers—and at every station they press back and forth like a bloodthirsty mob, determined to keep the Bastille from falling. People in Bill Blass creations and tuxedos are kneeling each other in the groin, swearing. At every stop, the doors are held open for what seems hours, as the black conductor pleads with his passengers to behave with some modicum of sanity and civilization—but the caterwauling mob only greets him with cries, jabs and more knees to the groin. It is like a bar-room brawl in the middle of Bloomingdale's. I am next to a merry, giggling, obviously upper-crust Italian-American family that keeps yelling across the car and warning each other to watch for pickpockets. Unlike

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the grim marauders who keep waging the battle of the subway doors, committing unspeakable atrocities on each other, they are treating all this as a game, a madcap soirée. At the White House stop the frenzied mob is disgorged like toothpaste mashed from a tube.

Three huge escalators angle up toward the chilly sunshine, and they are crowded, crammed with the desperate mob—still jostling, falling all over each other in their wild, insatiable desire to see Ronald Reagan become their next president. They have abandoned all reason and restraint. They are practically slaver with glee. Two of the escalators are moving upward; the other is still, a solid mass of people biting and elbowing each other on each one. I take my place on the central escalator and the mob closes around me like lemmings. All around there seems to be a fervid, rabid hum, a groundswell, an insistent beat: "Reagan, Reagan, Reagan"—hypnotic, chanted like a voodoo incantation against the outer darkness. Suddenly—wild screams! A catastrophe. The right-hand escalator, for no apparent reason, has gone berserk and is carrying its full cargo of passengers back down to the depths where they are falling off and rolling all over each other like oranges. Shrieks! Howls! Then bursts of crazed laughter as the chosen ones, the ones who will make it through the gates of paradise, mock their falling brethren. "Start spreading the news," carols the family ahead of me. I stagger off the escalator like Dante emerging from the seventh circle.

"Mr. President! Mr. President! It's the crowds. We can't control them any longer. They've gone insane with joy!"

"Great, Dixie, great. That's what we need: enthusiasm! By gosh, I can remember the crowds at the Big Ten football games, back when I was a boy. The warmth! The spirit! That's what this country needs to get back on the track again!"

"But Mr. President..."

"Don't call me Mr. President, Dixie. Remember what I told you. No formality. It's just plain Ron."

"Yes, Mr. President... I mean Ron. You don't understand. I mean these people have gone really insane! They're rioting in the street. They're tearing down the Capitol, uprooting trees! We have reports of howling mobs literally ripping each other to bits and devouring each other. Sir, Ron, we can't handle it any longer. What in God's name can we do?"

I let the eddies and currents of the crowd carry me to the west White House lawn where President Ron will face the Pacific as Warren Burger administers the oath of office. By now the frenzy has abated. Clots of people are pressed against each other in the mud, peering over barricades. The president, the vice-president, the Supreme Court justices, the wives, everyone is a distant blur over the fences. Reagan takes the oath—but the speakers are malfunctioning. "About time," screams an obese gentleman

in a Stetson, a cigar clamped between his teeth, a transistor-radio plug in his ear. He applauds and looks around wildly. Reagan's speech begins, crackles, blurs, and then dims out completely. The speakers have broken down, and you can only hear bits and scraps over the various transistor radios. I catch a smidgen of Reagan bawling maudlinly, his voice cracking, over the diary of some World War I casualty. He seems to be beside himself. "Thattaboy!" screams the man in the Stetson.

"God!" I think to myself. "This is probably the worst coverage of a major media event in modern journalistic history! I can't even see or hear what's going on. For all I know, Reagan is reciting 20 Mule Team Borax commercials up there."

"Thattaboy! Give it to 'em!" screams the fat man in the Stetson, bloodlust in his eyes.

**The fat man wipes his palms on his tie and extends his hand. "Glad to meet you. I'm Hunter Thompson."**

"My friends and fellow Americans, as I stand up here, staring out upon this broad and proud land, with its waving wheat fields, its giant oaks, its industry, its verdant fields and blue skies, I think to myself—I think—by crackie, what is it I think? Heh, heh! Seems to have slipped my mind completely! Whatever it was, it was a good 'un. Yessirreebob, when old Ronnie Reagan comes up with an idea, he doesn't shit around. But, meanwhile, I thought I'd tell you a little joke, about the Polack nun and the dwarf with the vibrator..."

Plunged into what seems a permanent funk, I let the ermined crowd, still chuckling and cackling, whirl me back through the subways. No more jostling. No more gnawing at each other. A deadly glee seems to have settled over everyone. At the Presidential, I hook back up with Tiedrich, and we wander back up the streets to get a vantage point for the inaugural parade. The crowds seem to have turned surly. When we reach a rise in a little park, people are tearing up bricks and piling them on top of each other to get a better view. We stand next to a pimply, uniformed character whose name tag reads "Presidential Chauffeur, Manson" and who eyes us suspiciously. We stand. We stand some more. Jesus freaks prowl through the park, screaming at everybody to repent. A bum is swaying precariously on his little pile of bricks. A helicopter keeps passing overhead. More people are scaling the brick walls of nearby



buildings and clinging to the windowsills. We wait. The hours stretch into days, weeks! An evil gray pall has descended—over the entire world.

Finally, after what seems to have been a delay of several centuries, it appears. The presidential motorcade. Slow. Stately. An open convertible, and on each side of it, a troupe of grim-faced Secret Service men—all suitably attired for the hamburger joint, plodding along in grim unison. Perched on top of the convertible is what looks to me, from this distance, like an inflatable rubber Ronald Reagan doll, smiling and waving and turning around. I can practically see the revolving key in its back. The crowd cheers, waves hundreds of little American flags. The bum teeters on his pile of bricks, catches his balance. He belches. Then the president has passed. And behind him, Bush, another little American flag in his hands, waving it and flailing his arms, a truly demented expression on his face. What seems to be the sound of a dozen or more military bands wafts in from the distance, along with the clop-clop of hundreds of horses, all of them, apparently, dropping huge turds on the streets as they pass. (This has become a matter of some concern, especially to the marching bands who have to wade through the stuff.) We amble on back to the hotel. The bum is still swaying back and forth. Bush is still waving his little flag. Along with hundreds of other people, we try to cut through a vacant lot and wind up clambering along huge, tottering piles of jagged cement, while over on one side two people dressed as M-11 missiles are dancing a jig. Someone passes us an incomprehensible Marxist pamphlet full of misspellings, which advises us to disregard everything that is being written and broadcast, including the pamphlet itself. We finish a meal at a fast-food vegetarian restaurant and swing back in time to see the end of the parade: an equestrian squad of bearded mountaineers in coonskin caps, carrying rifles, and, behind them, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir on a float, lip-synching "God Bless America." Then the parade passes by, and the crowd closes in from both sides. The streets are being drenched to clean away the horseshit, and the park is in a shambles.

Nighttime in Washington, D.C. The first evening of the New Age. Fireworks explode over the Washington Monument in chains of coruscating color, streams of fire, accompanied by the kind of crackling and banging Napoleon must have heard at Waterloo. Another counterinaugural. Night, blessed night, descends on Washington, D.C., hides it, surrounds it.

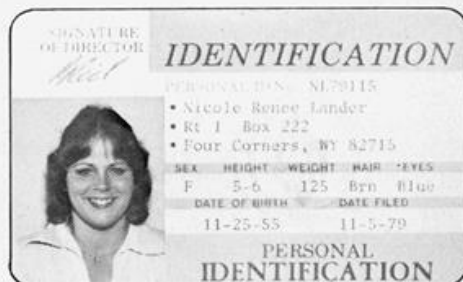
The next morning I am on the Amtrak back to New York City. Back to the city of slashers and Jesus-freak assassins and puke-soaked subways and the *New York Post*. Back to relative sanity and coherence. Like leaving Hitler's Eagle's Nest for the comforts of Auschwitz. Munching on a cheeseburger, I notice an incredibly fat gen-

*continued on page 100*

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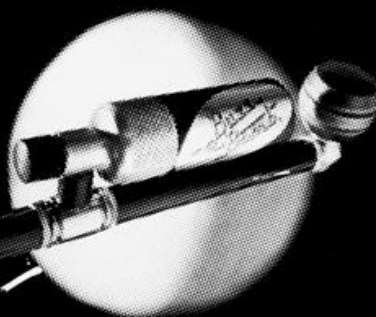


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## SOUNDS

### JOE "KING" CARRASCO

**H**e was eating a combo platter at the Ukrainian Social Club on New York's Lower East Side (pie a la mode for dessert). Joe "King" Carrasco, star of numerous Tex-Mex bands and currently the leader of one of the hottest *nuevo-wavo* bands in the land, was in town for a special performance on "Saturday Night Live." The King waved his forkful of bigos ceremoniously in the air. "The one thing I learned on the Stiff tour," he mumbled through stuffed cabbage, "is that I wanna play more Third World countries. We went over big in Spain, they mobbed us there. I wanna tour South America."

"I wanna go over down in the jungle, that's where I want to hear my stuff. 'Caca de Vaca' on our album is about Palenque. Palenque's where all the mushrooms are. *Caca de vaca* is "cow shit"—the mushrooms come out of the cow shit. *Caca de vaca* is the thing down there. You go out and get some mushrooms during rainy season. At six o'clock in the morning a guy rides up on a horse and sells you mushrooms or he gives 'em to you, you can find 'em everywhere. It's in the jungle, and the pyramids are everywhere. And everybody's eating mushrooms. You get among the pyramids on mushrooms—the Mayans built 'em about two thousand years ago, right?—and you can feel the vibe there. The Indians were eating mushrooms. It's paradise, man."

Carrasco is a wiry guy and a fast talker. It's hard not to like him the instant you meet him, and his music projects the same kind of magic good times as his conversational style. His vibes come from years of playing on both sides of the Tex-Mex border with the top musicians around. "I like to play rhythm guitar," says Carrasco. "That's the whole thing with Chicano music, y'know, it's rhythm. It's really hypnotic. It's real stony music, I tell you. All those bands are just getting high. It's like dance music, music allegre, happy music, fiesta music, and at the fiesta everybody's really out of their minds."

Carrasco grew up listening to Mexican music and early-'60s rock. "Sam the Sham and Question Mark & the Mysterians are Chicano music," he says. "I didn't wanna play Western music."

So he went south of the border and did his apprenticeship playing in Mexican bands and eating mushrooms for inspiration. "Going through the jungle down there is incredible. You're a hundred miles from everywhere and suddenly you hear this music blasting out of a house. It gets pretty primitive down there in sounds. In the Yucatán it starts getting really tropical. That's where I get inspired a lot. I tried to play down there for a while in Mexican bands but then I came back to Austin and started playing at a place called the Riviera Lounge with Shorty and the Corvettes."

It was while he played guitar in Shorty's band that Carrasco's reputation started to grow. "In Chicano music, at those dances, you

had to play so many different things. You play a polka, then you play a slow triplet for a dance song, then you play a shuffle, then there's a change of pace so they can sit down and have a drink, then a bolero. All these different rhythms, that's the neat thing about playing Mexican dances."

When Carrasco formed his own band, El Molino, he recruited the best local players, guys like saxophonist Rocky Morales and trumpeter Charley McBurney. They recorded a great album under the El Molino name, a record that presents the different kinds of music in Carrasco's background. "On that first album," Carrasco recalls, "the horns are more of the west side of San Antonio sound. These guys are the result of twenty years of getting crazy out of their minds. One time Rocky Morales and Charley McBurney got locked into a bar after a gig and instead of trying to get out they just stayed there and drank until somebody came in the morning to let them out. Those guys are pros at staying totally crazy. They're experts at it. But they still play their music great. Being high like that inspires their music and that's what the record's about. It's like Sunny and the Sunliners, most of those musicians are out of their minds. I played in this Chicano band, these guys would play great all night long and they were always happy, smiling. They're a little bit behind down there—this was six years ago—and I said, 'What's the deal with you guys, what's going on here?' and it turned out that they were taking acid all those nights that we were playing."

**C**arrasco's new outfit, the Crowns, has stripped down the approach to a four-piece featuring Joe's guitar playing and Kris Cumming's Farfisa organ for an authentic new-wave sound based on the music's roots in polkas and '60s rock. The "Saturday Night Live" gig was awesome, with Carrasco making eight-foot leaps into the audience while they played an extended version of "Don't Bug Me Baby" with drummer Mike Navarro and bassist Brad Kizer pounding out a beat that had the audience dancing in the aisles.

The new record, *Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns*, is loaded with toe-tappers like "Buena," "Houston El Mover," the aforementioned "Don't Bug Me Baby" and "Caca de Vaca," and "Federales." Carrasco explains that most of his songs are based on experiences he's had or heard about. "I fell in love when I was seventeen," he says, "with a girl from Oaxaca. One day I went to the plaza and the *federales* were taking her off and I thought they might be after me. I never saw her after that. That's where the song 'Federales' comes from."

"Down in Oaxaca during Easter week they have the Holy Week roundup where they used to round up all the hippies in the area and send them away. 'Federales' is kinda behind all that. 'Rock Esta Noche' on the first album is another one about Palenque. It's a story about a friend of mine who was in a train station at two or three in the morning. Everybody's high from eating mushrooms and people

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by John Swenson







are tired of waiting for the train so they put a peso in the jukebox. Everybody started dancing and drinking tequila on the train station at three in the morning and the party went onto the train and they were going across through the jungle on the train and everybody's playing guitars. 'Rock Esta Noche' means 'Rock Tonight.' It's real magic down there."

## JOE ELY

**J**oe Ely is one of the brightest lights to come out of the Texas music scene in the last decade. He's a lively and expressive singer, an excellent bandleader, and the pool of material he draws from himself, Butch Hancock and Jimmie Gilmore is the most vital body of tunes any recent band out of Texas has to offer. But Ely has yet to win the popularity he deserves in his homeland.

Last year Ely made his first visit to England and became an instant cult hero. The Clash showed up to cheer him on at his gigs, then asked Ely's band to open for them on their British tour. A record of those performances, *Live Shots*, was subsequently released in England and made a modest splash in the States as an import, but MCA in the United States didn't think Ely was a big enough figure at home to warrant a live record at that stage of his career, so hometown Ely buffs have been eagerly awaiting his follow-up studio disc.

As expected, Ely's new album represents a break from the more traditional country roots of his first records and a move more in the direction brought on by his new popularity with British audiences and particularly the interest shown by the Clash. "It's a hotter album this time," Ely said right after finishing the final mix down in Texas. "We're bringing one part of the mix of different kinds of music into more prominence, we're accenting the harder, rock 'n' roll aspect of the music because it reflects what I've been hearing

**"Country music used to be concerned with music, but now it seems more interested in show business."**

mood changes to a more spacy feel for the beautiful "Dallas from a DC-9," "a song written by Jimmie Gilmore," Ely notes, "that we did an acoustic version of and it was released in England after somebody there bought the tapes. I decided to do it with the full band the way we sound like now."

Ely is still a bit nonplussed by the shock of his instant stardom in England. "It's weird to be from Lubbock, Texas," he says, "and go to England and find out there's a lot of people there who know who you are. It was pretty amazing, the Clash coming down to see me and then asking me to play on one of their tours. I was shocked when they came down. I'd listened to some punk rock; in fact, I

heard the Clash because they did a version of an old Sonny Curtis song, 'I Fought the Law.' I played their version for him when he came through town one time and he was really knocked out by it."

**E**ly went on to say that the notoriously violent punk-rock audiences didn't hassle him in England. "We didn't have any trouble from the Clash crowds in England. The only place where we had problems was here, in Los Angeles. Let's just say that everything in the place was flying in every direction and we just had to keep moving. We knew how to handle it, though, from playing some of the juke joints in the Texas Panhandle, some pretty wild scenes. Did you see the Blues Brothers movie, where the blues band played in a club behind chicken wire? We played in one club behind a chicken-wire screen. You never knew what was gonna get thrown at you."

Ely feels that his move into harder rock didn't come a minute too soon because he's fed up with the country-music audiences as they stand now. "In the past they tried to promote our music as country music," he points out, "and the country-music radio stations never responded to what I was doing, which is fine as far as I'm concerned. Country music used to be more con-

cerned with music, but now it seems more interested in show business. It seems like every time you turn on the TV you see Kenny Rogers or Dolly Parton singing a good country song like it was some middle-of-the-road show tune.

"Country music used to be more of a reflection of Southern people and now there are country discos in Brooklyn. The music business has turned country music into a force-fed entertainment that has nothing to do with what people are like out there. It's all puffy and middle-of-the-road, whereas traditional country used to be about rough times, hard livin', cheating songs and broken love. It used to be that country musicians would be ashamed to cross over to pop music and now it seems like they're all pushing for it. Then you get *Urban Cowboy* and that's supposed to be about country music so they can put all these electric bulls on television. It's all one big jeans commercial. I don't want to be a part of that. Maybe a few people will hear what I'm doing now and realize that what they see on the 'Grand Ol' Opry' television show doesn't have anything to do with what their parents called country music." □



around me, the whole experience of going to England and being exposed to other kinds of people.

**W**e're going to use the same instrumentation we've been using all along except that we'll be accenting the saxophone more now. It's kind of a turning point for the group. This record is much more in a rockabilly direction than our music has been in the past, but the songs are the same, I think: They're still about hard living and good times. The overall identity is the same."

Just as he says, although the music is flatout rock 'n' roll, the songs are Ely country. "Hard Livin'" sets the tone for the set with a howling rave-up that at once celebrates and laments the nonstop boozing and doping of the good-timing hero. Rockabilly fans will note with delight Ely's kickass rendition of "Good Rockin' Tonight." "Road Hog" is a great song about the joys of flooring a gas guzzler and feeling that Cadillac V-8 motor chase your blues away. The



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☐ 13: September '76



☐ 14: October '76



☐ 15: November '76



☐ 16: December '76



☐ 17: January '77



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## BEDTIME FOR GONZO

*continued from page 95*

tleman in a checkered suit across the aisle. He has rubicund cheeks and a Salvador Dali mustache, and he's fondling a little plastic model of Godzilla. I also notice that he's scribbling away in a notebook and poring over three days' worth of copies of the *Washington Post*. I catch his eye and smile. He grunts back.

"Reporter?" I ask.

"Yup," he responds, and stuffs what seems to be a sardine-and-lettuce sandwich on pumpernickel into his mouth, washing it down with a can of 7Up.

"Inaugural, huh?"

"Yup."

"So was I." I extend my hand. "I'm Mike Wilmington."

The fat man wipes his palm on his tie—it has a phosphorescent picture of Rita Hayworth spread across it—drops his little Godzilla and extends his hand. "Glad to meet you. Hunter Thompson?"

I stare at him in disbelief. "Hunter Thompson?"

"Yup."

"The Hunter Thompson?"

"Yup. Here—want some of my Kit-Kat bar?"

"But, but... I've seen pictures of Hunter Thompson. You don't look anything like him."

The fat man stares at me a second, takes another swig of 7Up and blows his nose into his sleeve. He shakes his head. "Oh, *that* guy. That's just some terminal drug patient from Lexington we hired as a model. Don't believe everything you see on book jackets."

I watch "Thompson" for a second or two. "You mean, you write all that stuff? You wrote *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*?"

The fat man, looking bored, begins to thumb through a copy of *Rona Barrett's Hollywood Gossip*. "Sure, sure."

"You were covering the inauguration?"

"Yeah, but not as Thompson. I was using my other pseudonym: David Halberstam."

I stare at him, utterly speechless. His little plastic Godzilla perched on a heap of chicken bones stares back. Under his breath, the fat man hums a few bars of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

"Well," I say, finally, "bummer of a convention, wasn't it?"

Thompson begins picking his teeth with a little mint-flavored toothpick. "Wouldn't know. I never went *near* Washington. I've been covering the whole thing from a motel in Davenport, Iowa. I just dropped down there to validate all my expense vouchers." He looks over at me and, above the phosphorescent lewd twinkle of Rita Hayworth, gives me a baleful glance. "Didn't like it, huh?"

I shake my head, numb. Outside, Wilmington, Delaware, rushes by in a blur.

"Well, kid," says Thompson, picking up his copy of *Rona Barrett's Hollywood Gossip*, "you got a lot to learn." □



## LAST WORDS

continued from page 106

He was really something."

Kinky Friedman slept through Presidents Day. The last time I talked to Michael, a week before his death, I asked him if he would play a proposed TV special that me and a *Lampoon* editor were writing for Kinky. Naturally he said yes, and then he came up with about 15 refinements of our original idea.

So Kinky reacted to Michael's death by barging into Levon's dressing room the second night at the Lone Star. Dennis Hopper was there and Tom Baker, moviemaker, and Mike Reynolds, one of our writers, and Corky Laing and many other members of the musical fraternity.

"Here's to Mike Bloomfield," Kinky shouted, half crazed, lifting his Lone Star aloft in a sudsy salute. Half the people in the room didn't know what the fuck he was talking about. "Sheltered and safe from sorrow." Kinky had once seen that on a grave in Idaho.

Michael leaves his girl friend, who was on a dancing tour in Paris, and his child and ex-wife and his brother and his folks and his countless friends scattered across the country. And his albums and the two new ones in the can about to come out on a major label for the first time in years and a manuscript that we were working on for *HIGH TIMES* that will appear in the coming months. It's about copping drugs on the road and he did it in one take, sitting on my living-room couch, cradling my little Sony in his big hands.

*Zai gesund*, Bloomer, I loved you. And when your check for the article comes, I'm gonna send it to the S.F. Blues Festival committee that they formed to honor your life spirit and work. After I take out the money to fix my hockey trophy. □

## GRASS IN THE JOINT

continued from page 59

inmates with how much he was sucking up from the government teat. In revenge, one of these men was able to successfully snatch this check right out of the asshole's shirt pocket without being seen. As soon as the loss was discovered, the entire facility was locked down and every inmate and his cubicle was searched. Nothing was turned up. A few weeks later this check was successfully spirited to the previously mentioned prison. From there it was smuggled out and mailed across the country to a major department store to be cashed. (Uncle Sam's checks are as good as gold anywhere in the country for up to 90 days.) After being cashed, 60 percent of the original amount was sent back to the convict's confederates, who used this money to purchase a kilo of marijuana that was then smuggled into the prison. Uncle treated all around. Justice could never have been more poetic. □

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## JIM MORRISON

continued from page 74

foreign economy car. She recognized me and stopped to talk, inviting me to come with her to lunch. She didn't touch a bite of her meal but she managed to swallow three codeines, washing them down with red wine. She had gotten rid of the creep and won her court battle. Overall, she was much improved, though she was still strung out on dope.

We made arrangements to go out that night and she dropped me off, promising to call later on. Later, when she phoned, she was even more stoned than she had been at lunch, sounding euphoric and slurring her words badly. I finally got her to hang up but as I was going out the door, the phone rang again. It was Pam and she was even more stoned than she had been just 20 minutes earlier, if that was possible. She had changed her mind about going out but made me promise to call her in the morning to ride out to Malibu with her.

I awoke about 11 A.M. and reached for the phone. A woman answered. It was Pam's mom, and I could detect anxiety in her voice. She asked who was calling. After I identified myself she told me Pam was dead. She had died in her sleep, peacefully, thank God, at the age of 27, and it's fairly certain I was the last to speak to her.

A memorial service was held a week later at Forest Lawn. Babe Hill went with me and many old and good friends were there. Ray Manzarek played organ. Pam was cremated and her ashes flown to Paris to be with Jim.

I was in Paris in May of 1979 for the first time in more than eight years. I had been meaning to visit Père La Chaise, the historic old cemetery in a run-down section of the city where Jim and Pam were buried. I took the metro out there and walked around the neighborhood until I found it. Before going in, I stopped in a small bistro across the street to have a beer and think about the both of them. There were some Doors songs on the jukebox and I played them and sipped my beer, recalling the time nine years earlier when I had come across an interview with Groucho Marx. He was a big favorite of both Morrison's and mine. Toward the end of the article, Groucho told of a pact he made with Harpo and Chico: They agreed that whoever died first would attempt to spiritually contact the survivors. The closing line was "Well, I haven't heard anything yet." I had showed it to Jim and we both got a big kick out of that line.

I finished my beer and went over to the cemetery. A map of the grounds cost a franc and the gendarme who sold it to me pointed me in the direction of "Meester Jaame Morrisonnnn." The place is set on the side of a steep hill and I walked slowly up, checking occasionally on the map. The tombstones were old and it was difficult to read them. On my left, I saw scrawled on the side of a large headstone, "King Lizard this Way" with an arrow pointing further up the hill. Then an-

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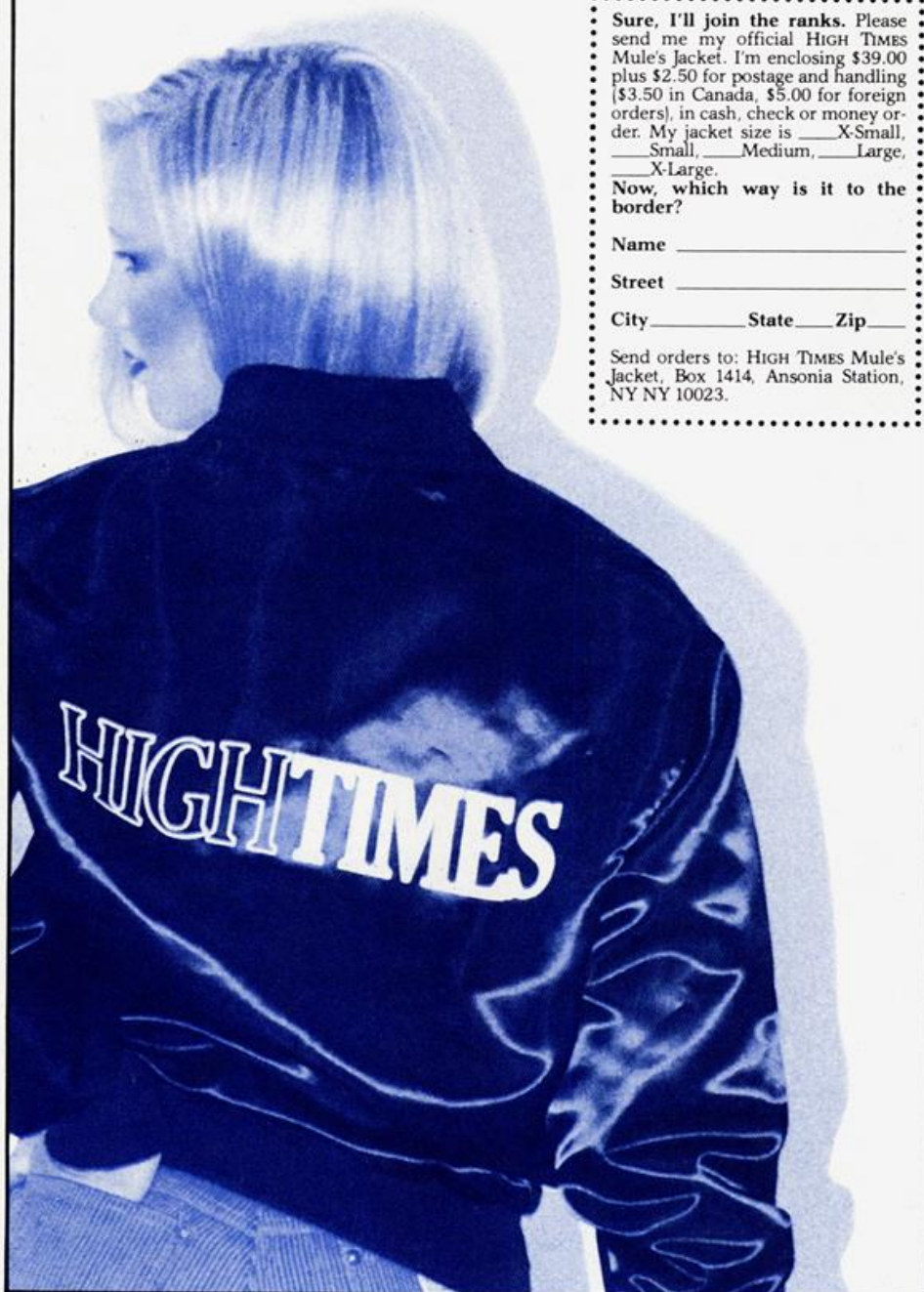
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**INTERVIEW: G. GORDON LIDDY**  
*continued from page 68*

drug use will always be illegal? They've been smoking hash in Turkey and opium in the Golden Triangle and China for centuries. I mean, it almost seems that in this country—

**LIDDY:** Yeah, I think it will continue over there to be the same way it is, except the Red Chinese pretty much got rid of it in China. They had a very effective means: They rounded up all the addicts and killed them. That was that.

**HIGH TIMES:** Would you recommend that for here?

**LIDDY:** No, I would not. Firstly, we don't have nearly the problem they had. And secondly, I think that that would be an immoral solution. Let them kill themselves—and that's what they are doing.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you believe in parapsychology, ESP?

**LIDDY:** No.

**HIGH TIMES:** I was talking to a director of the Parapsychology Institute for Mind Control and the Extra Normal Phenomena. He expressed concern about ESP as a weapon, that most parapsychologists have presumed that the Russians are spending a great deal of money—

**LIDDY:** They are.

**HIGH TIMES:** —on parapsychology.

**LIDDY:** There's a unit devoted to it in the Pentagon.

**HIGH TIMES:** There is? Do you think that will be effective?

**LIDDY:** No, I think it's bullshit. But if they want to do that, that's all right. I just hope they don't waste too much of the taxpayers' money.

**LIDDY:** Do you think it would make a good weapon?

**LIDDY:** I don't see that. I think the weapons of the future involve high-energy lasers, even proton accelerators and things like that. I don't see it being ESP. I think that stuff ought to be left to Stephen King. □

**JIM MORRISON**

*continued from page 102*

other clue, "This way to Jim," and a few more before I finally located it. The front of the headstone faced away from the path and the ground below it was covered with burned-out incense sticks and flowers long faded and wilted. The face of the headstone was so covered with graffiti it resembled the dressing-room wall of the Fillmore.

I stood there, somewhat numbly, staring at the headstone. An ardent admirer had silk-screened a well-known picture of Jim onto the stone and his madeyes peered out. The whole effect was very eerie. I started calling, quietly at first, then louder and louder, "Hey, Jim." Again. "Hey, Jim, it's me, Baker." Again, "Hey, Jim, it's Baker. Are you there?" I kept this up for maybe a minute, then turned and walked down the hill toward the metro. I still haven't heard anything. □



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**I** WOKE UP THAT MORNING FEELING like shit. It was Monday, Presidents Day, and the rain was beating down and I couldn't remember the terrible dreams I'd had and before I even got out of bed my knee went out. An old hockey injury. Later, when I could walk, me and Adriane, our art director, and Judy Levy, who did the Gordon Liddy portrait in this issue, went down to Chinatown and ate some dim sum and then we walked around SoHo, looking at the lame art in the galleries. After we left Judy, I told Adriane how depressed I felt. No reason, just the Presidents Day blues.

A few hours later, I found out Michael had died.

He checked out in true blues style. They found him the morning before, Sunday morning, the bluest morning of all, in a quiet residential section of San Francisco, slumped peacefully behind the wheel of his old Mercury. Only the empty Valium bottle that the cops found in his jacket pocket, the jacket that was strewn on the back seat, identified him as a casualty of the '80s. Michael was that timeless.

It wasn't suicide. Sure, he had talked about killing himself to Christie, his true blue love, she of the long legs and Scandinavian mien, a fine dancer who could weave wonders around his sinuous guitar licks. But Michael was too much in love with life to stop it.

His problem was he could never shut it off. He was a stone insomniac, and his souped-up Chevy of a mind just wouldn't quit. No matter what anyone was talking about, Michael could give you 17 references just so you could explore the sidestreets of the subject, then he'd rap for an hour to save you the time and rates.

So he had to drink himself to sleep. He was staying at my apartment in New York last summer for two fun-filled weeks, and every night, like clockwork, he'd make his Colt .45 run—two six-packs of the pint size—and then proceed to drink the 12 cans, one after the other, methodically crushing each empty and putting them in the paper bag by the couch. Then, in the middle of the night, he'd lurch around the living room, stam-

## LAST WORDS

pede through the study and puke his guts out in the toilet, all in his sleep. It was in that fashion that my Queens College ice hockey trophy was broken. Michael never did get around to fixing the statuette, but he did

# MICHAEL BLOOMFIELD

## 1944-1981

by Larry Sloman

considerately clean up the slop with towels.

He was so gentle. A big bear of a guy, with an ear-to-ear grin and big Negro lips and arms that you could forget yourself in. If he loved you, he told you, and if he said something, it was gospel.

In the last few months, that was the music he had turned to. I gave Dylan a copy of Michael's gospel album, at Michael's request, last year somewhere in Ohio. Dylan took it. A few months later after he had gotten around to listening to it, he told me he loved it. Then he wondered why Michael didn't get any shit for playing gospel music when he did.

When Dylan played S.F. last fall, he dropped over at Michael's place one night with Maria Muldaur in tow. They sat and talked and played, and the next night Michael joined Bob onstage. Just like in the '60s. Michael told me that Bob seemed happy and peaceful and Michael was so moved by the reunion that he gave Bob his family's Hebrew bible. Maybe he knew.

So when Guy, a guitar player in his own right, called to tell me he heard the news about Michael on the radio in Manny's music store, the chills had a ring of déjà vu to them.

There was nothing to do but get my hair cut and then I called Judy from a pay phone booth and then

I walked down Fifth Avenue in the drizzle. The city was holiday quiet and the night was like a blanket.

At the Lone Star, Levon Helm was about to go onstage. "Damn," he drawled when he heard the news, "that's a loss. He was a pioneer. Did you know Michael, Harold?"

Levon's middle-aged Canadian cigar-chewing manager shook his head.

"He knew so much. He could talk to you for hours and it was better than having the TV on," Levon said. "And he was the first white boy to play the blues and get accepted doing it."

*continued on page 101*





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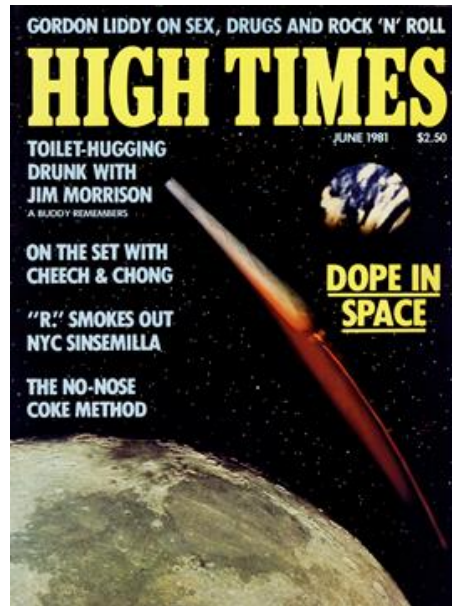


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